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MODERN LITERATURE
FOR
ORAL INTERPRETATION

MODERN LITERATURE *for* ORAL INTERPRETATION

By Gertrude E. Johnson

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REVISED EDITION

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DEDICATED

To the memory of

DR. and Mrs. S. S. CURRY,

TO WHOM I OWE MY FINEST INSPIRATION,

AND TO

THOSE FRIENDS AND STUDENTS

WHOSE SYMPATHY, INTEREST, AND

APPRECIATION HAVE MADE

MY WORK POSSIBLE

PREFACE

The decade which has elapsed since this book first made its appearance has frequently been noted as witnessing great changes and advance in the field of speech education. Certainly no similar period has brought forth so many books on the subject, new and revised, touching upon every phase of speech activity. The period too has seen the greatest advance in academic recognition ever known in the history of the teaching of speech in its various forms.

Because of this interest and the wide and constant use this book has enjoyed during this decade, I have been led to revise and renew it in the hope that it may continue to be of use and possibly of inspiration. I have retained much of the material that appeared in the earlier edition and have made many additions, notable both in authorship and quality. New selections covering monologues, poetry—modern and classic, stories, and one-act plays, form a large part of the added material for interpretation. Certain training problems were in mind in the choice, such as study of word values, tempo, practice in Shakespearian lines. "The Mountain Whippoorwill," "Go Down Death," "Common Clay," and "In a Garden" are a few of the selections presenting interesting problems in technique.

I am particularly fortunate in being able to present several poems, stories, and plays which have never before appeared in any collection or volume of the given author's works. And it is with a special feeling of pride that I am permitted to include the work of several former students whose interest in writing I like to think I helped, in some small measure, to stimulate.

I have added also to the general discussion of problems confronting us in the field of interpretative reading, still keeping in mind the teaching of interpretation in classes of fifteen or more, in general college classes, or in high school situations. I wish still to stress the thought I had in the earlier collection that this book, discussion and selections, is for study purposes first, and presentation second. In the selections there is here included a wide range of choice for both purposes, but it is the student's development through a study and practice of interpretative speech that I have foremost in mind.

I desire again to emphasize the need for teachers to appreciate, and to help others to appreciate, the possibilities in presentation from, and with, the printed page before the interpreter. I have retained many selections of considerable length in the hope that they may receive this treatment. It will be noted also that I have shortened and made new arrangements of several of the selections previously included. Train students to give adequate expression to selections with the printed page before them and many of the artificialities with which interpretation is saddled may be

stopped at the source. I am, of course, not referring to selections which from their very nature may demand a fully acted presentation. These are, after all, comparatively few. Such rendition, naturally, demands complete memory, like a part in a play.

In the bibliographical section I have added a great deal of new material which will be found useful. I have also made lists of shorter references at the close of each chapter, thinking that this book may still be used by some who have not had opportunity as yet to make extensive study for themselves. The increased number of texts, with their useful lists, and many other sources of help have been included in an attempt to make this book of real assistance to many.

It is my hope then that this book may continue to be of service to those interested, as I am, in furthering the work of interpretative speech wherever taught, and in making it felt to be a very real element in the education of every student, not a chosen few. If the suggestions and selections prove of assistance, I shall be continuously repaid.

GERTRUDE E. JOHNSON

Madison.

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ored Glass, by Amy Lowell (now published by Houghton Mifflin Company).

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Literature is not in the book. She has to do with the living speech of men. Her language is that of the lips. Her life is in the song, the ballad, the story, and the oration, the epic and drama as they sound and are heard of men.

—*Percival Chubb.*

PART I

DISCUSSION

MODERN LITERATURE FOR ORAL INTERPRETATION

❋ SECTION I ❋

INTERPRETATIVE READING—AIM AND CONTENT

It is certain there are principles, since there is art; but it is not certain what they are.

—CORNEILLE.

The subject of interpretative reading, which is taught in all departments of speech, seems in some ways more at loose ends than any other single division of the field now so highly specialized. Moreover, any attempt to clarify our notions concerning its place, content, and aim in relation to other courses in the department and, even more important, its relation to an educational scheme in general, meets with little or no success. One who attempts such clarification is at once in the position of questioning the skill, ability, or "art" of every other "reader" (note that, "reader," not "teacher"), for interpretative reading is still a matter discussed entirely too much under personality slants or audience preferences, rather than as an activity in an educational scheme directed toward an individual's growth.

A study made a few years ago was extremely revealing as to the rather confused state to which I have referred, and teachers interested in this phase of speech may find the results

not irrelevant.[1] An earlier similar review made by Bromley Smith [2] sheds still further light. I refer to these because both bear out my thesis as stated in the opening sentence.

Briefly, in one hundred and twenty colleges and universities some two hundred and three courses were listed under the idea of interpretation, almost two to a college. The generic term "interpretation" was used in eighty-six colleges, with one hundred and twenty courses, and there were fifty-two varieties of interpretation named, the duplicate titles being seventy-one. Again, the general term "reading" was used in fifty-six colleges with a total of eighty-two courses and there were thirty-five varieties of reading, with duplicate titles to the number of forty-seven. These figures may be studied in complete detail in the article already referred to.

If we look for possible reasons for this diversity it occurs to us that the vast range of literature to be studied and used for interpretative purposes explains it in some measure, as it also helps to explain the variety of titles in the English departments. Another reason seems to date back to the influence of the departments of English including Speech courses, but differentiating them from the regular English courses by the prefixes "Vocal," "Oral," and "Literary." A third origin of titles is textbook names suggesting that the content in such courses will quite likely be governed by the following of the given text. In many instances, however, if we may judge from the descriptions, this does not follow. Book titles often indicate the training of the instructor; frequently one may suspect that certain courses appear because the instructor is a lover of Browning, for instance. Quite the same thing is possibly true of Shakespearean courses. At this point the question rises as to the justification of a whole course devoted to the interpretation of a single author, poet or otherwise, a practice open to discussion, it seems to me. It must be remembered that I am thinking of the average set-up of work, time, and

[1] *The Quarterly Journal of Speech Education,* Nov., 1926.
[2] *The Quarterly Journal of Speech Education,* Vol. 3, No. 1, 1917.

courses that so many of our colleges and universities are offering to-day in the field of speech, with a major in that field, all the other requirements of a university course to be satisfied at the same time. I am not thinking of the work and the time possible to devote to the development of a student in a special school; that is a very different matter indeed.

The rendering of literature interpretatively for an audience involves two phases of education, namely: the receiving of impressions, understanding, gaining knowledge, appreciation; and secondly, a unified, spontaneous, facile response of body and voice, with the audience contacts always in mind. We should expect to find both of these elements present in the content of the courses. And this was found, but not organized, not selective. Practically nothing in the field of speech is omitted. The following are all mentioned, apparently as content of courses in interpretation: visible speech, sight reading, verse scanning, literary forms, extempore speeches, articulation, practice in platform manners, harmonic gymnastics, lecture readings, enunciation, breathing, parliamentary law, and even debate! It is possible that the duality of purpose inherent in this activity gives rise to much of the confusion in objectives in training.

It was hoped that in this study we might be able to tabulate "aims" and get some comparative idea as to these. This was impossible for the very simple reason that clearly or definitely stated aims were not given. It is surely significant that in the entire body of two hundred and forty-three courses, given in colleges, universities, and normal schools, exactly one gave a clear and definite statement of the aims and objectives. I may go further and say that this was the only time that the words "aims and objectives" were used to explain course content in the two hundred and forty-three courses. One aim, though not clearly stated, is most frequently implied in many of the courses, namely, a *cultural* one; which certainly is excellent if we know exactly what we mean by that term. An understanding and an appreciation of the truth and beauty of

art and literature evidently lies at the bottom of much of this work. The best literature is dwelt upon in the hope that students may be helped to enjoy the finest things life has to offer.

In the course of the study which occupied a year, a group of five people heading work in interpretation in the schools across the country together devised a series of questions which were in turn sent to twenty or more leaders in the field of speech. Fifteen replied. The questions, or that portion of particular interest here, follow.

1. What training and what qualifications are essential for teachers of interpretation? Do these elements differ from the essentials and qualifications of the teacher of public speaking? If so, how? quantity? quality? (Checked 15 times)
2. Is a text desirable in classes in interpretative reading? If so, what type is most useful? (Checked 13 times)
3. Is a collegiate department justified in offering professional training in public or platform reading? (Checked 11 times)
4. What standards of literary excellence in material can or should be adhered to in a course in interpretative reading? (Checked 10 times)
5. What type of examination should be used in such a course? Oral, written, true-false, thesis? (Checked 10 times)
6. What proportion of memorized work is desirable in a two-hour semester course in interpretative reading? (Checked 9 times)
7. What are the advantages, pro and con, in the use of the book, the stand and book, neither? (Checked 9 times)
8. How shall we decide on unity of scene and character placement in the reading of a play by one person when book and stand are used? when neither is used? (Checked 7 times)
9. What are we to understand by the term "declamation" and exactly how is it related to "interpretative reading"? (Checked 6 times)
10. What shall be done with explanatory material in a play read interpretatively by one person? Shall it be omitted entirely? (Checked 6 times)

The results of these questions should be of real interest and significance, for they represent, I believe, the only attempt ever made to get a group reaction from trained and interested people to this particular angle of the field of speech, namely, interpretative activity. If we are inclined to believe that all is settled and understood along this line, a glance at the findings here should dispel that notion. We may "talk the truth

out of everything" but I am not yet sure that we have talked it out of this matter.

The teachers addressed were asked to check in order of importance the questions most desirable to be brought up for discussion. The arrangement of the questions above indicates the answer and the numbers checked after each question show the relative importance as considered by this group.

While those addressed were not asked to answer any of these questions, thirteen people answered all the questions. For the most part this group represented heads of departments. In the case of the question chosen most frequently a list of answers may be interesting. (Question number one, above.)

"Every college teacher should be able to teach both; viz., should be logical and accurate, and sensitive and delicate."

"The teacher of interpretation should have definitely more artistic inclinations and more artistic training."

"They should have much the same training, but for the teacher of public speaking more specific training in speech construction and speech-making."

"Teacher should have college education and specific work in interpretation. Yes, the elements differ."

"Teacher of interpretaton should have highly technical training wholly apart from speaking, and should be able to read professionally."

"Teachers in both fields should have vocal training and training in literary appreciation; the training differs only in the matter of literary appreciation."

"Teachers should have the highest technique plus rich emotional sensitiveness; training differs only in degree and emphasis."

"Training might well, and would eventually, differ; one cannot be a specialist in everything and the problems of content and background differ a good deal in the two fields named."

"Teachers of interpretation should be teachers of literature."

To number two, is a text desirable, seven said "yes"; four, "no"! one, "several"; and one, "two." This would certainly affect "aim and content." The replies as to the amount of memory work are significant for the same reason. It seemed to me that our great uncertainty as to objectives was nowhere more revealed than here. The replies ranged something like this: "Little or none"; "considerable"; "very little"; "plenty, too much rather than too little"; "half" "twelve ten-minute read-

ings" "one-third"; "an hour program"; "one long and one short selection"; "five or six three to ten-minute readings." Surely these courses would all have definitely presentational objectives.

In number three, five said "yes"; four, "no"; two said "yes, if the department have the possibility, but few have."

In the ninth question, the meaning of the term "declamation," interestingly enough, there was literally no agreement. And it was this question which called forth from one of our leading department heads the unsolicited statement that the speech association should go on record in regard to the acceptable meaning of that term.

Referring again to the matter of aims and objectives, one deduction was easy to make. There was in general one agreement in this matter and it was to the effect that a cultural aim through the appreciation of fine literature should be definitely sought.

Some years ago one of the leaders in the field of interpretation, himself a very fine reader, delivered one of the best speeches a speech association has ever heard from one of its members, concerning the background and training of teachers of interpretation. Whereupon another man of note rose and said that he felt sure that every one there agreed with the speaker and intimated that since there undoubtedly was so great agreement the speaker had perhaps misjudged his audience—the speech was possibly out of order! I am sure there was not agreement then, and I do not believe we are remotely aware how great are the differences of opinion still existent. My investigations support the contention.

One other significant point. In this study we invited comment and additional questions and the question which was most often repeated in various ways, explicitly or implied in the question, hits at the very basis of our training in technical efficiency, it seems to me, and certainly has to do with aims and objectives. It is in essence this: What shall be done with work in interpretation which is of an impersonative character?

It was strongly hinted that this should not be taught at all, as it was not academic. It was asked a number of times if such work should be done in a course labeled "Interpretative Reading" and it was equally strongly intimated that it should not. The question was further asked where, then, if at all, such training should be given, and how should a course be titled which carries such training.

The entire question of aim and content of courses which have interpretation as their objective may well demand the thoughtful attention of all teachers in this branch of the field of speech. About it group many troublesome matters concerning selection of material, literature to be used, proportion of memory work demanded, facility and ease in use of lines, audience reactions to both types of presentation, type of examination, amount of technical instruction to be included (body and vocal skill), and many other matters. It seems quite evident, to me at least, that there is no real agreement as to whether we shall stress form and manner of delivery in a course called "Interpretative Reading," or whether we shall stress certain activities having to do with the impression part of education, understanding of the material. Certainly there is no agreement about impersonation as a part of a course called "Interpretative Reading," nor does it appear that we are agreed as to how far we should go in emphasizing the audience element.

If I read such replies as a year's study elicited, there is in our own expert opinions uncertainty, at least lack of agreement, as to whether the aims and objectives of understanding and appreciating literature can or should be combined with the art product of giving to others, in the same course and under the same title—Interpretative Reading. Personally, I do not think they should be.

SUGGESTED READINGS

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(For Book References see Bibliography.)

❋ SECTION II ❋

ORAL READING. A PROJECT IN PERSONALITY DEVELOPMENT

When
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.
—Elizabeth Browning.

"Everything one is wont to call 'education' to-day, misses the capital point: it imparts knowledge but it does not inspire personal understanding; it evolves efficiency, but it does not create a higher plane of being. . . . The inward change which is necessary in order to evolve a higher state of being—the one thing that matters—can only be brought about by a stimulation of the creative essence within the individual soul. This, of course, can never be achieved by an 'institution' as such, but only by qualified personal influence. . . . It is a fact that everything great in this world has been accomplished by personalities and not by institutions; by single individuals, and not by collectives. The whole value of anything alive depends on the quality of its uniqueness. Indeed, it is the uniqueness-quality which differentiates what is alive from what is not alive." [1]

These statements appear in a recent article by Count Herman Keyserling in the course of which he discusses his "School for Wisdom."

The entire article embodies many thoughts which should be well considered by the teaching profession and these quoted

[1] *The Forum*, Feb., 1928.

touch in several ways some of the things I would like to set forth.

So much has been said and written concerning the values of both oral and silent reading, their relation to each other, reasons for their receiving attention in an educational scheme, and so on, that there is little that can be added in the way of proof. That "New occasions teach new duties, Time makes ancient good uncouth" is unquestionably true. Where there was once a scarcity of reading material there is now a superabundance; our social needs have changed; our aims in the teaching of many branches must needs change to suit the times; in reading, speed, accuracy, and efficiency are the watchwords and they sound quite in harmony with the latest achievements of our utterly utilitarian age. We must keep informed (if we can), and yet the reading supply of information is so vast that to read rapidly and get the general drift of meaning with the least possible waste of time is essential. *Kinds* of meaning, *complete* meanings and implications, endless *additions* of meaning, these we are not urged to consider, to stop and dwell upon, in order that the "uniqueness-quality" may be constantly assisted in growth. Surely, few will gainsay that through our reading, silent and oral, more than from any other one source, may be found the means to increase, not only our knowledge, but those qualities which help to create the "higher plane of being." In a world jazzed to the verge of hysteria and suicide there has not yet been set up in our educational plan experiments to prove that somewhere in the present scheme of things there must be found a way to help the rising generation to get a broader view of the meanings of life, of human aspirations, hopes, fears, ambitions, frailties, strengths, joys, and sorrows—of the whole pageant of mankind in all its panoplies and trappings. This is a sort of knowledge that will give an understanding of the essential factors which make living possible. Whatever school or college or university sets up an experiment which will lead to a growth in contemplative synthetic attention that may aid students to

see the world as it still might be, as well as to adjust themselves to the world as it is, that institution will render a service indeed! "Visions of truth and beauty, a far call unto worlds not yet made actual, the joy and ecstasy that come with a clearer faith and a larger hope—such are the finer issues of life to which the spirits of men are finely touched, and to this end the art of education is always directed."

No one will deny that the larger portion of humanity will continue to do most of its reading silently and needs to be assisted to whatever skill may be acquired under this type of discipline. But whatever values may accrue from training in silent reading my plea is still for more time and emphasis upon oral reading. A type of oral *study* of literature wherein the student shall reveal his knowledge of that literature by its oral rendition. Why a course distinctly labeled "The Oral Study of Literature" should not be one of the most important accredited courses in every department of English remains forever a mystery. If the work were set up there perhaps Mr. Pendleton would not then have to worry about the "professionally trained elocutionists" being allowed to assume responsibility of trying to help students to a real "personal understanding" such as Keyserling mentions.

It is no new thing to state the values of oral reading. These values are, it seems to me, so fundamental that little change will occur in them as time passes and little is necessary except to restate them, if I may be allowed to do so. Oral reading, of a sort that reveals complete understanding of the author's intentions, that is logical, and that shows the reader is in some measure "a part of all that he has met," is the type of oral reading to which I refer. In such reading the student must go slowly, very slowly as compared with silent reading, and this is perhaps the FIRST value, for in this slowness lie many of the ultimate values of oral reading. Power in continuous, sustained, balanced thought and emotion may be developed; quiet, ease, poise may be attained. Attention of a sort in which "something of itself may come," that we need not still be seek-

ing, may be gained. Eventually, indeed, we are helping the student toward development of esthetic and ethical faculties which will aid him in viewing the problems of life through some other medium than a utilitarian one alone. "Thou seest no beauty save thou make it first."

SECOND, a type of accuracy is demanded in oral reading which surpasses that of silent reading in many ways. Out of his mouth must each student reveal his exact understanding of every word and phrase, denotive as well as connotive. The logic of clear thinking must be revealed as only the voice can reveal it. The correct emotional mood and meaning which the author desired to have conveyed must not only be discovered but sounded. Indeed, under this heading of accuracy, I am not sure one might not go about to better silent reading habits, or, at least, I am not sure that better silent reading habits might not result from a practise often repeated under the project of accuracy in oral reading.

As a THIRD value we have the emotional experiences to which the oral reading of literature exposes the student. Herein, perhaps, lies the greatest value, for the purgation which may be had, the approach to personality problems, the vicarious entering into emotions which the student may never experience directly, furnish an opportunity for growth and training of a sort which no instrument can ever measure. For this we should be humbly grateful. Literature, a record of life, usually life at its best, life on a high plane at least, is in the students' hands for better or for worse, or for naught! Surely, we are in agreement that in literature the entire world is before us. "Nothing which has ever interested men and women—no language they have spoken, no oracle beside which they have hushed their voices, no dream which has once been entertained by actual human minds, nothing about which they have expended zeal," but what lies ready to the eye, the mind, and the heart of the reader. An emotional participation in some of the richness of this field must surely develop the "personal

understanding" which our present educational system does not always bring about.

One other indubitable value seems to me to accrue from oral reading, though some may disagree, and that is the observation of the student the teacher is able to have through the revelations he is bound to make under the points already listed. Nor under these, alone; for many other observations can be made which fall quite properly under that elusive and much discussed title "personality." The teacher properly understanding the possibilities of the work of oral reading may well assist the student in the problems of personality adjustment to a greater extent than is possible for any other instructor.

I realize that there are many other values which might be mentioned, some of them more especially connected with speech per se, such as voice and diction, but these are values of another sort, it seems to me, and, in a way, of less importance. I am aware, too, that if oral reading is to be taught with such aims in view as those I have indicated, teachers must be encouraged to improve themselves somewhat more specifically in voice and diction. There is not the remotest possibility of dealing with oral reading under the values I have stated with voices harsh, hard, metallic, nasal, flat, high-pitched. These elements reveal conditions, emotional and physical, which will forever hinder a sympathetic teaching of oral reading. These conditions prevail in more voices than those of teachers, but they are far too numerous in that great profession. The business of teaching is, at best, full of stress and strain and tension, and this is the tale which teachers' voices too often tell. We are at present in a revival of emphasis upon phonetics as a means of bettering *speech,* and if those who are insisting upon the use of this training as an aid toward betterment of speech are wise enough to keep *voice,* tonal conditions *as such,* always operative in conjunction with phonic activity, then we may hope for advance in good speech, phonic or otherwise.

I do not think we can too often reread Walt Whitman's lines which seem in a way to round out the ideas I have been trying to set forth. They leave us very much where we began, with the words of a very present-day philosopher, and intimate, do they not, Keyserling's "higher plane of being"?

"Are you full lunged and limber-lipped from long trial? from vigorous practice? from physique?
Do you move in these broad lands as broad as they?
Come duly to the divine power to speak words? for only at last after many years . . .
After complete faith, after clarifyings, elevations, and removing obstructions,
After these and more it is just possible there comes to a man, a woman, the divine power to speak words;
Surely whoever speaks to me in the right voice, him or her I shall follow
As the water follows the moon, silently, with fluid steps anywhere around the globe
All waits for the right voices,
Where is the practis'd and perfect organ? Where is the developed soul?"

For the oral study of literature I claim the possibility of "imparting knowledge" and "inspiring personal understanding"; of "evolving efficiency" and "creating a higher plane of being"; of "stimulating the creative essence within the human soul"; of adding to "the uniqueness-quality which differentiates what is alive from what is not alive."

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❋ SECTION III ❋

SUGGESTIONS ON INTERPRETATION

The artist is an interpreter of causes, not a depicter of effects.
—W. H. Wright.

I take it for granted that this book may come to be used by some who have had little opportunity to consider carefully the processes involved in the rendering of material in interpretative form, and, while a little knowledge is a dangerous thing in this field as in many others, it may be possible to offer some general suggestions that will, at least, point the way.

It should be borne in mind that the fundamentals of the work of speech cannot be taught, or learned, in any number of lessons by mail, through anybody's system, nor can they be got from books. These can only point the way. Expression has to do with the very essence of the individual and is, at first and always, a growth, not an acquisition. This is particularly true of interpretative speech, for which practice the material of this book is intended. *"Elocution is a moral faculty,"* says John Ruskin, "and no one is fit to be the head of a children's school (or any other school) who is not both by *nature and attention* a beautiful speaker."

It is the firm conviction of the writer, after many years of teaching, study, and observation, that teachers in the field of speech education, particularly on the interpretative side, have placed too much emphasis on the presentation of material in memorized fashion. In the work of younger students I believe this is one of the elements which has done most to keep interpretative speech on the plane of extravagant performance, thus laying it open to severe criticism. The wider field of better

material has been limited by the memory insistence, and added values in personal growth, mental and physical, restricted because of the intensive demand of the memory performance. Educationally, the expressive interpretation of the printed page *from that page* seems infinitely broader in scope than memorized presentation can be. If it is urged that certain spectacular elements, dear to the hearts of the audience, cannot be evidenced with the printed page intervening, I can only reply that intervention has long been desirable, nay, urgent. But further, I do not find that any action which should be included in the presentation is excluded because of the presence of the book. Of course, I do not expect that the material used is always to be held in the hands, it may rest upon some stand where the eye can find it readily. In the latter case the hands and the whole body are free to give the expressive response desirable, and there need be no repression in such response.

Placed alone, in the center of an empty platform space, the attention of the audience focused upon one, the material memorized, everything in the situation tends to disturb true spontaneous expression. The rhythm is very likely to be affected, and there is an instinctive feeling of the necessity to do something the audience can *see,* in short, to *act*. This, of course, is what one should do with certain types of selections, monologues where character and situation are strongly objective. But we are considering here the activity of interpretative speech and not impersonative speech. It requires great skill technically, great personal power, and much practise to render memorized material interpretatively and keep away from falseness, artificiality, and overacting. The very presence of the lines tends to stabilize the whole "set" both in reader and in audience. In this connection it is interesting to note what one entirely outside our special field has said, touching upon the matter. In an article in the *Dial* Miss Amy Lowell, who appreciated fully the necessity for oral rendition of literature, makes a clear distinction between the impersonative and the interpretative manner of presentation. She says:

"Reading *is not acting,* and the point cannot be too strongly insisted upon. The pitfall of all elocution taught readers is that they fail to see this distinction. In a play, one can rely to a certain extent upon acting, and upon one's fellow actors. In reading, one is all alone, and one must not act. I do not mean that one should not read with expression. I mean that it is more dangerous to overdo dramatic expression than to underdo it. The *reader* must not be confused with the *impersonator.* Impersonators act out their parts, although they are all alone upon the stage. They are approaching the brains of their audience from the same standpoint as the actor. They are acting in fact. In a play, the audience is intended to see the march of events with its *physical eyes.* In reading, the audience must see nothing with its eyes which detracts from its *mental* vision. The dramatic quality of the piece must be given *just in so far as it stimulates the imagination,* but never so far as to *call attention to the reader as an actual personality.* It must forget the reader in the thing read." (The italics are mine.) Is it not true that in preparing the student in a memorized presentation we are quite likely to stress the manner of the doing rather than the message of the selection?

This should offer some suggestion upon the necessity for more careful consideration of the type of material used and the capabilities of the interpreter. If the material be of the impersonative type, purely, then it should have impersonative presentation, perfect memorization being a part of that activity. Let it be noted that only a very small proportion of material falls under this type. Monologues, scenes from plays, though these are not necessarily of this type, and dialect selections form the largest part of this group of material. This type of material offers the spectacular possibility and is frequently chosen, but the capability and aptitude of the interpreter to *present* in this form is greatly overlooked. To be given successfully it really requires a natural gift of an imitative sort. Unless one is gifted naturally with the impersonative instinct

in a marked degree, it is most unlikely that any amount of training or coaching will make one successful in presentation of this sort. Let it not be overlooked, however, that every student in interpretative speech should partake freely of this type of activity. It is of vital importance that they have the muscular feel of varied bodily sets occasioned by the emotions expressed. It does not follow, as I have said, that many will become skilful presenters in complete impersonation. More consideration of the type of material being used will result in a much clearer knowledge as to the form of presentation best suited to the selection. The story form is probably the most confusing, because it includes such a variety of elements, but I believe it to be the best form for general use because of this very variety. Care must be taken not to break the unity of the presentation of story forms by undue stressing of any one or another of the various elements. Even when the story is almost a monologue in form, as "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," care should be taken not to over impersonate; the interpreter must remain *interpreter*.

I am well aware that my meaning will be misconstrued; that seems inevitable when one writes. I would not do away with memory work. I would have it used with much more consideration, and I urge much more use of the printed page. It is a frequently repeated experience to find even the trained graduate of a special school of expression who recites quite well, but who is actually unable to interpret intelligently, certainly not sympathetically, from the printed page. This would not be true if in the continued process of training in memory presentation, something had not been omitted. Assuredly, it should be possible for any glib performer of memorized material to read both intelligently and adequately from a printed page when asked to do so. As a medium of *training,* every student should be *required* to give impersonative treatment of all material requiring that form of presentation. Their impersonative powers should be developed in every possible way. For an interpretative presentation it is often well, even

necessary, to work out in preparation as full an impersonative expression of the selection as is possible. Physical expression of an active sort is of vital importance in all training for interpretative or other expression. When it comes to the finished presentation, that form of presentation best suited to the student's individual possibilities and best adapted to the material should be used.

In all cases where memory work is to be done, be sure that every effort is made to keep it away from the mechanical type. See that it includes as many elements of mental and physical activity as possible. Remember that too often sounds and movements are memorized, and the whole *spontaneous* response of the individual seems lost. Even in memorized presentation every idea and action should seem to be thought, and to occur, *at the moment*. Refuse to know anything except the present idea and its expression.

There are so many excellent texts dealing with matters concerning the technique of speech that it seems needless to set forth much in detail regarding these elements. I have listed the most helpful books in the latter portion of this text, and much assistance may be derived from a perusal of these books. One should not attempt to teach interpretative speech without knowing the values of vocal changes, variety of pitch, rhythm, quality, and volume. If possible, only those who have acquired such knowledge from practice under direction, as well as study of text, should undertake to teach interpretative speech. So much depends upon adequate and appropriate vocalization for desirable results, and imitative methods fail so signally in this relation, it seems almost necessary that the instructor shall have knowledge of a sort that will make it possible to teach the student by other than imitative methods.

Such methods must be avoided too, in the matter of physical expression. Nowhere does the fact of imitation of the teacher's work show more clearly, or seem more completely out of key, than in this part of the rendering. Most students, younger or older, will find an adequate physical expression if

rightly directed and stimulated. One general suggestion may be of assistance. Too much attention seems to be given to individual gestures or movements and not enough to the expression of the *body as a whole*. Even in parts of selection calling for no impersonative action or direct gesture, the body should *still partake as a whole of the spirit or feeling of the selection.* So often the body seems uninformed until just as the arms come into action in some given gesture, and this having been completed, the body goes to sleep again. Many gestures seem lacking in truthfulness and ease because the entire body fails to warrant and support the expression of individual gesture and action. A certain sense of animation or expansion should always be present; it is fundamental and necessary to all good movement or gesture.

In general, it is safe to advise that there be too little, rather than too much action and gesture of an objective sort in interpretative presentation. Very frequently the young reciter has been directed into too many literal movments, such as the handling of a telephone, opening of letter, etc., in the midst of an interpretative rendering—or what should be such. This breaks entirely the unity of the presentation. The mind of the onlooker is at once diverted by obvious failures to live up to the literalness which has been partly established. To complete such literal action is impossible and it should be omitted altogether. The trouble arises in the beginning when no clear distinction is made as to whether the rendering is to be an acted (impersonated) one or an interpretative one. Having decided what sort of treatment the material requires, remain true to the form adopted. (Note later discussion of the monologue.)

The story form will offer the most difficulties and complications as it includes direct address, impersonative elements, and all shades between. Even here, however, it is possible to avoid the uneven exhibitions so common. First and last and always there is an individual telling the story, the story's mouthpiece, and that individual should never give the impersonative elements in other than the *suggestive* manner with

which we report such elements in reality. I appreciate again that it is utterly impossible to make a statement which will apply to every type of story, or every type of literature. For instance, there is the story which is told in the first person almost the entire time, either in prose or verse. This is virtually a monologue and may be treated as such, usually impersonatively. There are many stories in this form, or monologues of the better type, which lose value by such treatment, notably some of Browning's.

In conclusion I quote from *How to Read,* by J. B. Kerfoot, by far the best book on the subject I have ever read. If the following lines were kept well in mind it seems that a much better understanding of the possibilities and function of interpretative expression might be gained. "We have nothing to read with except our own experience—the seeing and hearing and smelling and tasting and touching that we have done; the fearing and hoping and hating and loving that has happened to us; the intellectual and spiritual reactions that have resulted; and the assumptions, understandings, prides, prejudices, hypocrisies, fervors, foolishnesses, finenesses, and faiths that have thereby been precipitated in us like crystals in a chemist's tube." May we not have greater consideration of the elements that make for desirable interpretative expression? May we not hope to better very considerably the tendency to overdo in spectacular action, and underdo in that action which reveals subtly and truly the real participation of the interpreter? This latter is the one desired end of interpretative speech.

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POINTS FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION IN ADVANCED INTERPRETATION

(These are offered merely as suggestions. Each teacher will stress such points as seem wisest.)

I. PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

1. Personality
   a. Voice and body
   b. Mental equipment
   c. Emotional response
   d. Adaptability
2. Experience
   a. Amount and kind
3. Training
   a. Amount and kind; special school, general, specific
4. Taste, and discrimination
   a. Likes and dislikes
   b. Literary background
   c. General experiences
5. Summary
   a. Greatest strength
   b. Greatest needs

II. MATERIAL

1. Types
   a. Stories, plays, scenes, one-act plays (subjective and objective), monologues and their values
   b. Dialect
      Training values, program values, how to study, authors and sources
2. Abridging and arranging material
3. Methods of studying and preparing material

4. Arranging programs, types of audiences
   a. Adaptation of material to interpreter
   b. Adaptation of material to audience
   c. Adaptation of material to occasion
   d. Arrangement: opening? closing? highest point?
5. General sources, addresses of publishers, etc.

III. TECHNIQUE

1. Forms of presentation
   a. Acting
      (1) Full impersonation (examples)
      (2) Partial impersonation (examples)
      (3) Use of "properties" and "accessories"
      (4) Placing scenes and characters: "on stage" and "in the realm of the audience"
   b. Reciting (memory)
   c. Reading from the book (book held, rested)
   d. Direct and indirect address
   e. Memory: values, faults, when necessary
   f. Audience contact in interpretation
2. Entering and leaving stage (in different types of material)
[1] 3. Style (Personality), addressing the audience
   a. Genial
   b. Patronizing
   c. Bombastic
   d. Apologetic
   e. Aggressive
   f. Timid
   g. Reserved
   h. Dignified
   i. Indifferent
   j. Humorous
4. Gesture and action
   a. Amount and kind

[1] See Overstreet, *Influencing Human Behavior*, pp. 26–27, 72–81.

b. Desirability
c. Types: representative, manifestative, descriptive
d. Poise, bearing

5. Voice and its various elements
6. Noted readers: a study of their technique and form
7. History of noted leaders in the field of interpretation in the past seventy-five years

IV. GENERAL AIMS

1. Educational (subjective and objective)
2. Cultural
3. Utilitarian

V. STANDARDS

Affected by all of the factors of I and IV

❋ SECTION IV ❋

BODILY ACTIVITY AND ORAL INTERPRETATION

There is no movement and no part of any movement that means anything in itself, but only as it ensues from what comes before and proceeds into what comes after.

—Stark Young.

Here one might well pause and remark, "Since there has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, I will not further occupy the time." Yet the constant need for some further encouragement and spur that may help student and teacher to keep at the problem of unified total bodily response seems to me as necessary to-day as ever before. We hear much of a new freedom which youth is experiencing, but it has not seemed to affect their power of physical responsiveness and sensitivity when it comes to interpretative speech. Nor am I at all sure that speech teachers are of one mind as to the need and desirability of constantly stressing physical response to emotional stimuli.

For any form of speech we need to be utterly *convinced* of the fundamental necessity of bodily response and activity; we need to be *persuaded* that what we gain in a physical way as a matter of expression will carry as many, or more, ultimate values for us as we can gain under any one phase of speech activity; we need to be *converted* to a willingness and readiness to try during all our speech training to give a complete, a total physical response comparable with, and equal to, the emotional intent and content of every bit of material with which we deal.

In its broadest meanings the idea of action has to do with the much used term "personality" and whatever that term

may mean to you or to me it is certain that the physical and visible signs of activity will have an important part in that meaning. We are constantly encountering the strange complications which arise from the misunderstandings we have of an individual's action, bearing, physical attitude. That our actions can belie us, can negate the splendid possibilities of an individual human entity seems both incredible and criminal—certainly unnecessary. Hence, we must conceive of this matter under the personality angle. Bodily carriage, our total bearing, movements, or actions, our various movements of head, of arms and hands, of torso, of face, our walk, these will forever be strongly revealing, will be indicators, seen of all men and not to be hidden, of inner meanings, meanings which will tell for or against us.

Throughout all fundamental training, and indeed throughout all training which presumably looks to accomplishment in expressive speech, the matter of bodily expression should always be present in the student's mind. If the student has given little thought to the importance of body as an agent of speech this matter of action may prove one of the most, if not the most, difficult problems. We are prone to cover up our weaknesses (which, of course, but makes them greater), and since the bodily action cannot be hidden we may be tempted to take no chances; we may find ourselves refusing to undertake the correction of action either seriously or in any degree wholeheartedly or understandingly. Try not to do any of these things; try to get a glimpse of how great the gain may be if we attack our problems in action with an entirely open mind and an equally ready bodily willingness. Will Edward Everett Hale's word be of any value as a sort of motto? He said: "No man can ever succeed until he is *willing* (note that) to make a fool of himself for the sake of his subject." That willingness, that kind or brand of willingness has loosed more muscles, coördinated more random movements, brought about more complete activity than any set of physical exercises that could be devised. Of course, I am speaking of exercise to develop

skill and completion of bodily activity for purposes of speech.

And then there is the voice, which I suppose we have always conceived as the agent of speech, and, of course, if it has spoken for us for sometime we have accepted it as a pretty good sort of an agent. But perhaps, and possibly, and in some cases probably, there is a voice that seems lacking in certain most desirable elements and the attack, the first attack, on the problem of this voice, in many a case, is this same old attack of the matter of the action, it is a matter of the body as a whole; for whatever discussion may still be carried on concerning the "resonators," their place, number, size, and whether the whole body is a resonator or not, and so on, the clearly demonstrable fact will, I think, still remain, namely, that a *satisfactory* voice cannot be produced with the aid of the vocal muscles only. There are many other muscles in the body which must be of good tonus, which must be capable of activity and of relaxation and of control, before the vocal muscles can be properly or perfectly trained. To have a logical mind and a stock of ideas, to have a fairly pleasing vocalization, and then to negate the statements of both mind and voice by a physical presentation that fails to substantiate them is to leave your task quite undone. We must relearn what our bodies are doing and not doing, for strangely enough their first primarily important uses seem to have been forgotten in many instances, as I suggested earlier, and we are unable to check up on ourselves, so habitual has our own particular set of reactions become.

With something of the importance of the matter thus before us and perhaps an urgent desire to improve in this regard, it ought to be possible to proceed with a system of training and get ourselves into shape. Strangely enough we find that from the earliest work in the field of speech and speaking there has been much more careful attention given to a mode or method for training the voice and vocal responses than has ever been developed for the body and bodily responses. Drills are constantly administered for the voice; there are classes in

voice, in diction, in phonetics; there are many "methods" of training and developing the voice; but where can we find any statements remotely approximating this detail with reference to classes or systems for developing bodily flexibility and responsiveness? A study was made not long ago of twenty-four modern texts on speech training to discover what proportion of the books were given to the discussion of action and in what fashion the authors developed their theses on the subject. These books numbered in pages seven thousand seven hundred, and a total of four hundred and ninety-one pages were devoted to action, giving an average of 6.37 per cent devoted to action for all the books. In most instances this was the smallest proportion given to any one element discussed, and about one-third as much space as was given to the discussion of voice.

We find further that there are great differences in the points stressed, and a wide range of terms used to cover the idea of physical activity. We find generality far too great, and we find meticulous detail about gestures and standing positions, rate of movement and "return," details impossible to follow and hope for a developed and spontaneous physical activity. All of which is interesting but confusing in face of the presumable agreement in the matter of "total response." However, these terms need not be too confusing and they may really help in a way to clarify the many notions which must be collected and diagnosed under the idea of action. We do locate and point out; we do illustrate our thought with reference to the size and shape of things; we do manifest our inner emotional activity by outward manifestations. Each person who teaches, and those who are taught, should be alive to the need for finding a method of attack on the physical problem that shall not be too detailed and that shall aim at the total response of the physical organism.

There are certain planes in which arm movements occur, and these are true for all people to a great degree; from the chest above the head, from the chest to the waist, below the waist,

that is, at the end of the arm extended downward. We usually declare things in the lower plane; a certain dominative tendency is applicable here, an intellectual plane perhaps. A locative and passional plane from chest through torso; the eye follows the hand easily at this level in locating objects, and in impassioned utterance, more or less physical in nature, the arms might work in this plane. Things of the spirit, of a highly exalted or sublime nature, and certain types of exultation lead the arms into the plane above the shoulder girdle. But to suggest the rate at which the arms shall move to any of these planes, or how long the movement of the arm shall stop at any point, or in what rate it shall return, is impossible and stultifying. These suggestions, like all others, are open to gross misunderstanding, and like all other suggestions for developing physical flexibility and fluidity, result in error and artificiality if the student cannot realize that there is a mode, a means of activity, for all our thoughts and feelings; we do not have to make one up. We have only to let the action loose and all the later relations can be established. With no general bodily expression to work with save that which indicates "no thoroughfare here," "safety first," avoid "too much *show*" of feeling, "remember audience always," both the way out and the way in, so far as complete bodily response is concerned, is stopped at once and for all time. We are tempted, I believe, to try to help our students to adjust their activity to the audience and the special occasion situation far too early in their training; a utilitarian aim not a developmental aim is uppermost. If we were constantly trying to establish the idea that a controlled, unified, and totally responsive body will INSURE the audience contact, the poise we all crave, perhaps as soon or sooner than by any other means, more generous response in physical activity would be dwelt upon.

Note well the foreword to this chapter, for in it lies a great secret of all action, true of total acting or of the single gesture of the contestant. Do not be too concerned about a part, about the details of gesture; remember the whole is always bigger

than the part and keep everlastingly at the whole physical bearing and activity. If you wish to use your arms well, stand well, for instance. Arms in gesture with no visible sign that there is some manifestative activity in some other portion of the body, notably the torso, no indication of similar muscle tensions anywhere, and the gesture of the arm is not good no matter how smoothly executed. It calls attention to itself as action, and any activity which is thus noticeable is wrong. Continually repeated actions reveal that the person in action is not in control of himself, his audience, or his subject. Where no action exists, the same condition is revealed. Certain aggressive tendencies, dominative tendencies which appear sometimes in debate, find the speakers using one type of action only, an attacking movement of arm and hand, fist, finger, body, as if an important fact could be driven home only by this one type of activity. It serves only to show that the speaker has practically no control of his physical means of expression.

How seldom we succeed in getting the arms away from the body, especially in the upper portion of the arm. It is strange how loath we are to free the arm from the shoulder to the elbow, the more powerful part of the arm gestures. It is from the shoulder to the elbow that we have power to establish the height and breadth of the gesture, and upon this freedom and strength depends the sweep and ease of the rest of the arm's movement, shoulder, upper arm, lower arm, wrist, hand, fingers being the order of activity for the arm, the path through which emotional intensity should find its way. The upper portion of the torso tends to take on fuller and better expression when the upper portion of the arm ceases to hug the chest and sides, and some coördinative expansion through breath and muscles becomes possible. The elbow and wrist joints need such oiling! For that matter, so do all the joints, the knees in particular. Many a good movement fails before it starts because of the inflexibility of the knee action.

Of the importance of the hand as a completion of every gesture of the arm too much cannot be said, nor can there be

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too much practice for control and expressiveness at this, the summit and completion of every arm gesture. Writers tell us about the "stroke" or ictus in the gesture but few have dwelt upon the fine effects obtained by the completion of the gesture in the hand's final expansion. "Sensitive hands," we sometimes read about, but seldom see or recognize when we do see them. We usually connect this notion with piano playing, violin playing, or the work of the sculptor. "Capable hands" we read about and it means "hard work." The term "expressive hands" is likely to connote something effeminate, but this should not be the case for the hands reveal, like all other outer signs, a type of development and control that is highly desirable. In general, the hands at the end of the arm gesture are either tense or flabby.

The torso, capable of powerful expressive action in expansion and elevation, tends to break too much at the waist, or never to move at all. The head is used in one type of action, assumes one position, and seldom rests easily and flexibly upon the neck as it was intended to do, giving the impression of readiness to serve any mood, to respond lightly and with easy adjustment.

We may not have thought of the facial muscles as gesture and perhaps it is not necessary that we should. Indeed, we may get a better idea of the place the face should play if we call it facial expression, or facial pantomime. Some writers refer to the action of the facial muscles as pantomime and do not use this word for any other of the actions of the body. In any case, a little special attention to the facial expression of students in speech is a real necessity. It is unbelievable that the students with whom we deal should already have arrived at a set facial pantomime, or that they are as incapable as they appear to be of giving anything like adequate facial response. The most joyous of lyrics are read, often in fairly good tone, but with no change in facial pantomime. And even an approximately good guttural or falsetto tone will be emitted in the witch's scene from Macbeth, and still the face, and often a

great portion of the body, remain comparatively undisturbed. I am reminded of a remark of *Huck Finn's* in Mark Twain's story of that classic character. *Huck* had gone down the river and was visiting one of the great houses. The furnishings were beyond anything he had ever seen and he describes them in detail. He tells of the great fireplace and the clock on the mantel above it, with a big outlandish parrot painted up "gaudy" on each side of it and then he says: "By one of the parrots was a cat made of crockery and a crockery dog by the other; and when you pressed down on them they squeaked, but they didn't open their mouths nor look different, nor interested."

There should be included in all practice, and understand that I do not mean that such practice should be confined to classes in acting or pantomime, or for those interested only in interpretative work of some sort, some effort to increase bodily facility in all its elements, including facial response. Take a problem calling for activity of all sorts; show its meaning by walking it; by the use of the arms and hands only; by the torso and head; by the face alone; combine and use all these means; do all this without words at all, then change and use words for each practice. Let observers tell in which way you gave the truest revelation of the emotional content. This is but one way: many may be devised, but there must be established a feeling for the gripping need to free the anatomy of its restrictions, and if we do not acquire that notion, exercises will remain exercises only, and they will never touch our muscular inhibitions.

In studying literature in the form of stories, poems, plays, and the like, accustom yourself to watch for the signs of action as they are set down to help you to see the pictures more vividly. Writers give us frequent suggestions of this sort and you will note how often they are suggestions of complete bodily activity. Again it is the action of the head, of the hands, of the eyes, facial expression, and so on. Often the bodily response indicated is an almost imperceptible activity, an expansion or

elevation of the torso, a type of activity which, as I have already indicated, is most often lacking in our general use of action, and most completely a sign of mastery, when evident.

Of set rules there can be but few, and these are likely to be warnings off rather than constructive suggestions. Much speaking of all types, with always the desire to include the whole body in the game, will soon set the student on the right track, will soon develop the feeling of bodily responsibility and responsiveness. There is nothing for it but to keep at it, try everything in terms of action, not once only, but many times.

And then some day there comes that irritating commendation which shows that you have really mastered your means, that you are, in a sense, an artist, in that you work with freedom and ease, when some one says, "Why that's easy enough, any one can do it, he is just being natural." This is, as I said, proof that you have arrived; there are no longer signs of the labor that insured your arrival. Highest success involves complete forgetfulness of the toil behind; only be sure of this, that behind any such ease as you exhibit or as you see another exhibit, there lies training, rigorous, understanding, painstaking, and patient. It should be the ideal of every student in speech to "show the world" literally, and if you are not willing to labor with yourself earnestly your body will remain master, and your thoughts will have to take their doubtful chance of being adequately expressed to the world about you.

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❋ SECTION V ❋

ORAL READING AND THE PROBLEM OF DECLAMATORY CONTESTS

There is creative reading as well as creative writing.
—R. W. Emerson.

Professor Dowden's remarks in his *New Studies in Literature* as to what may constitute desirable expressive reading, though well known, will bear repeating. He says: "Few persons nowadays seem to feel how powerful an instrument of culture may be found in modest, intelligent, and sympathetic reading aloud. A mongrel something which, at least with the inferior adepts, is neither good reading nor veritable acting, but which sets agape the half-educated with the wonder of its airs and attitudinizings, its pseudo-heroics and pseudo-pathos, has usurped the place of the true art of reading aloud, and has made the word recitation a terror to quiet folk who are content with intelligence and refinement. The reading which we should desire to cultivate is intelligent reading, that is, it should express the meaning of each passage clearly; sympathetic reading, that is, it should convey the feeling delicately (namely, suggestively); musical reading, that is, it should move in accord with the melody and harmony of what is read be it verse or prose."

With the regular advent of the speaking contest, in interpretative form, we are faced each year with many of the evils which Professor Dowden enumerates. I am sure that many a teacher of English, as well as other teachers, who are called upon to "train" the contestants, rebels, inwardly at least, at much if not all included in the entire process. They should.

It is time that all educators took into careful consideration the entire matter of "declamatory contests." If the following discussion and suggestions serve to assist, in any way, the betterment of these contests, the end for which the author has written will be served.

The work being done in many schools under the name of speech is done almost entirely for the contests in which the trained and coached declaimers are to appear. Such training and coaching addressed to a selected few, presumably already gifted with a special "talent," constitutes practically all that is being done in the field of development through personal expression for the pupils committed to the care of the schools. "Declamation-contest" seems to be a single idea. Possibly some of the faults of declamation might be obviated if it could be separated from the contest. This seems unlikely to occur. Yet, here is a medium of speech activity big with educational possibilities given over almost entirely to an extra-curricular sphere, a coached sphere, and handled, to an alarming extent, with apparently no pedagogical consideration.

We are told that the declaimers, a selected few, gain self-confidence, ease, and poise, and sometimes even grace is added to the list. Great stress is given to the fact that the memory is trained. This point will bear long and careful consideration. To forget is a crime, punishable with loss of place or points. Few *do* forget a word, a gesture, an inflection, a position, a pause, a turn of the head or even eyes, or any other minute detail which they have been crammed to remember. One cannot but be impressed, upon the *appearance* of the declaimers, with the fact that they are full of remembrances. The skill with which they deliver themselves of these memories, endeavoring faithfully to act as if the rendition were *not* memorized, viewed as an educational activity, is one of the most astounding things about the whole performance. Perhaps the spirit of "win at any cost" too often allowed, sometimes even encouraged, giving rise to certain methods of training or coaching, is largely to blame for results seen. In any case, I believe there can be

little argument but that the qualities, estimable indeed, alleged to result from declaiming, need, *in every case,* to have *spontaneous* activity and self-expression if they are to become truly operative in the individual. Spontaneous activity of mind, feeling, imagination, voice, action, or even memory, cannot come through the present coached performance of the declaimer. As for the advantage of memory training urged for declamation, it is, as I have already indicated, of the most mechanical type. Even at its best there is doubt in my own mind as to the exact amount of value received. Educational psychologists now assure us that there is no proof that memory power trained in one department can be made available in another. To my mind one of the elements in our work, as teachers in the field of speech, which needs careful consideration and discussion is the place, importance, and amount of memory work we should require. The entire educational curriculum calls for far too much memory work. Initial mental activity, training in concentration, and quick responses to sequence of thought and emotion, elements vitally necessary to the development of the individual, are not developed and trained as they should be. Extemporaneous speaking and interpretative oral reading have possibilities in these directions; declamation, few if any.

Before discussing declamatory contests it will be necessary to define the word "declamatory." As generally used in the present contest system it indicates a contest in which only girls participate. It is almost unheard of that any boy should declaim anything but material in speech form, hence there is another contest termed the "oratorical." Mr. Shurter, formerly of the University of Texas, has the following to say:

"A declamation is a set speech of a more or less serious nature intended for delivery from memory in public. Usage has virtually made the word declamation to connote a cutting from an oration written and spoken originally by some person other than the one who is declaiming the selection. It is impossible to mark the exact dividing lines betwen an oration, a declamation,

and a reading. You cannot place your finger on a geometric line and say, This marks the end of *declamation* and the beginning of *reading* and beyond this point is *oration*. Many selections lie in that twilight zone where characteristic marks are imaginary. Whether a selection is a reading or a declamation, then, depends on the manner of the delivery and the spirit of the piece. Selections that are chosen for purposes of mere entertainment, funny pieces, dramatic readings, dialogue, impersonations, etc., are not considered declamations. Keep in mind that a declamation should be prevailingly serious in tone and delivered for the purpose of convincing or persuading an audience of certain ideas or truths."

The dictionary definitions of the words "declaim," "declamatory," and "declamation" are extremely clear. To declaim is "to recite a speech, poem, etc., in public as an elocutionary exercise." This then becomes a "declamation." To recite is "to repeat before an audience something prepared and committed to memory." From these definitions there would seem no conceivable reason for two contests captioned as above. All material in both, as at present conducted, is recited in public as an elocutionary exercise. Something prepared and committed to memory is repeated before an audience. The only differences, then, between the two would seem to be arbitrary ones: the nature of the material declaimed, speeches for the one and general literature for the other, and the limiting of the contestants, very largely, girls to the general literature and boys to the speeches.

In general, the "oratorical" contest gives the better results. There are reasons for this which have nothing to do with the abilities of the contestants. There is more agreement among teachers of public speaking with regard to an acceptable form of delivery for speeches than for interpretative work. There are more people capable of giving approximately wise suggestion on the choice of speech material and upon the delivery of the same. There is a better choice of material in this form,

though this should not be true as the body of literature capable of interpretation is vast in comparison.

It is upon the contest which makes use of general literature outside speech forms that I shall offer suggestions, but what follows applies in many cases equally well to the contest using speech material. In the speeches chosen the content should be largely in the experience of the speakers and of as timely a nature as possible. Great speeches of the long ago are not necessarily wise choices. The delivery should be direct, conversational in form, and as sincere as possible. In passing I may say I do not approve of either contest, as too many elements of artificiality are introduced in any case. I would have reading contests and extemporaneous speech or discussion contests. Boys and girls should participate as inclined, or encouraged to take up the line most to their advantage as individuals. I would abolish the "coaching" and replace it with constructive teaching.

I am repeatedly asked to make suggestions upon material for these contests, but before doing so some discussion of the problems involved in the present conduct of declamatory contests is necessary. These problems may be stated as follows: (1) The aims of the contest; (2) The methods of choosing the contestants; (3) The methods of preparing the contestants; (4) The methods of judging the contests.

Of the aims, let it be said that they are as a whole entirely too low to take advantage of the larger opportunities which the contest might and should offer. One of the most pernicious things is the "win at any cost" spirit which is far too prevalent in principal, "coach," and pupil. This very definitely affects the other three points mentioned above.

The methods of choosing contestants are too haphazard. Pupils who have acquired prominence through "private lessons in elocution" are chosen because of their "ability," while real ability goes undiscovered. One girl is developed from year to year, sent into contest after contest, often with the same

selection, until at last the school she represents is the proud winner of the state contest.

That during her preparation, thus covering two or more years possibly, she is in a most impressionable period; that she is dealing in her material with more or less extreme emotional states; that these states too often coincide with some element in herself from which she were better freed; and that they may register to her absolute detriment are matters which seem never to enter the minds of instructors otherwise well informed in psychology, pedagogy, and mental development. Frequently we have a wistful girl "fitted" with a pathetic "piece" because she can do it, or a girl with certain aggressive tendencies has a chance to become a Shylock, with the result that for an indefinite period thereafter certain abnormal qualities of voice are noticeable and must be eradicated if more extended work in interpretative speech is to be done. That a large part of the preparation is mere "coaching"—imitating the coach's interpretation of the subject-matter—and that the contestant reveals little originality in mental, vocal, or bodily activity is too often the observation of any trained auditor.

Much improvement could be made in all the points mentioned and the entire results set at naught by incompetent judging. Indeed, those who have realized the necessity for such reforms and have labored to establish them have been disheartened by the decisions rendered by incompetent judges. Until contests shall be judged by people who have some *accurate knowledge* of what constitutes good work in interpretative vocal expression and who are clearly instructed as to the method of procedure for the given contest, little can be hoped for in a constructive way in the conduct of declamatory contests.

The following suggestions are offered in the hope that they may be of assistance in judging reading and declamation:

I. In reading and declamation there are three distinct types of material which may be used, and the reader or the speaker

should be judged upon the basis of his effectiveness in handling the kind of material with which he is dealing. These types are:

A. Subject-matter which the reader or speaker may properly address directly *to* the audience; e. g., orations.
B. Subject-matter which is to be interpreted *for* the audience; e. g., dramatic readings.
C. Subject-matter which is a combination of types A and B; e. g., stories in prose or verse.

When the reader or speaker is dealing with material of type A, he is under the supreme obligation to give the audience unmistakable evidences through his action and his voice of his lively sense of communication with them as he reads or speaks. He should be reading or speaking *to* the audience and not *before* them, *at* them, or *over their heads*. The ideal here is conversational directness.

When the material is of type B, the reader or speaker reaches his audience indirectly. He is reading or speaking *for* the audience rather than *to* them, and his paramount object in this case should be to place all of his powers of expression at the service of his subject-matter in such a way as to interpret it as completely as possible for them.

When the material is of type C, the reader or speaker, in the delivery of those portions which may properly be addressed to the audience, should employ the mode of conversational directness; and in all other portions he should employ the mode of type B, interpreting the material *for* the audience.

II. The judge of a reading or declamation contest should analyze his impressions of each reader or speaker for evidences of the two underlying essentials of good reading and declamation, which are:

A. *Grasp of subject-matter.*—This implies that the reader or the speaker understands the thought-content of his selection and that he appreciates its emotional values;

that he is thinking clearly and feeling genuinely and spontaneously as he reads or speaks.

B. *Effective expression of subject-matter.*—This implies a proper attitude toward the audience and a proficiency in the use of the bodily agents of expression.

The foregoing essentials of satisfactory performance in reading and speaking manifest themselves to the critic in what he *sees* and in what he *hears*. The judge's task is to determine the contestant's relative merit in the two above-mentioned particulars upon the basis of inferences drawn from his visual and auditory impression of the several contestants. Every visual and auditory impression for which the contestants are responsible has some relevancy. The following are suggested as being of especial significance:

VISUAL IMPRESSIONS

1. *Personal appearance.*

2. *Physical attitude and bearing.*—Do carriage and position on the platform indicate proper consciousness of, and consideration for, the audience? (In reading does he look at the audience as much as he should, unhampered by the text?)

3. *Facial expression.*—Does it reveal thought and feeling in keeping with what the accompanying words denote and connote?

4. *Other bodily movements.*—Are they in harmony with and an aid to the vocal expression, i. e., spontaneous, significant, not studied, awkward, and empty?

AUDITORY IMPRESSIONS

1. *Volume of voice.*—Is it sufficient to assure audibility throughout? Does it change with the thought and feeling of the selection?

2. *Enunciation and pronunciation.*—Are the syllables and the words uttered with precision and distinctness? Are all words correctly pronounced?

3. *Rate of utterance.*—Is it unpleasantly rapid of tiresomely slow? Does it vary with the character of the material uttered?

4. *Pitch and inflection.*—Is the average pitch too high or too low? Is the voice a monotone? Are the changes in pitch produced by, and in harmony with, variations in thought and feeling?

5. *Quality of voice.*—Is the voice, as sound dissociated from words, pleasing or irritating? Is it rich, clear, mellow, full, and resonant, or is it poor, muffled, harsh, thin, and dull? Are the changes in quality produced by, and in harmony with, the variations in emotion?

6. *Pausing and phrasing.*—Do the length and frequency of the pauses reveal appreciation of the emotional content of the selection? Does the grouping of the words reveal clear thinking and a satisfactory grasp of the subject-matter, or does it betray lack of comprehension and muddled mental processes?

Besides poor choice of material, improper spirit and training, and incompetent judging, certain other faults should be noted, such as the non-appearance of authors' names on the programs. Frequently the pupils do not know them. Frequently, it must be granted, they are not worth knowing, but that should be remedied. One principal told me they were not printed for fear of undue influence upon the judges!

Again, the repeated use of the same selection from year to year cannot but be detrimental to the whole situation, especially as the chief cause for this reappearance is that the selections have "won" somewhere. Of course it is often the case that the work is in the hands of an instructor who has neither the time nor the knowledge necessary to provide appropriate material.

Many one-act plays are now used for these contests and as they are easily shortened to the proper length they are very helpful. Novels of the present day have endless possibilities for selecting and arranging desirable readings. Novels selected

should have good characterization and good story values, like *Jeremy* by Walpole and *If Winter Comes* by Hutchinson, for instance. There should be good dialogue, not too long speeches, but bright, clear, vigorous, and direct, and not too much description, for this latter element is hard to motivate satisfactorily, and especially is that true for younger readers; a sense of action must be sustained. If there are climactic points scattered through the story, as there are likely to be, a reading can be arranged around these points. This is true in *Ethan Frome* by Wharton, *V. V.'s Eyes* by Harrison, *So Big* by Ferber, and of course, is true of many more novels. *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* by Wilder comes to mind as another book with many good readings possible of selection and abridgment. With a little practice teacher and student will be able to find fresh and stimulating selections and both will enjoy the search. The result will add infinitely to the general contest situation.

The situation will be bettered only when the work of speech, in all its forms, is placed in the hands of persons trained to understand and administer its educational values, and when principals engage teachers because of this knowledge and permit them to exercise it. It may then be hoped that the work will be looked upon, not as an anomaly, but as a highly important part of the pupil's development.

CERTAIN REFORMS WHICH THE CONTEST SYSTEM DEMANDS

1. That the work of speech as a whole be placed in the hands of a teacher properly trained to conduct it. (A teacher with college training as well as special speech training, and one whose ideas of speech activities are well grounded educationally.)

2. That material impossible in content, mental and spiritual as well as physical, be avoided.

3. That a centralized board pass upon a list of material

for each year's use, avoiding duplication from year to year in a cycle of four years.

4. That there be less "coaching" and more constructive suggestion.

5. That material used be from standard, or at least reputable, authors.

6. That as a desirable part of the training, selection and arrangement of material be made, in some part, by the pupil. (Of course under suggestion of teacher.)

7. That more attention be given to the spirit of the selection and less to the manner of the delivery, to the end that more naturalness and less artificiality may result.

MATERIAL TO BE AVOIDED AS FAR AS POSSIBLE

1. Broad comedy that degenerates into low comedy or burlesque.

2. Selections demanding impersonative elements entirely beyond the attainments of the pupil.

3. Selections where the tragic element is utterly beyond the experience, comprehension, or imagination of the pupil, and where this element is sustained to too great length without transitions in mood which might offer relief and balance.

4. Selections where the pathos is mere bathos.

5. Selections where death must be impersonated (can it be?) and last words of dying persons spoken.

6. "Cute" child pieces where the speaker attempts performances, vocal and physical, unlike any human prototype.

7. A large group of material utterly untrue in its theme, situation, psychology, or other elements which make its main appeal.

Unless there be in the knowledge of those directing these contests and training the contestants some well-grounded understanding of the ends and aims of speech as an *educative* matter, some definite appreciation of the importance to the

individual of that individual's development through the medium of speech, and some concern as to the nature of the material which shall be used by the contestants during their formative periods, there can be little hope that any list of selections will be of even slight assistance.

But to those who will grant some, if not all, of the foregoing contentions and who desire reforms, a list of authors whose material offers helpful suggestions might be of *real* assistance. Books might be obtained in the town or school library, and pupils be encouraged to read them *as a whole* while deciding on a portion for use. The larger and desirable end so reached, as a part of the work of preparation, surely no one can question.

The list [1] which is given is of course suggestive, not complete nor final. The points in favor of the material of these authors as usable for interpretative purposes are in part: (1) The *English* is good; (2) the *themes* are sane; (3) the *emotions* are normal; (4) the *psychology* is true; (5) the *style* is colloquial, often in dialogue form, and so the stories or chapters or scenes are easy for arrangement.

From this list may be chosen all shades of emotions, and no program need be dull or uninteresting when material from these authors is used. It is, of course, obvious that time must be given to arrangement of material, and *that,* it must be reiterated, is most to be desired in the whole scheme. It is true also that a person especially prepared to administer the work of interpretation will be more competent to choose the most desirable portions of the books or stories and better able to arrange the abridgment. Until such persons are available, however, the work should be done as well as may be by others. *Better material is the least that may be asked by way of reform.*

Self-expression, the development of the individual, of his personality, is the trend of our education to-day. In this pedagogy and psychology are agreed. The acquiring of facts will no longer suffice. No greater opportunity is offered the

[1] See Bibliography.

student for development of personality than through the medium of his vocal expression. "Of the various forms of expression, verbal expression is the most important," says Professor Parker. In still a broader sense is this true, and I would substitute the word *vocal* for verbal, thus covering the various activities of personality possible through the revelation of the voice and body. But it will be appreciated at once that these activities must be spontaneous to be of true educational value, and no coached performance, with memorized instruction, fully digested, will ever be able to claim place in this field.

Jane Addams says, "The person of the highest culture is the one who is able to put himself in the place of the greatest number of other persons." The activity of the sympathetic rendering of literature makes possible this culture. It may also claim as truly educational a wider knowledge of better literature and the spontaneous re-creation, participation, and revelation of the same. To me, it seems impossible that any truly educational claims can be advanced for a very large proportion of the declaiming which is done every year in our contests. If this is true, is it not time that all those who have any connection with the matter take council together, to the end that the most glaring evils may be done away with for all time?

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PART II

MATERIAL FOR INTERPRETATION

❀ SECTION VI ❀

POETICAL SELECTIONS

Poetry is an attitude of the body. Both anteceding and transcending speech or idea, it is a way of experiencing realities.

—Max Eastman.

HOLLYHOCKS!

I have a garden, but, oh, dear me!
What a ribald and hysterical company:
Incorrigible mustard, militant corn,
Frivolous lettuce, and celery forlorn;
Beets apoplectic and fatuous potatoes,
Voluptuous pumpkins and palpitant tomatoes;
Philandering pickles trysting at the gate,
Onions acrimonious, and peppers irate;
And a regiment of hollyhocks marching around them,
To curb their mischief, to discipline and bound them.

Hollyhocks! Hollyhocks! What should I do
Without the morale of a troop like you!

Some lackadaisically yawn and nod;
Others, hypochondriac, droop on the sod:
Cabbage apathetic, parsnips sullen,
And peas downtrodden by the lancing mullein;
Boorish rutabagas, dill exotic,
The wan wax-bean, bilious and neurotic;
Dropsical melons, varicose chard,
And cauliflowers fainting all over the yard.
Thank heaven for the hollyhocks! Till day is done,
They prod them to labor in the rain and the sun.

Hollyhocks! Hollyhocks! Stiff as starch!
Oh, fix your bayonets! Forward! March!

Lew Sarett.

SEA CLOUDS ON THE MEDITERRANEAN

What color shall I take upon my brush?—
Since I beheld conceptions of the sea
My soul is snared in arcs of crystal flame,
My fingers burning with transparency,
And I must paint this visioning away,
Or else go blind!

What sound will wrest the stillness from my lips?—
Since I have heard the cadence of the sea
My voice is like some sunken tongueless bell
Crying in silence to the nautilus,
And I must sing this sorcery away,
Or else grow mute!

What magic rhythm will unfetter me?—
Since I have felt the swirl of dancing foam
My body lies in battered indolence
Against tall rocks where great surfs thunder in,
And I must dance this lethargy away
Or turn to stone!

Bertha Ochsner.

THE PATH TO THE WOODS

Its friendship and its carelessness
Did lead me many a mile,
Through goat's-rue, with its dim caress,
And pink and pearl-white smile;

Through crowfoot, with its golden lure,
And promise of far things,
And sorrel with its glance demure
And wide-eyed wonderings.

It led me with its innocence,
As childhood leads the wise,
With elbows here of tattered fence,
And blue of wildflowers' eyes;
With whispers low of leafy speech,
And brook-sweet utterance;
With bird-like words of oak and beech,
And whisperings clear as Pan's.

It led me with its childlike charm,
As candor leads desire,
Now with a clasp of blossomy arm,
A butterfly kiss of fire;
Now with a toss of tousled gold,
A barefoot sound of green,
A breath of musk, of mossy mold,
With vague allurements keen.

It led me with remembered things
Into an old-time vale,
Peopled with faery glimmerings,
And flower-like fancies pale;
Where fungous forms stood, gold and gray,
Each in its mushroom gown,
And, roofed with red, glimpsed far away,
A little toadstool town.

It led me with an idle ease,
A vagabond look and air,
A sense of ragged arms and knees
In weeds grown everywhere;

It led me, as a gypsy leads,
To dingles no one knows,
With beauty burred with thorny seeds,
And tangled wild with rose.

It led me as simplicity
Leads age and its demands,
With bee-beat of its ecstasy,
And berry-stained touch of hands;
With round revealments, puff-ball white,
Through rents of weedy brown,
And petaled movements of delight
In roseleaf limb and gown.

It led me on and on and on,
Beyond the Far Away,
Into a world long dead and gone,—
The world of Yesterday:
A faery world of memory,
Old with its hills and streams,
Wherein the child I used to be
Still wanders with his dreams.

Madison Cawein.

THE ANGLER'S REVEILLE

What time the rose of dawn is laid across the lips of night,
And all the drowsy little stars have fallen asleep in light;
'Tis then a wandering wind awakes, and runs from tree to tree,
And borrows words from all the birds to sound the reveille.

This is the carol the Robin throws
Over the edge of the valley;
Listen how boldly it flows,
Sally on sally:

Tirra-lirra,
Down the river,
Laughing water
All a-quiver.
Day is near,
Clear, clear.
Fish are breaking.
Time for waking.
Tup, tup, tup!
Do you hear?
All clear—
Wake up!

The phantom flood of dreams has ebbed and vanished with the dark,
And like a dove the heart forsakes the prison of the ark;
Now forth she fares through friendly woods and diamond-fields of dew,
While every voice cries out "Rejoice!" as if the world were new.

This is the ballad the Bluebird sings,
Unto his mate replying,
Shaking the tune from his wings
While he is flying:

Surely, surely, surely,
Life is dear
Even here.
Blue above,
You to love,
Purely, purely, purely.

There's wild azalea on the hill, and roses down the dell,
And just one spray of lilac still abloom beside the well;

The columbine adorns the rocks, the laurel buds grow pink,
Along the stream white arums gleam, and violets bend to drink.

This is the song of the Yellowthroat,
Fluttering gaily beside you;
Hear how each voluble note
Offers to guide you:

Which way, sir?
I say, sir,
Let me teach you,
I beseech you!
Are you wishing
Jolly fishing?
This way, sir!
I'll teach you.

Then come, my friend, forget your foes, and leave your fears behind,
And wander forth to try your luck, with cheerful, quiet mind;
For be your fortune great or small, you'll take what God may give,
And all the day your heart shall say, "'Tis luck enough to live."

This is the song the Brown Thrush flings
Out of his thicket of roses;
Hark how it warbles and rings,
Mark how it closes:

Luck, luck,
What luck?
Good enough for me!
I'm alive, you see.
Sun shining,
No repining;

Never borrow
Idle sorrow;
Drop it!
Cover it up!
Hold your cup!
Joy will fill it,
Don't spill it,
Steady, be ready,
Good Luck!

Henry van Dyke.

BIRCHES

When I see birches bend to left and right
Across the lines of straighter darker trees,
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.
Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
After a rain. They click upon themselves
As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells
Shattering and avalanching on the snowcrust—
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.
They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,
And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed
So low for long, they never right themselves:
You may see their trunks arching in the woods
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.
But I was going to say when Truth broke in
With all her matter-of-fact about the icestorm

(Now am I free to be poetical?)
I should prefer to have some boy bend them
As he went out and in to fetch the cows—
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
Whose only play was what he found himself,
Summer or winter, and could play alone.
One by one he subdued his father's trees
By riding them down over and over again
Until he took the stiffness out of them,
And not one but hung limp, not one was left
For him to conquer. He learned all there was
To learn about not launching out too soon
And so not carrying the tree away
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
To the top branches, climbing carefully
With the same pains you use to fill a cup
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.
So was I once myself a swinger of birches.
And so I dream of going back to be.
It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless wood
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
From a twig's having lashed across it open.
I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over.
May no fate willfully misunderstand me
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:
I don't know where it's likely to go better.
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
But dipped its top and set me down again.

That would be good both going and coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

Robert Frost.

THE LITTLE LAND

When at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies—
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play;
To the fairy land afar
Where the Little People are;
Where the clover-tops are trees,
And the rain-pools are the seas,
And the leaves like little ships
Sail about on tiny trips;
And above the daisy tree
Through the grasses,
High o'erhead the Bumble bee
Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go;
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by
Carrying parcels with their feet
Down the green and grassy street.
I can in the sorrel sit
Where the ladybird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass;
And on high
See the greater swallows pass
In the sky

And the round sun rolling by
Heeding no such things as I.

Through that forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking-glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain-pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I'll board that tiny boat
Round the rain-pool sea to float.

Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it;
Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.
Some are clad in armour green—
(These have sure to battle been!—)
Some are pied with ev'ry hue,
Black and crimson, gold and blue;
Some have wings and swift are gone;—
But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
Open, and see all things plain:
High bare walls, great bare floor;
Great big knobs on drawer and door;
Great big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb,
And talking nonsense all the time—
O dear me,
That I could be
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,

A climber in the clover tree,
And just come back, a sleepy-head,
Late at night to go to bed.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE SECRETS OF THE HEART

SCENE.—*A Chalet covered with Honeysuckle*

NINETTE NINON

NINETTE

This way—

NINON

No, this way—

NINETTE

This way, then.

(*They enter the Chalet.*)

You are as changing, Child,—as Men.

NINON

But are they? Is it true, I mean?
Who said it?

NINETTE

Sister Séraphine.
She was so pious and so good,
With such sad eyes beneath her hood,
And such poor little feet,—all bare!
Her name was Eugénie la Fere.
She used to tell us,—moonlight nights,—
When I was at the Carmelites.

NINON

Ah, then it must be right. And yet,
Suppose for once—suppose, Ninette—

NINETTE

But what?—

NINON

Suppose it were not so?
Suppose there were true men, you know!

NINETTE

And then?

NINON

Why,—if that could occur,
What kind of man should you prefer?

NINETTE

What looks, you mean?

NINON

Looks, voice and all.

NINETTE

Well, as to that, he must be tall,
Or say, not "tall,"—of middle size;
And next, he must have laughing eyes,
And a hook-nose,—with, underneath,
O! what a row of sparkling teeth!—

NINON

(*Touching her cheek suspiciously.*)
Has he a scar on this side?

NINETTE

Hush!
Someone is coming. No; a thrush:
I see it swinging there.

NINON

Go on.

NINETTE

Then he must fence (ah, look, 'tis gone!)
And dance like Monseigneur, and sing
"Love was a Shepherd":—everything
That men do. Tell me yours, Ninon.

NINON

Shall I? Then mine has black, black hair,
I mean he should have; then an air
Half sad, half noble; features thin;
A little royale on the chin;
And such a pale, high brow. And then,
He is a prince of gentlemen;—

He, too, can ride and fence, and write
Sonnets and madrigals, yet fight
No worse for that—

NINETTE

I know your man.

NINON

And I know yours. But you'll not tell,—
Swear it!

NINETTE

I swear upon this fan,—
My Grandmother's!

NINON

And I, I swear
On this old turquoise reliquaire,—
My great,—great Grandmother's!!—

(*After a pause.*)

Ninette!
I feel so sad.

NINETTE

I too. But why?

NINON

Alas, I know not!

NINETTE

(*With a sigh.*)

Nor do I.

Austin Dobson.

SPRING BLEW OPEN THE DOOR

Spring blew open the door;
An aspen stirred
And turned about
As if in doubt
Of the time of day,
Or so they say;

And all of a sudden was something heard
That rose from a sigh to a ghostly shout,
As now and again
In a panic the rain
Went scurrying over the forest floor.
A bud came out—
And then a bird.

Spring blew open the door;
On a near-by hill
A robin found
A place in the sun,
And all in fun
Made a rollicking sound
That was less than a call
And more than a trill,
Sinking low and lower,
And then was still.

On all, on all
Was the dawning grace
Of a radiant face
And a presence rare
As the shadowy things
That out of the air
A dryad weaves.
A rustle of leaves,
A flutter of wings,
A heavenly stir
In the lilac tree—
And a rogue of a bee
Caught sight of Her.

William Griffith.

TU QUOQUE

NELLIE

If I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,
Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
If I were you!

FRANK

If I were you, when persons I affected,
Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
I would, at least, pretend I recollected,
If I were you!

NELLIE

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,
I would not dance with odious Miss M'Tavish,
If I were you!

FRANK

If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer
Whiff of the best,—the mildest honey-dew,
I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
If I were you!

NELLIE

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,
Even to write the "Cynical Review"!

FRANK

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,
If I were you!

NELLIE

Really! You would? Why, Frank, you're quite delightful,—
Hot as Othello, and as black of hue;
Borrow my fan. I would not look so frightful,
If I were you!

FRANK

It is the cause. I mean your chaperone is

Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu!
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you!

NELLIE

Go, if you will. At once! And by express, sir;
Where shall it be? To China—or Peru?
Go! I should leave inquirers my address, sir,
If I were you!

FRANK

No,—I remain. To stay and fight a duel
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do—
Ah, you are strong,—I would not then be cruel,
If I were you!

NELLIE

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted,—

FRANK

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue.

NELLIE

If I confess that I a wee-bit pouted?—

FRANK

I should admit that I was piqué, too.

NELLIE

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you!

Henry Austin Dobson.

THE SONG-SPARROW

There is a bird I know so well,
It seems as if he must have sung
Beside my crib when I was young;
Before I knew the way to spell
The name of even the smallest bird,
His gentle-joyful song I heard.
Now see if you can tell, my dear,

What bird it is that, every year,
Sings "Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer."

He comes in March, when winds are strong,
And snow returns to hide the earth;
But still he warms his heart with mirth,
And waits for May. He lingers long
While flowers fade; and every day
Repeats his small, contented lay;
As if to say, we need not fear
The season's change, if love is here
With "Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer."

He does not wear a Joseph's-coat
Of many colours, smart and gay;
His suit is Quaker Brown and gray.
With darker patches at his throat.
And yet of all the well-dressed throng
Not one can sing so brave a song.
It makes the pride of looks appear
A vain and foolish thing, to hear
His "Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer."

A lofty place he does not love,
But sits by choice, and well at ease,
In hedges, and in little trees
That stretch their slender arms above
The meadow-brook; and there he sings
Till all the field with pleasure rings;
And so he tells in every ear,
That lowly homes to heaven are near
In "Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer."

I like the tune, I like the words;
They seem so true, so free from art,
So friendly, and so full of heart,

That if but one of all the birds
Could be my comrade everywhere,
My little brother of the air,
This is the one I'd choose, my dear,
Because he'd bless me, every year,
With "Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer."

Henry van Dyke.

STOVES AND SUNSHINE

Prate, ye who will, of so-called charms you find across the sea—
The land of stoves and sunshine is good enough for me!
I've done the grand for fourteen months in every foreign clime,
And I've learned a heap of learning, but I've shivered all the time;
And the biggest bit of wisdom I've acquired—as I can see—
Is that which teaches that this land's the land of lands for me.

Now, I am of opinion that a person should get some
Warmth in this present life of ours, not all in that to come;
So when Boreas blows his blast, through country and through town,
Or when upon the muddy streets the stifling fog rolls down,
Go, guzzle in a pub, or plod some bleak malarious grove,
But let me toast my shrunken shanks beside some Yankee stove.

The British people say they "don't believe in stoves, y' know";
Perchance because we warmed 'em so completely years ago!
They talk of "drahfts" and "stuffiness" and "ill effects of heat,"
As they chatter in their barny rooms or shiver 'round the street;

With sunshine such a rarity, and stoves esteemed a sin,
What wonder they are wedded to their fads—catarrh and gin?

In Germany are stoves galore, and yet you seldom find
A fire within the stoves, for German stoves are not that kind;
The Germans say that fires make dirt, and dirt's an odious thing,
But the truth is that the pfennig is the average Teuton's king,
And since the fire costs pfennigs, why, the thrifty soul denies
Himself all heat except what comes with beer and exercise.

The Frenchman builds a fire of cones, the Irishman of peat;
The frugal Dutchman buys a fire when he has need of heat—
That is to say, he pays so much each day to one who brings
The necessary living coals to warm his soup and things;
In Italy and Spain they have no need to heat the house—
'Neath balmy skies the native picks the mandolin and louse.

Now, we've no mouldy catacombs, no feudal castles grim,
No ruined monasteries, no abbeys ghostly dim;
Our ancient history is new, our future's all ahead,
And we've got a tariff bill that's made all Europe sick abed—
But what is best, though short on tombs and academic groves,
We double discount Christendom on sunshine and on stoves.

Dear land of mine! I come to you from months of chill and storm,
Blessing the honest people whose hearts and hearths are warm;
A fairer, sweeter song than this I mean to weave to you
When I've reached my lakeside 'dobe and once get heated through;
But, even then, the burthen of that fairer song shall be
That the land of stoves and sunshine is good enough for me.

Eugene Field.

AN UNTIMELY THOUGHT

I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what month of the year—
Will it be midnight, or morning,
And who will bend over my bier? . . .

—And what a hideous fancy to come
As I wait at the foot of the stair,
While Lilian gives the last touch
To her robe, or the rose in her hair.

Do I like your new dress—pompadour?
And do I like *you?* On my life,
You are eighteen, and not a day more,
And have not been six years my wife.

As the carriage rolls down the dark street
The little wife laughs and makes cheer—
But . . . I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what month of the year.

Thomas B. Aldrich.

COMEDY

They parted, with clasps of hands,
And kisses, and burning tears.
They met, in a foreign land,
After some twenty years:

Met as acquaintances meet,
Smilingly, tranquil-eyed—
Not even the least little beat
Of the heart, upon either side!

They chatted of this and that,
The nothings that make up life;
She in a Gainsborough hat,
And he in black for his wife.

Thomas B. Aldrich.

ECHO AND THE FERRY

Ay, Oliver! I was but seven, and he was eleven;
He looked at me pouting and rosy. I blushed where I stood.
They had told us to play in the orchard (and I only seven,
A small guest at the farm); but he said, "Oh! a girl was no good!"
So he whistled and went, he went over the stile to the wood.
It was sad, it was sorrowful! Only a girl—only seven!
At home in the dark London smoke I had not found it out.
The pear-trees looked on in their white, and bluebirds flashed about
And they, too, were angry as Oliver. Were they eleven?
I thought so. Yes, every one else was eleven—eleven.
So Oliver went, but the cowslips were tall at my feet,
And all the white orchard with fast-falling blossom was littered;
And under and over the branches those little birds twittered,
While hanging head downward they scolded because I was seven.
A pity—a very great pity. One should be eleven.
But soon I was happy, the smell of the world was so sweet,
And I saw a round hole in an apple-tree rosy and old.
Then I knew, for I peeped, and I found it was right they should scold
Eggs small and eggs many. For gladness I broke into laughter;
And then some one else—oh! how softly—came after, came after
With laughter—with laughter came after.

And no one was near us to utter that sweet, mocking call,
That soon very tired sank low with a mystical fall.
But this was the country, perhaps it was close under heaven;
Oh! nothing so likely; the voice might have come from it even.
I knew about heaven. But this was the country, of this
Light, blossom, and piping, and flashing of wings not at all,
Not at all. No. But one little bird was an easy forgiver:
She peeped, she drew near as I moved from her domicile small,
Then flashed down her hold like a dart—like a dart from the quiver,
And I waded atween the long grasses, and felt it was bliss.
So this was the country; clear dazzle of azure and shiver,
And whisper of leaves, and a humming all over the tall
White branches, a humming of bees. And I came to the wall—
A little, low wall—and looked over, and there was the river,
The lane that led on to the village, and then the sweet river,
Clear shining and slow, she had far, far to go from her snow;
But each rush gleamed a sword in the sunlight to guard her long flow,
And she murmured, methought, with a speech very soft, very low.
"The ways will be long, but the days will be long," quoth the river,
"To me a long liver, long, long," quoth the river—the river.
I dreamed of the country that night, of the orchard, the sky,
The voice that had mocked coming after and over and under.
But at last—in a day or two namely—Eleven and I
Were very fast friends, and to him I confided the wonder.
He said that was Echo. "Was Echo a wise kind of bee
That had learned how to laugh: could it laugh in one's ear and then fly,
And laugh again yonder?" "No; Echo"—he whispered it low—
"Was a woman, they said, but a woman whom no one could see

And no one could find; and he did not believe it, not he;
But he could not get near for the river that held us asunder.
Yet I that had money—a shilling, a whole silver shilling—
We might cross if I thought I would spend it." "Oh! yes, I was willing"—
And we ran hand in hand, we ran down to the ferry, the ferry,
And we heard how she mocked at the folk with a voice clear and merry
When they called for the ferry; but, oh! she was very—was very
Swift footed. She spoke and was gone; and when Oliver cried,
"Hie over! hie over! you man of the ferry—the ferry!"
By the still water's side she was heard far and wide—she replied.
And she mocked in her voice sweet and merry, "You man of the ferry
You man of—you man of the ferry!"
"Hie over!" he shouted. The ferryman came at his calling;
Across the clear reed-bordered river he ferried us fast.
Such a chase! Hand in hand, foot to foot, we ran on; it surpassed
All measure her doubling, so close, then so far away falling,
Then gone and no more. Oh! to see her but once unaware,
And the mouth that had mocked, but we might not (yet sure she was there),
Nor behold her wild eyes, and her mystical countenance fair.
We sought in the wood, and we found the wood-wren in her stead;
In the field, and we found but the cuckoo that talked overhead;
By the brook, and we found the reed-sparrow deep-nested, in brown;
Not Echo, fair Echo, for Echo, sweet Echo was flown.
So we came to the place where the dead people wait till God call.
The church was among them, gray moss over roof, over wall.

Very silent, so low. And we stood on the green, grassy mound
And looked in at the window, for Echo, perhaps, in her round
Might have come in to hide there. But, no; every oak-carven seat
Was empty. We saw the great Bible, old, old, very old,
And the parson's great prayer-book beside it; we heard the slow beat
Of the pendulum swing in the tower; we saw the clear gold
Of a sunbeam float down to the aisle, and then waver and play
On the low chancel step and the railing; and Oliver said,
"Look, Katie! look, Katie! when Lettice came here to be wed
She stood where that sunbeam drops down, and all white was her gown;
And she stepped upon flowers they strewed for her." Then quoth small Seven,
"Shall I wear a white gown and have flowers to walk upon ever?"
All doubtful: "It takes a long time to grow up," quoth Eleven;
"You're so little, you know, and the church is so old, it can never
Last on till you're tall." And in whispers,—because it was old
And holy, and fraught with strange meaning, half felt, but not told,
Full of old parsons' prayers, who were dead, of old days, of old folk,
Neither heard nor beheld, but about us—in whispers we spoke.
Then we went from it softly, and ran hand in hand to the strand,
While bleating of flocks and birds' piping made sweeter the land.
And Echo came back e'en as Oliver drew to the ferry.
"O Katie!" "O Katie!" "Come on then!" "Come on then!" "For, see,
The round sun, all red, lying low by the tree—by the tree."

"By the tree." Ay, she mocked him again, with her voice
sweet and merry;
"Hie over!" "Hie over!" "You man of the ferry"—"the
ferry."
"You man of the ferry—"
"You man of—you man of—the ferry."
Ay, here—it was here that we woke her, the Echo of old;
All life of that day seems an echo, and many times told.
Shall I come by the ferry to-morrow, and come in my white
To that little low church? And will Oliver meet me anon?
Will it all seem an echo from childhood passed over—passed
on?
Will the grave parson bless us? "Hark! hark! in the dim fail-
ing light
I hear her!" As then the child's voice clear and high, sweet
and merry,
Now she mocks the man's tone with "Hie over! Hie over, the
ferry!"
"And, Katie!" "And, Katie!" "Art out with the glow-worms
tonight,
My Katie?" "My Katie!" For gladness I break into laughter
And tears. Then it all comes again as from far-away years;
Again, some one else—oh, how softly!—with laughter comes
after,
Comes after—with laughter comes after.

Jean Ingelow.

SONG FOR SONG

Pipe through the fields, heralds of storm,
Subdue all the earth to its fate!
Pipe peace, pipe growth, pipe sunlit morn,
Pipe through the thunder, stir your mate;
Draw the fearful into the rain,

Bid men lift up their potted hopes
Unto this deep'ning good for gain;
Sing them the truth of Nature's scope,
And the wisdom of the flower
That takes the song with the shower.

A soft'ned light comes from the East—
All the roads and roofs are shining;
The rumble of the storm has ceased;
But still are the pipers winding—
Peddling their latest brightest airs,
Dealing their safe securities,
Boasting their rangeful spirit wares!
Hark, to the simple melodies,
They steal into the open heart
And play thereon until joys start!

Margaret M. McCarthy.

THE GEESE OF ATHABASCA

Somewhat southward from Alaska
Lie the moors of Athabasca;
And in these bleak uncouth dominions—
So far detached from our opinions
That none can ever misconstrue
The tale I want to tell to you—
There gathered at the equinox
Some eager migratory flocks
Of ganders, geese, and goslings—and
The *ganders* had the upper hand,
Debating with a gaping mouth
On whom to choose to lead them south.
In spite of casual digressing
They thought the matter was progressing,
When all the *geese* began to flap

With wings, and cackle too, and rap
With bills on sundry sticks and stocks
And crane their necks around the flocks.
Their actions, though surprising, new,
(Bizarre at times it may be, too),
Betrayed such aim and fervor, surely
One shouldn't chide them prematurely,
And fiery hot as salamanders,
They much impressed the puzzled ganders,
Who paused and pondered in their pates,
What their vociferating mates
Intended by these frantic states.
"Give *us,*" they cry, "a chance to say
Who 'tis shall guide us on our way;
Give *us,*" they cry, "a voice, a voice—
Who shares the *risk,* should share the *choice.*"
And now and then from some old goose
More deft, it seems, in logic's use,
The ganders heard reflections meant
To ridicule their government,
As antiquated precedent,
And divers observation tending
To show how much it needed mending—
The *more,* since geese were different.
One says: "Our judgment lacks in poise,
And all we do is make a noise?—
But can't we tell as well as you
Where trees are green and skies are blue?"
Another: "You, sirs, should elect,
Since 'tis your business to protect?—
Define protection . . . more than skill
In thrusting out an angry bill
With anserine intent to kill.
Our *wings* are weapons, sirs, as good—
When clasped around the little brood."
Another: "Yes, the goslings, goslings?—

Now that's a point that's full of puzzlings
For these our ganders— Hear my queries!—
Have we no business with the dearies?—
Have we no right at all to say
Who's fit to lead *them* on the way?"
And then a younger goose, an active
And in her person most attractive,
Remarked with widely parted lips
That put her eyeballs in eclipse:
"We wouldn't be so charming,—pooh!—
If we should choose along with you?
You wouldn't like to see us sniffle,
And wrangle round— O piffle, piffle:
The fact is, nature made us so
That nothing we might undergo
Could take that *something* from us which
Oft gives your heartstrings such a twitch
And furthermore, you'd better drop
The sugar-plum and lollipop—
That sort of argument won't please
The intellectual type of geese."
"The intellect, the intellect,"
Another cries, "they don't suspect—
And think the issue to confuse
By queer domestic interviews
About our *functions* and the aim—
As if the privilege we claim
Might shrink the size and number of
The eggs we lay, the chicks we love."
I do not note for special causes
The interjections and applauses.
"Give us," they cry again, "a voice,
Who share the *risk* should share the *choice*."
And though some points might need apology,
As shaky in their sociology,
That cry appealed to instincts, reason—

So ganders yielded for the season.
But whether it became a practice
In future times, and what the fact is
About the *sex* of guide and leader
The muse conceals from bard and reader,
Assuring only that they ne'er
Had made a trip more safe and fair
Down the continental air,
From the moors of Athabasca,
Somewhat southward of Alaska,
From those bleak, uncouth dominions
So far detached from our opinions
That none can *ever* misconstrue
The tale I here have told to you.

William Ellery Leonard.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

What was he doing, the great god Pan
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river,
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,

With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed as he sat by the river,)
"The only way since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed!"
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man;
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed which grows never more again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

PEBBLE, SONG AND WATER FALL

Have you a religion,
a philosophy,
a theory or two or three?—
bring them out here—
a bath in this air won't hurt them—
or you can keep them in your pockets—
nobody here for you to show them to—
for you and your thought to be doubted by—
and scatter them at the last
(you may find them useless?)
down the mountain slope—
poke them with a stick
and watch them slide
over strange soil and past stranger surroundings,
only to bounce and skip and twirl and fly—
(fancy the joy they'd have,
pent up as they were back East!)
then to nestle out of sight,
beyond all argumentation!
Have you no religion,
no philosophy,
no theory or two or three?—
you can pick them up,
have them for the mere stooping,
or break them, pluck them pleasantly—
Indian paint-brush,
baby-blue-eyes,
forget-me-not,
the yellow monkey weed—
dizzier climbing
(like a bug up the side of a wall!)
will give you clouds of wild lilac,
or wild clematis—

or a spray of the manzanita,
so named by the race of Fray Junipero!
Or come and steal a bird song—
(the mocking bird will teach you how!)
or don't steal it—
let them play on you,
(so many snatches the birds have here!)
let them start innocent counterpoint
with the aid of the wood-choir falls,
these water falls,
the high snow and higher sun
contrive with the aid of the chance of the day!
Pebble, song or water fall, pebble, song or water fall—
which one will you choose?—
(why not have them all?)
there's only the sky—
and this is a sky, Brother,
this great Sierra sky,
big and round and blue,
meeting the horizon wherever you stare—
there's only this sky
to see what you do or don't do—
(it doesn't spy!)
and these trees! These trees?—
out here they're so still and so silent,
you'd fancy them dead—
they don't even whisper a ghostly phrase—
and if they have thoughts,
(like the folk back East!)
they have a way of sharing them
without polluting the air with conjecture—
and there's no wind to carry their gossip—
if of a sudden they gossiped a trifle!
Let us go—
you and I—

with creeds—
without creeds—
or with and without—
the mountains out here—
these gray Sierra elephants—
you can crawl up their sides—
and from high broad shoulder to higher and highest—
(if there is a highest?)
they won't shrug you off—
not that they're docile—
they simply don't care!
Nevertheless and notwithstanding,
for the sake of imbroglio—
suppose we gave them a tickle or two,
right through their hides to a rib or two?—
(elephants must have a rib somewhere?)
and suppose they did mind and did shrug us off?
Pebble, song or water fall—
which one would you choose
for toppling and sliding and bouncing
and skipping and twirling and flying?—
(fancy the joy we'd have,
pent up as we were back East!)
but why not have all three?—
pebble, song *and* water fall,
pebble, song *and* water fall—
then to nestle out of sight,
beyond all argumentation!
Come on, Brother!
But wait!
One moment!
Don't forget to bring your humility!

Alfred Kreymborg.

THE HOUSE OF CLOUDS

I would build a cloudy house
For my thoughts to live in
When for earth too fancy-loose,
And too low for heaven!
Hush! I talk my dreams aloud—
I build it bright to see,—
I build it on the moonlit cloud
To which I looked with thee.

Cloud-walls of the morning's gray,
Faced with amber column,
Crowned with amber cupola
From a sunset solemn!
May-mists for the casements fetch,
Pale and glimmering,
With a sunbeam hid in each,
And a smell of spring.

Build the entrance high and proud,
Darkening and then brightening,
Of a riven thundercloud,
Veinéd by the lightning,
Use one with an iris stain
For the door so thin,
Turning to a sound like rain
As I enter in.

Build a spacious hall thereby,
Boldly, never fearing;
Use the blue place of the sky
Which the wind is clearing;
Branched with corridors sublime,
Flecked with winding stairs

Such as children wish to climb,
Following their own prayers.

In the mutest of the house
I will have my chamber.
Silence at the door shall use
Evening's light of amber,
Solemnizing every mood,
Softening in degree,
Turning sadness into good,
As I turn the key.

Be my chamber tapestried
With the showers of summer,
Close, but soundless,—glorified,
When the sunbeams come here;
Wandering harpers, harping on
Waters stringed for such,
Drawing color for a tune,
With a vibrant touch.

Bring a shadow, green and still,
From the chestnut forest;
Bring a purple from the hill,
When the heat is sorest;
Spread them out from wall to wall,
Carpet-wove around,
Whereupon the foot shall fall
In light instead of sound.

Bring fantastic cloudlets home
From the noontide zenith;
Range for sculptures round the room
Named as fancy weeneth:
Some be Junos, without eyes;
Naiads, without sources;

Some be birds of paradise;
Some, Olympian horses.

Bring the dews the birds shake off
Waking in the hedges,—
Those, too, perfumed for a proof,
From the lilies' edges;
From our England's field and moor
Bring them calm and white in,
Whence to form a mirror pure
For love's self-delighting.

Bring a gray cloud from the East,
Where the lark is singing,
Something of the song, at least,
Unlost in the bringing,
That shall be a morning chair,
Poet-dream may sit in,
When it leans out on the air,
Unrhymed and unwritten.

Bring the red cloud from the sun!
While he sinketh, catch it.
That shall be a couch,—with one
Sidelong star to watch it,—
Fit for poet's finest thought
At the curfew sounding,
Things unseen being nearer brought
Than the seen around him.

Poet's thought, not poet's sigh,
'Las, they come together!
Cloudy walls divide, and fly,
As in April weather!
Cupola and column proud,
Structure bright to see—
Gone—except that moonlit cloud,
To which I looked with thee!

Let them! Wipe such visionings
From the fancy's cartel—
Love secures some fairer things
Dowered with his immortal.
The sun may darken,—heaven be bowed—
But still unchanged shall be,—
Here in my soul,—that moonlit cloud,
To which I looked with thee!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE CAT, THE RAVEN, AND THE PUBLIC

A Cat and Raven quarreled once.
The Cat called Raven coward, dunce.
Lobster, blatherskite, poltroon,
Blackguard, scullion, and coon,
Hatch-face and scrawny pate,
And other names I must not state
If I wish this tale to be
Sound in its morality.
And ere the Raven could reply,
The Cat had clawed it in the eye;
And ere the Raven had upsprung,
The Cat had bitten off its tongue.
The Public, ignorant of what
A handicap the Bird had got,
Admired its passive reticence
And said, "What dignity, what sense,
What lofty self-control! This Raven
Deigns not to answer such a craven.
Aye, silence is the wise retort—
It makes your foe feel like a wart."

MORAL

It's often nothing of the sort!

William Ellery Leonard.

THE DUCK AND THE NIGHTINGALE

An ancient Duck, complacent, fat,
Whose miserable habitat
Had been the stagnant pool behind
The barnyard of Boeotian hind,—
Save when she waddled by the fence
Among the roosters and the hens,
To snap with bony bill at corn
Her owner scattered every morn,
Or when within the crib she sate
To hatch her eggs and meditate,—
Began to make some slight pretense
To wisdom and experience.
She heard at dark a Nightingale
At no great distance down the dale—
The winged Nightingale who'd flown
In every sky, in every zone,
And sung while moon or morning star
Descended over hills afar—
And thus the Dame began to quack:
"O Nightingale, you'll surely crack
That voice of yours, unless your soul
Can learn a little self-control;
Try settling down and doing good,
And earn a sober livelihood."

MORAL

Conceited ignorance with ease
Pronounces its banalities.

William Ellery Leonard.

APOLLO TROUBADOUR

When a wandering Italian
Yesterday at noon
Played upon his hurdy-gurdy
Suddenly a tune,
There was magic in my ear-drums:
Like a baby's cup and spoon
Tinkling time for many sleigh-bells,
Many no-school, rainy-day-bells,
Cow-bells, frog-bells, run-away-bells,
Mingling with an ocean medley
As of elemental people
More emotional than wordy—
Mermaids laughing off their tantrums,
Mermen singing loud and sturdy,—
Silver scales and fluting shells,
Popping weeds and gurgles deadly,
Coral chime from coral steeple,
Intermittent deep-sea bells
Ringing over floating knuckles,
Buried gold and swords and buckles,
And a thousand bubbling chuckles,
Yesterday at noon,—
Such a melody as star-fish,
And all fish that really are fish.
In a gay, remote battalion
Play at midnight to the moon!

Could any playmate on our planet,
Hid in a house of earth's own granite,
Be so devoid of primal fire
That a wind from this wild crated lyre
Should find no spark and fan it?
Would any lady half in tears,
Whose fashion, on a recent day

Over the sea, had been to pay
Vociferous gondoliers,
Beg that the din be sent away
And ask a gentleman, gravely treading
As down the aisle at his own wedding,
To toss the foreigner a quarter
Bribing him to leave the street;
That motor-horns and servants' feet
Familiar might resume, and sweet
To her offended ears,
The money-music of her peers!

Apollo listened, took the quarter
With his hat off to the buyer,
Shrugged his shoulder small and sturdy,
Led away his hurdy-gurdy
Street by street, then turned at last
Toward a likelier piece of earth
Where a stream of chatter passed,
Yesterday at noon;
By a school he stopped and played
Suddenly a tune. . . .
What a melody he made!
Made in all those eager faces,
Feet and hands and fingers!
How they gathered, how they stayed
With smiles and quick grimaces,
Little man and little maid!—
How they took their places,
Hopping, skipping, unafraid,
Darting, rioting about,
Squealing, laughing, shouting out!
How, beyond a single doubt,
In my own feet sprang the ardor
(Even now the motion lingers)

To be joining in their paces!
Round and round the handle went,—
Round their hearts went harder;—
Apollo urged the happy rout
And beamed, ten times as well content
With every son and daughter
As though their little hands had lent
The gentleman his quarter.
(You would not guess—nor I deny—
That that same gentleman was I!)

No gentleman may watch a god
With proper happiness therefrom;
So street by street again I trod
The way that we had come.
He had not seen me following
And yet I think he knew;
For still, the less I heard of it,
The more his music grew:
As if he made a bird of it
To sing the distance through. . . .
And, O Apollo, how I thrilled,
You liquid-eyed rapscallion,
With every twig and twist of spring,
Because your music rose and filled
Each leafy vein with dew—
With melody of olden sleigh-bells,
Over-the-sea-and-far-away-bells,
And the heart of an Italian,
And the tinkling cup and spoon,—
Such a melody as star-fish,
And all fish that really are fish,
In a gay remote battalion
Play at midnight to the moon!

Witter Bynner.

THE LAW OF THE YUKON

This is the law of the Yukon and ever she makes it plain:
"Send not your foolish and feeble; send me your strong and your sane—
Strong for the red rage of battle; sane, for I harry them sore;
Send me men girt for the combat, men who are girt to the core;
Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the bear in defeat,
Sired of a bulldog parent, steeled in the furnace heat.
Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your chosen ones;
Them will I take to my bosom, them will I call my sons;
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with my meat;
But the others—the misfits, the failures—I trample under my feet.
Dissolute, damned and despairful, cripple and palsied and slain,
Ye would send me the spawn of your gutters— Go! take back your spawn again.

"Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death is my sway;
From my ruthless throne I have ruled alone for a million years and a day;
Hugging my mighty treasure, waiting for man to come,
Till he swept like a turbid torrent, and after him swept the scum.
The pallid pimp of the dead-line, the enervate of the pen,
One by one I weeded them out, for all that I sought was— Men.
One by one I dismayed them, frighting them sore with my glooms;
One by one I betrayed them unto my manifold dooms.

Drowned them like rats in my rivers, poisoned the blood in their veins;
Burst with my winter upon them, searing forever their sight,
Lashed them with fungus-white faces, whimpering wild in the night;
Staggering blind through the storm-whirl, stumbling mad through the snow,
Frozen stiff in the ice-pack, brittle and bent like a bow;
Featureless, formless, forsaken, scented by wolves in their flight,
Left for the wind to make music through ribs that are glittering white;
Gnawing the black crust of failure, searching the pit of despair,
Crooking the toe in the trigger, trying to patter a prayer;
Going outside with an escort, raving with lips all afoam,
Writing a check for a million, driveling feebly of home;
Lost like a louse in the burning . . . or else in the tented town
Seeking a drunkard's solace, sinking and sinking down;
Steeped in the slime at the bottom, dead to a decent world,
Lost 'mid the flotsam, far on the frontier hurled;
In the camp at the bend of the river, with its dozen saloons aglare,
Its gambling dens ariot, its gramophones all ablare;
Crimped with the crimes of a city, sin-ridden and bridled with lies,
In the hush of my mountained vastness, in the flush of my midnight skies.
Plague-spots, yet tools of my purpose, so nathless I suffer them thrive,
Crushing my weak in their clutches, that only my Strong may survive.

"But the others, the men of my mettle, the men who would 'stablish my fame

Unto its ultimate issue, winning me honor, not shame;
Searching my uttermost valleys, fighting each step as they go,
Shooting the wrath of my rapids, scaling the ramparts of snow;
Ripping the guts of my mountains, looting the beds of my creeks,
Them will I take to my bosom, and speak as a mother speaks.
I am the land that listens, I am the land that broods;
Steeped in eternal beauty, crystalline waters and woods.
Long have I waited lonely, shunned as a thing accurst,
Monstrous, moody, pathetic, the last of the lands and the first;
Visioning camp-fires at twilight, sad with a longing forlorn,
Feeling my womb o'er-pregnant with the seed of cities unborn.
Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death is my sway,
And I wait for the men who will win me—and I will not be won in a day;
And I will not be won by weaklings, subtle, suave and mild,
But by men with the hearts of Vikings, and the simple faith of a child;
Desperate, strong and resistless, unthrottled by fear or defeat,
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with my meat.

"Lofty I stand from each sister land, patient and wearily wise,
With the weight of a world of sadness in my quiet, passionless eyes;
Dreaming alone of a people, dreaming alone of a day,
When men shall not rape my riches, and curse me and go away;
Making a bawd of my bounty, fouling the hand that gave—
Till I rise in my wrath and I sweep on their path and I stamp them into a grave.
Dreaming of men who will bless me, of women esteeming me good,

Of children born on my borders, of radiant motherhood,
Of cities leaping to stature, of fame like a flag unfurled,
As I pour the tide of my riches in the eager lap of the world."

This is the Law of the Yukon, that only the strong shall thrive;
That surely the weak shall perish, and only the Fit survive.
Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled and palsied and slain,
This is the Will of the Yukon,—Lo, how she makes it plain!

Robert W. Service.

A WANDERER'S LITANY

When my life has enough of love, and my spirit enough of mirth,
When the ocean no longer beckons me, when the roadway calls no more,
Oh, on the anvil of Thy wrath, remake me, God, that day!

When the lash of the wave bewilders, and I shrink from the sting of the rain,
When I hate the gloom of Thy steel-gray wastes, and slink to the lamp-lit shore,
Oh, purge me in Thy primal fires, and fling me on my way!

When I house me close in a twilit inn, when I brood by a dying fire,
When I kennel and cringe with fat content, where a pillow and loaf are sure,
Oh, on the anvil of Thy wrath, remake me, God, that day!

When I quail at the snow on the uplands, when I crawl from the glare of the sun,
When the trails that are lone, invite me not, and the half-way lamps allure,
Oh, purge me in Thy primal fires, and fling me on my way!

When the wine has all ebbed from an April, when the autumn of life forgets
The call and the lure of the widening West, the wind in the straining rope,
Oh, on the anvil of Thy wrath, remake me, God, that day!

When I waken to hear adventurers strange throng valiantly forth by night,
To the sting of the salt-spume, dust of the plain, and width of the western slope,
Oh, purge me in Thy primal fires, and fling me on my way!

When swarthy and careless and grim they throng out under my rose-grown sash,
And I—I bide me there by the coals, and I know not heat nor hope,
Then, on the anvil of Thy wrath, remake me, God, that day!

Arthur Stringer.

WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA

Sea-king's daughter from over the sea, Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee, Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossoms under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!
Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!

Flames, on the windy headland, flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher
Melt into stars for the land's desire!
Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,
Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the strand,
Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,
And welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
The sea-king's daughter as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea—
O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us and make us your own;
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee, Alexandra!

Alfred Tennyson.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

It was six men of Indostan,
  To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
  Though all of them were blind,
That each by observation
  Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the elephant
  And, happening to fall
Against the broad and sturdy side,
  At once began to bawl:
"Why, bless me! but the elephant
  Is very like a wall!"

The second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me, 'tis very clear,
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up he spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The fourth reached out his eager hand
And felt about the knee:
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is very plain," quoth he:
" 'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The fifth who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most—
Deny the fact who can:
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
  Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
  Exceeding stiff and strong;
Though each was partly in the right,
  And all were in the wrong.

John G. Saxe.

AMBITION

I want to be a Highbrow,
I want to take my stand,
With elevated eyebrow
And manner very grand,
Amid the tea-room chatter
And learnedly rehearse
Exactly what's the matter
With all the universe.

I want to be a Highbrow,
Who looks, with very wry brow,
On things that others praise;
Who passes cruel strictures
On artists who can draw
But raves o'er Cubist pictures
With rapt adoring awe!

I want to be a Highbrow,
Who follows mystic creeds
And laurel-decks the shy brows
Of poets no one reads;
I'd join the weird outré rites
Of ultra Highbrow bands,
Discussing unknown playwrights,
Whom no one understands.

I want to be a Highbrow,
With air of perfect poise,
Who lifts a scornful eyebrow
At all the rough world's noise;
Oh, I could fill with glee so
Desirable a shelf,
A Highbrow seems to be so
Delighted with himself.

Berton Braley.

FOUR LITTLE FOXES

Speak gently, Spring, and make no sudden sound;
For in my windy valley, yesterday I found
New-born foxes squirming on the ground—
Speak gently.

Walk softly, March, forbear the bitter blow;
Her feet within a trap, her blood upon the snow,
The four little foxes saw their mother go—
Walk softly.

Go lightly, Spring, oh, give them no alarm;
When I covered them with boughs to shelter them from harm,
The thin blue foxes suckled at my arm—
Go lightly.

Step softly, March, with your rampant hurricane;
Nuzzling one another, and whimpering with pain,
The new little foxes are shivering in the rain—
Step softly.

Lew Sarett.

TIPPERARY IN THE SPRING[1]

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,
When the feathered folk assemble, and the air is all a-tremble
With their singing and their winging to and fro:
When queenly Slievenamon puts her verdant vesture on,
And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring,
And the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that dance—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the Spring.

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When mists are rising from the lea,
When the Golden Vale is smiling with a beauty all beguiling,
And the Suir goes crooning to the sea;
And the shadows and the showers only multiply the flowers
That the lavish hand of May will fling;
Where in unfrequented ways, fairy music softly plays—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the Spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When life like the year is young,
When the soul is just awaking like a lily blossom breaking,
And love words linger on the tongue;
When the blue of Irish skies is the hue of Irish eyes,
And love dreams cluster and cling
Round the heart and round the brain, half of pleasure, half of pain—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring.

Denis A. McCarthy.

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THE JOY OF THE HILLS

I ride on the mountain tops, I ride;
I have found my life and am satisfied.
Onward I ride in the blowing oats,
Checking the field-lark's rippling notes—
Lightly I sweep
From steep to steep:
Over my head through the branches high
Come glimpses of a rushing sky;
The tall oats brush my horse's flanks;
Wild poppies crowd on the sunny banks;
A bee booms out of the scented grass;
A jay laughs with me as I pass.

I ride on the hills, I forgive, I forget
Life's hoard of regret—
All the terror and pain
Of the chafing chain.
Grind on, O cities, grind:
I leave you a blur behind.
I am lifted elate—the skies expand:
Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of sand.
Let them weary and work in their narrow walls:
I ride with the voices of waterfalls!
I swing on as one in a dream—I swing
Down the airy hollows, I shout, I sing!
The world is gone like an empty word:
My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird!

Edwin Markham.

AWAY!

Mount of mine, you are sleek and brown,
Oh hurry your hoofs from the cobbled town!
Take the bits in a gallop of dreams
By the moor that is riddled with little streams.
Hurry your hoofs, for the way is far
To the Singing Moon, and the Listening Star!

Over the fence,—the fir trees under—
Beating the turf like make-believe thunder—
The wind is keeping the fox awake—
North by west is the road we take,
Oh hurry your hoofs, for the way is far
To the Singing Moon, and the Listening Star!

Only the thousand miles to go
As the grey hawk flies and the thistles blow.
Magic-mane, we are young and proud,
We shall leap the cliff and hurdle the cloud
(If the misty gates are not ajar)
To the Shining Moon and the Listening Star!

Bertha Ochsner.

THE SEA-FAIRIES

Slow sail'd the weary mariners and saw,
Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold; and while they mused,
Whispering to each other half in fear,
Shrill music reach'd them on the middle sea.

Whither away, whither away, whither away? fly no more.
Whither away from the high green field, and the happy
blossoming shore?
Day and night to the billow the fountain calls;
Down shower the gamboling waterfalls
From wandering over the lea:
Out of the live-green heart of the dells
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
And thick with white bells the clover-hill swells
High over the full-toned sea;
O hither, come hither and furl your sails,
Come hither to me and to me:
Hither, come hither and frolic and play;
Here it is only the mew that wails;

We will sing to you all the day:
Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,
For here are the blissful downs and dales,
And merrily, merrily carol the gales,
And the spangle dances in bight and bay,
And the rainbow forms and flies on the land
Over the islands free;
And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand;
Hither, come hither and see;
And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,
And sweet is the color of cove and cave,
And sweet shall your welcome be:
O hither, come hither, and be our lords
For merry brides are we:
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words:
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
With pleasure and love and jubilee:
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
When the sharp clear twang of the golden chords
Runs up the ridged sea.
Who can light on as happy a shore
All the world o'er, all the world o'er?
Whither away? listen and stay: mariner, mariner fly no more.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE MERMAN

I

Who would be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Sitting alone,
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne?

2

I would be a merman bold;
I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power;
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,
Dressing their hair with the white sea-flowers;
And holding them back by their flowing locks
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me,
Laughingly, laughingly;
And then we would wander away, away
To the pale green sea-groves straight and high,
Chasing each other merrily.

3

There would be neither moon nor star,
But the wave would make music above us afar—
Low thunder and light in the magic night—
Neither moon nor star;
We would call aloud in the dreamy dells,
Call to each other and whoop and cry
All night, merrily, merrily;
They would pelt me with starry spangles and shells,
Laughing and clapping their hands between,
All night, merrily, merrily;
But I would throw to them back in mine
Turkis and agate and almondine:
Then leaping out upon them unseen
I would kiss them often under the sea,

And kiss them again till they kiss'd me,
  Laughingly, laughingly.
Oh! what a happy life were mine
Under the hollow-hung ocean green!
Soft are the moss-beds under the sea:
We would live merrily, merrily.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE MERMAID

1

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?

2

I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,
"Who is it loves me? who loves not me?"
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall,
  Low adown, low adown.
From under my starry sea-bud crown
  Low adown and around,
And I should look like a fountain of gold

Springing alone
With a shrill inner sound,
Over the throne
In the midst of the hall;
Till that great sea-snake under the sea
From his coiled sleep in the central deeps
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the gate
With his large calm eyes for the love of me.
And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

3

But at night I would wander away, away,
I would fling on each side my low-flowing locks,
And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks;
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
On the broad sea-wolds in the crimson shells,
Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.
But if any came near I would call, and shriek
And adown the steep like a wave I would leap
From the diamond ledges that jut from the dells;
For I would not be kiss'd by all who would list,
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea;
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the sea;
But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
In the branching jaspers under the sea;
Then all the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea
Would curl round my silver feet silently,
All looking up for the love of me.

And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
All things that are forked, and horned, and soft
Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the sea,
All looking down for the love of me.

Alfred Tennyson.

INDIAN SUMMER

(After completing a book . . . for one now dead.)

. . . . . .

(*O Earth-and-Autumn of the Setting Sun,*
She is not by, to know my task is done!)

In the brown grasses slanting with the wind,
Lone as a lad whose dog's no longer near,
Lone as a mother whose only child has sinned,
Lone on the loved hill . . . and below me here
The thistle-down in tremulous atmosphere
Along red clusters of the sumach streams;
The shrivelled stalks of goldenrod are sere,
And crisp and white their flashing old racemes.
(. . . forever . . . forever . . . forever . . .)
This is the lonely season of the year,
This is the season of our lonely dreams.

(*O Earth-and-Autumn of the Setting Sun,*
She is not by, to know my task is done!)

The corn-shocks westward on the stubble plain
Show like an Indian village of dead days;
The long smoke trails behind the crawling train,
And floats atop the distant woods ablaze
With orange, crimson, purple. The low haze
Dims the scarped bluffs above the inland sea,
Whose wide and slaty waters in cold glaze

Await yon full-moon of the night-to-be.'
(. . . far . . . and far . . . and far . . .)
There are the solemn horizons of man's ways,
These the horizons of solemn thought to me.

(O Earth-and-Autumn of the Setting Sun,
She is not by, to know my task is done!)

And this the hill she visited, as friend;
And this the hill she lingered on, as bride—
Down in the yellow valley is the end:
They laid her . . . in no evening Autumn tide . . .
Under fresh flowers of that May morn, beside
The queens and cave-women of ancient earth . . .
This is the hill . . . and over my city's towers,
Across the world from sunset, yonder in air,
Shines, through its scaffoldings, a civic dome
Of piled masonry, which shall be ours
To give, completed, to our children there . . .
And yonder far roof of my abandoned home
Shall house new laughter. . . . Yet I tried. . . . I tried. . . .
And, ever wistful of the doom to come,
I built her many a fire for love . . . for mirth.
(When snows were falling on our oaks outside,
Dear, many a winter fire upon the hearth) . . .
(. . . farewell . . . farewell . . . farewell . . .)
We dare not think too long on those who died,
While still so many yet must come to birth.

William Ellery Leonard.

RITUAL

Lord God, what may we think of Thee,
Save that in stars we drink of Thee,
Save that in the abundance of Thy sunlight we have seen

Thine excellent intention;
And Thy marvelous invention
In great and little living things and all the grades between?
Lord God, what may we say to Thee
Who know our hearts give way to Thee
Surely at last in secret depths, though protest long denies,
And that to live is wonder
With worlds above and under
Unreached of any mortal heart, blurred to all mortal eyes?

Lord God, the fitting praise to Thee
Rather would seem to raise to Thee
Only pure honesty of mind, waiting Thy stalwart will;
Like as the hills believe Thee,
Like as the seas receive Thee,
Like as the trees whose rustlings cease,—who hear Thee and are still!

William Rose Benét.

A BALLAD OF THE ROAD

Oh, a gypsy longing stirs your heart
When Autumn's sounding the rover's call!
"Oh, leave the city and leave the mart,
Come out, come out where the red leaves fall,
And asters flame by each gray stone wall!
Have done with cares that fetter and goad,
Heed ye and harken ye one and all,
And know the joys of the winding road!"

A veil of purple lies on the hills,
Your step moves swift to some unknown air—
Forgotten music of boughs and rills—
The oaks are russet, the maples flare,
The sumach's splendor glows here and there,

And your weary heart has slipped its load,
Oh, bright the sunlight as on you fare
Tasting the joys of the winding road!

Odors of earth when the wild winds blow,
New views to greet you at each hill's crest,
Color and beauty where'er you go—
These shall add to your journey's zest.
And when the daylight dies in the west
A star-hung roof for your night's abode,
A bed of pine and a dreamless rest—
These are the joys of the winding road.

Oh, ye of the town who do not know
How blithe and free is the rover's code!
Come out, come out where the glad winds blow!
There's joy for all on the winding road!

Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

QUESTIONS

What shall I do when blows blind me?
How fare on when counsels cross?
Where shall I turn when life behind me
Seems like a course run at a loss?
Through what throes shall I beat to windward,
Uncontent with a lesser port?
Whom shall I trust when Heaven of me,
Heaven itself, seems making sport?

How shall I answer a knave's rating,
Done in a liar's arithmetic?
What shall I say to a fool's prating,
In destructiveness as quick?
How shall I meet a friend's treason
When it has scuttled the good ship Faith?

Whose are the stars, if wide disaster
At its will can do me scathe?
Answer there is, a brief order:
"Bear all blows, and yet be free;
Let no bitterness set a border
To your will, no treachery.
Speak, if you are the bigger for it;
Keep the silence, if you are less;
And if the stars indeed be godless,
Steer still by their godliness."

Cale Young Rice.

HILL-FANTASY[1]

Sitteth by the red cairn a brown One, a hoofed One,
High upon the mountain, where the grasses fail.
Where the ash-trees flourish far their blazing bunches to the sun,
A brown One, a hoofed One, pipes against the gale.

. . . . . .

I was on the Mountain, wandering, wandering;
No one but the pine trees and the white birch knew.
Over rocks I scrambled, looked up and saw that Strange Thing,
Peaked ears and sharp horns, pricked against the blue.
Oh, and how he piped there! piped upon the high reeds
Till the blue air crackled like a frost-film on a pool!
Oh, and how he spread himself, like a child whom no one heeds,
Tumbled chuckling in the brook, all sleek and kind and cool!

He had berries 'twixt his horns, crimson-red as cochineal.
Bobbing, wagging wantonly they tickled him, and oh,

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How his deft lips puckered round the reed, and seemed to
chase and steal
Sky-music, earth-music, tree-music low!

I said, "Good-day, Thou!" He said, "Good-day, Thou!"
Wiped his reed against the spotted doe-skin on his back.
He said, "Come up here, and I will teach thee piping now.
While the earth is singing so, for tunes we shall not lack."

Up scrambled I then, furry fingers helping me.
Up scrambled I. So we sat beside the cairn.
Broad into my face laughed that horned Thing so naughtily.
Oh, it was a rascal of a woodland Satyr's bairn!

"So blow, and so, Thou! Move thy fingers faster, look!
Move them like the little leaves and whirling midges. So!
Soon 'twill twist like tendrils and out-twinkle like the lost
brook.
Move thy fingers merrily, and blow! blow! blow!"

Brown One! Hoofed One! beat the time to keep me straight.
Kick it on the red stone, whistle in my ear.
Brush thy crimson berries in my face, then hold thy breath,
for—wait!
Joy comes bubbling to my lips. I pipe! oh, hear!

Blue sky, art glad of us? Green wood, art glad of us?
Old hard-heart mountain, dost thou hear me, how I blow?
Far away the sea-isles swim in sun-haze luminous.
Each one has a color like the seven-splendored bow.

Wind, wind, wind, dost thou mind me how I pipe now?
Chipmunk chatt'ring in the beech, rabbit in the brake?
Furry arm around my neck: "Oh, thou art a brave one,
Thou!"
Satyr, little satyr-friend, my heart with joy doth ache!
Sky-music, earth-music, tree-music tremulous,

Water over steaming rocks, water in the shade,
Storm-tune and sun-tune, how they flock up unto us,
Sitting by the red cairn, gay and unafraid!

Brown One, hoofed One, give me nimble hoofs, Thou!
Give me furry fingers and a secret furry tail!
Pleasant are thy smooth horns: if their like were on my brow
Might I not abide here, till the strong sun fail?—

Oh, the sorry brown eyes! Oh, the soft kind hand-touch,
Sudden brush of velvet ears across my wind-cool cheek!
"Play-mate, Pipe-mate, thou askest one good boon too much.
I could never find thee horns, though day-long I should seek.

"Yet, keep the pipe, Thou: I will cut another one.
Keep the pipe and play on it for all the world to hear.
Ah, but it was good once to sit together in the sun!
Though I have but half a soul, it finds thee very dear!

"Wise Thing, Mortal Thing, yet my half-soul fears thee!
Take the pipe and go thy ways,—quick now, for the sun
Reels across the hot west and stumbles dazzled to the sea.
Take the pipe, and oh—one kiss! then run! run! run!"—

Silence on the mountain. Lonely stands the high cairn.
All the leaves a-shivering, all the stones dead-gray.
O thou cold small pipe, which way is fled that Satyr's bairn?
I am lost and all alone, and down drops the day.

. . . . . .

I was on the mountain, wandering, wandering.
There I got this Pipe o' dreams. Strange, when I blow
Something deep as human love starts a-crying, troubling.
Is it only sky-music, earth-music low?

Fannie Stearns Gifford.

GO DOWN DEATH

A Funeral Sermon

Weep not, weep not,
She is not dead;
She's resting in the bosom of Jesus.
Heart-broken husband—weep no more;
Grief-stricken son—weep no more;
Left-Lonesome daughter—weep no more;
She's only just gone home.

Day before yesterday morning,
God was looking down from his great, high heaven,
Looking down on all his children,
And his eye fell on Sister Caroline,
Tossing on her bed of pain.
And God's big heart was touched with pity,
With the everlasting pity.

And God sat back on his throne,
And he commanded that tall, bright angel standing at his right hand:
Call me Death!
And that tall, bright angel cried in a voice
That broke like a clap of thunder:
Call Death!—Call Death!
And the echo sounded down the streets of heaven
Till it reached away back to that shadowy place,
Where Death waits with his pale, white horses.

And Death heard the summons,
And he leaped on his fastest horse,
Pale as a sheet in the moonlight.
Up the golden street Death galloped,
And the hoofs of his horse struck fire from the gold,
But they didn't make no sound.

Up Death rode to the Great White Throne,
And waited for God's command.

And God said: Go down, Death, go down,
Go down to Savannah, Georgia,
Down in Yamacraw,
And find Sister Caroline.
She's borne the burden and heat of the day,
She's labored long in my vineyard,
And she's tired—
She's weary—
Go down, Death, and bring her to me.

And Death didn't say a word,
But he loosed the reins on his pale, white horse,
And he clamped the spurs to his bloodless sides,
And out and down he rode,
Through heaven's pearly gates,
Past suns and moons and stars;
On Death rode,
And the foam from his horse was like a comet in the sky;
On Death rode,
Leaving the lightning's flash behind;
Straight on down he came.

While we were watching round her bed,
She turned her eyes and looked away,
She saw what we couldn't see;
She saw Old Death. She saw Old Death,
Coming like a falling star.
But Death didn't frighten Sister Caroline;
He looked to her like a welcome friend.
And she whispered to us: I'm going home,
And she smiled and closed her eyes.

And Death took her up like a baby,
And she lay in his icy arms,
But she didn't feel no chill.
And Death began to ride again—
Up beyond the evening star,
Out beyond the morning star,
Into the glittering light of glory,
On to the Great White Throne.
And there he laid Sister Caroline
On the loving breast of Jesus.

And Jesus took his own hand and wiped away her tears,
And he smoothed the furrows from her face,
And the angels sang a little song,
And Jesus rocked her in his arms,
And kept a-saying: Take your rest,
Take your rest, take your rest.

Weep not—weep not,
She is not dead;
She's resting in the bosom of Jesus.

James Weldon Johnson.

HEAVEN FOR HORSES

Shuffle along, O paint cayuse!
Prick up your flyblown ears: we've swung
The pasture gate to turn you loose,
To let your carcass, sprained and sprung,
Your rattling bag of bones now pass
To a paradise of grass.

Never again a pain to come
From panniers pounding on your side

Like cudgels clattering on a drum;
From saddles that gall your tender hide;
From the rake and sweep of grinding rowels
And spurs that stab your bowels.

Time for a broncho's holiday!
Time now to watch the clouds roll by,
To nibble the knee-deep salty hay,
To roll and sprawl your heels on the sky;
O paint-o! bed yourself in clover,
The pull of the years is over.

Nothing to do now, but placidly stand
And wait till your sagging head shall sink;
And the ghost of you, with a flaming brand,
Will gallop over the world's brink
To heaven, with a dim white rider astraddle
Your ribs on a ghostly saddle.

Heaven for horses!—a billowy plain
With blocks of salt in mountain rows,
Timothy tall as pines, and grain
Foaming in oceans up to your nose;
Where a horse forever may plant his feet
In rivers of oats and eat.

Heaven!—no starry refuge there
For the mice that worry you into flight,
The drooling, clownish grizzly bear,
Whose antics stop your heart with fright,
Nor any menacing bug or bee
To breed your deviltry.

What troubles you? Whoa! Why snort at this?—
Nothing in heaven to make you vexed!
To give you a slight excuse for the bliss

Of bucking and squealing! To serve as pretext
For bolting and running your crazy courses!
Paint! Is there a hell for horses?

Lew Sarett.

THE WORLD GOES BY

Sun-rise and moon-rise,
And lure of earth and sky;
Sun-rise and moon-rise
And echoes that reply;
With hours between to sigh in,
To laugh in and to cry in—
To dream in—and to die in
And so the world goes by!

Sun-set and moon-set
And bird and butterfly;
Sun-set and moon-set
And shadows dim which lie;
And happy days and drear days,
And bitter days and dear days,
And cloudy days and clear days—
And so the world goes by!

Sun-shine and star shine
And hopes unborn that cry:
Sun-shine and star shine,
And dreams that will not die,
With flight of rook and swallow,
And songs we fain would follow
Loud-flung from hill and hollow—
And so the world goes by!

Day-light and gray-light,
And wonder in the sky;

Day-light and gray-light,
  And wings wherewith to fly;
And loss and death to grieve us
And frowning Fates to weave us
A shroud when breath shall leave us,—
  And so the world goes by!

Oak-leaf and ivy-leaf,
  And laurel leaf and all;
And hero wreath and angel wreath
  And something waxing small,
And base thoughts and holy thoughts
  And silence—after all!

Green leaf and red leaf,
  And rain-bow banded sky;
Spring home leaf and autumn leaf
  And flowers that droop and die;
And birthday and bridal days
  And none to tell us why!

Arthur Goodenough.

A BIRTHDAY

There's something mystic in this day,
In the light on the far lake shore;
Something new in the morning's chill,
Lessening the dread of old winter,
Something eerie in the North Wind
Whistling out a magic measure!
Something in the dimming russet
Stilling the boast of ever-green;
Something waiting in the idle fields,
Watching in the naked branches;

Something on this autumn day,
Gives heed unto the voice of Time!

'Tis something of an old, old dream
Rekindled deep in Celtic hearts,
That braves the dying year with birth,
God's own reality of love
Revealed again upon this earth!

Margaret McCarthy.

IN BLOSSOM TIME

It's O my heart, my heart, to be out in the sun and sing, to sing and shout in the fields about in the balm and blossoming. Sing loud, O bird in the tree; O bird sing loud in the sky, and honey-bees blacken the clover seas; there are none of you glad as I. The leaves laugh low in the wind, laugh low with the wind at play, and the odorous call of the flowers all entices my soul away. For O but the world is fair, and O but the world is sweet, I will out of the gold of the blossoming mold, and sit at the Master's feet. And the love my heart would speak, I will fold in the lily's rim, that the lips of the blossom, more pure and meek may offer it up to him. Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush, O skylark, sing in the blue; sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear, and my soul shall sing with you.

Ina Coolbrith.

IF WE HAD THE TIME

If I had the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self, that cannot show

In my daily life that rushes so:
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal,
I might be nerved by the thought sublime,—
If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and take in my life apart,
To look about and stretch a hand
To a comrade quartered in no-luck land;
Ah, God! If I might but just sit still
And hear the note of the whip-poor-will,
I think that my wish with God's would rhyme,—
If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you
How much for comfort my word could do;
And I told you then of my sudden will
To kiss your feet when I did you ill;
If the tears aback of the coldness feigned
Could flow, and the wrong be quite explained,—
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,
If we had the time!

Richard Burton.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Gigantic figure of a mighty age!
How shall I chant the tribute of thy praise,
As statesman, soldier, scientist, or sage?
Thou wert so great in many different ways.
And yet in all there was a single aim—
To fight for truth with sword and tongue and pen!
In wilderness, as in the halls of fame,
Thy courage made thee master over men.

Like some great magnet, that from distant poles
Attracts the particles and holds them fast,
So thou didst draw all men, and fill their souls
With thy ideals,—naught caring for their past,
Their race or creed. There was one only test:
To love our country and to serve it best!

Leon Huhner.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

As falls the fragment of a mighty star
Into the night, where all was dark before;
A brilliant flash attracting men afar,
Seen but a moment, to be seen no more;
So, in the sky, this youthful warrior bold,
Outlined a brilliant course before he fell,
Turning a silver star to one of gold,
A star to be remembered long and well.
What matters that the fitful course was brief
And vanished swiftly in eternal night?
In such a fall there is no cause for grief,
For souls like these leave trails of golden light.
He spread the glory of his country's fame,
And added lustre to a noble name.

Leon Huhner.

I LIKE AMERICANS

I LIKE Americans.

You may say what you will, they are the nicest people in the world.

They sleep with their windows open.
Their bath-tubs are never dry.

They are not grown-up yet. They still believe in Santa Clause.

They are terribly in earnest.

But they laugh at everything.

They know that one roll does not make a breakfast.

Nor one vermouth a cocktail.

I like Americans.

They smoke with their meals.

The Italians are nice.

But they are not so nice as the Americans.

They have been told that they live in a warm climate.

And they refuse to heat their houses.

They are forever sobbing Puccini.

They no longer have lions about, to prey on Christian flesh.

But they have more than a sufficient supply of certain smaller carnivora.

And if you walk in the street alone, somebody pinches you.

I like Americans.

They give you the matches free.

The Austrians are nice.

But they are not so nice as the Americans.

They eat sausages between the acts at the opera.

But they make you go out into the snow to smoke.

They are gentle and friendly. They will walk ten blocks out of their way to show you your way.

But they serve you paper napkins at the table.

And the sleeves of their tailored blouses are gathered at the shoulder.

And they don't know how to do their hair.

I like Americans.
They dance so well.

The Hungarians are nice.
But they are not so nice as the Americans.

They make beautiful shoes.
Which are guaranteed to squeak for a year.
Their native tongue is like a typewriter in the next room, and every word beginning with the shift-key.

Their wines are too sweet.

I like Americans.

They are the only men in the world, the sight of whom in their shirt-sleeves is not rumpled, embryonic, and agonizing.

They wear belts instead of suspenders.

The French are nice.
But they are not so nice as the Americans.

They wear the most charming frocks in the world.
And the most awkward underclothes.

Their shoes are too short.
Their ankles are too thick.
They are always forgetting where they put their razors.

They have no street-corner shoe-shining palaces, where a man can be a king for five minutes every day.

Nor any Sunday supplement.

Their mail-boxes are cleverly hidden slits in the wall of a cigar store.

They put all their cream into cheese.

Your morning cup of chicory is full of boiled strings.

If you want butter with your luncheon, they expect you to order radishes.

And they insist on serving the vegetables as if they were food.

I like Americans.

They make a lot of foolish laws.

But at least their cigarettes are not rolled by the government.

The material of which the French make their cigarettes would be used in America to enrich the fields.

In the city the French are delightful.

They kiss in the cafés and dine on the sidewalks.

Their dance halls are gay with paper ribbons and caps and colored balloons.

Their rudeness is more gracious than other people's courtesy.

But they are afraid of the water.

They drink it mixed with wine.

They swim with wings.

And they bathe with an atomizer.

Their conception of a sport suit is a black taffeta gown, long gloves with a fringe on, a patent leather hand-bag, and a dish-mop dog.

In the country they are too darned funny for words.

I like Americans.

They carry such pretty umbrellas.

The *Avenue de l'Opéra* on a rainy day is just an avenue, on a rainy day.

But Fifth Avenue on a rainy day is an old-fashioned garden under a shower.

The French are a jolly lot.
Their cities have no traffic regulations.
And no speed limit.
And if you get run over, you have to pay a fine for getting in the way.

But they have no ear drums.
Paris is the loveliest city in the world.
Until she opens her mouth.

Should the French go forth to battle armed only with their taxi horns, they would drive all before them.

I would liefer live in a hammock slung under the "L" at Herald Square, than in a palace within ear-shot of the *Place de la Harmony.*

I like Americans.
They are so ridiculous.
They are always risking their lives to save a minute.
The pavement under their feet is red-hot.
They are the only people in the world who can eat their soup without a sound as of the tide coming in.

They sell their bread hygienically wrapped.
The Europeans sell it naked.
They carry it under the arm.
Drop it and pick it up.
Beat the horse with it.
And spank the children.
They deliver it at your apartment. You find it lying outside your door on the door-mat.

And European hotels are so hateful and irritating.

There is never an ash-tray in your bedroom.

Nor a waste-basket.

Nor a cake of soap.

No sweet little cake of new soap all sealed in paper!

Not even a sliver left behind by a former guest.

No soap.

No soap at all.

And there's always a dead man in a blanket across the head of the bed.

And you can't get him out. He's tied there.

And the pillow-slips are trimmed with broken buttons.

That scratch your ear.

Then there are their theatres.

They make you tip the usher.

And pay for your program.

The signal for the curtain to rise is the chopping of wood off stage.

Then the railroad system.

Especially in France.

Have to get there forty-five minutes ahead of train time, or stand in the aisle all day.

Pay for every pound of trunk.

Never a soul in sight who knows anything about anything.

No place to sit.

No place to powder up.

And before they will let you into the station at all, they insist on your pushing two sous into a slot-machine.

When you have just had your pocket picked of the last sou you had in the world.

And are expecting your only husband on the express from Havre.

I like Americans.

They let you play around in the Grand Central all you please.

Their parks are not locked at sunset.

And they always have plenty of paper bags.

Which are not made of back numbers of *Le Rire*.

The English are nice.

But they are not so nice as the Americans.

They wear much too much flannel.

No matter with whom they are dancing, they dance a solo.

And no matter where they go, they remain at home.

They are nice. They keep the tea-set at the office.

But the Americans keep the dish-pan in the music-room.

The English are an amusing people.

They are a tribe of shepherds, inhabiting a small island off the coast of France.

They are a simple and genial folk.

But they have one idiosyncrasy.

They persist in referring to their island as if it were the mainland.

The Irish are nice.

But they are not so nice as the Americans.

They are always rocking the boat.

I like Americans.

They either shoot the whole nickel, or give up the bones.

You may say what you will, they are the nicest people in the world.

Nancy Boyd.

FORTY SINGING SEAMEN[1]

"In our lands be Beeres and Lyons of Dyvers colours as ye redd, grene, black, and white. And in our land be also unicornes and these Unicornes slee many Lyons. . . . Also there dare no man make a lye in our lande, for if he dyde he sholde incontynent be sleyn."—

Mediæval Epistle, of Pope Prester John.

I

Across the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore we plodded,
Forty singing seamen in an old black barque,
And we landed in the twilight where a Polyphemus nodded
With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through the dark!
For his eye was growing mellow,
Rich and ripe and red and yellow,
As was time, since old Ulysses made him bellow in the dark!
Cho.—Since Ulysses bunged his eye up with a pine-torch in the dark!

II

Were they mountains in the gloaming or the giant's ugly shoulders
Just beneath the rolling eyeball, with its bleared and vinous glow,
Red and yellow o'er the purple of the pines among the boulders
And the shaggy horror brooding on the sullen slopes below,

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Were they pines among the boulders
Or the hair upon his shoulders?
We were only simple seamen, so of course we didn't know.
Cho.—We were simple singing seamen, so of course we couldn't know.

III

But we crossed a plain of poppies, and we came upon a fountain
Not of water, but of jewels, like a spray of leaping fire;
And behind it, in an emerald glade, beneath a golden mountain
There stood a crystal palace, for a sailor to admire;
For a troop of ghosts came round us,
Which with leaves of bay they crowned us,
Then with grog they well nigh drowned us, to the depth of our desire!
Cho.—And 'twas very friendly of them, as a sailor can admire!

IV

There was music all about us, we were growing quite forgetful
We were only singing seamen from the dirt of London-town,
Though the nectar that we swallowed seemed to vanish half regretful
As if we wasn't good enough to take such vittles down,
When we saw a sudden figure,
Tall and black as any nigger,
Like the devil—only bigger—drawing near us with a frown!
Cho.—Like the devil—but much bigger—and he wore a golden crown!

V

And "What's all this?" he growls at us! With dignity we
chaunted,
"Forty singing seamen, sir, as won't be put upon!"
"What? Englishmen?" he cries, "Well, if ye don't mind
being haunted,
Faith you're welcome to my palace; I'm the famous Prester
John!
Will ye walk into my palace?
I don't bear 'ee any malice!
One and all ye shall be welcome in the halls of Prester
John!
Cho.—So we walked into the palace and the halls of Prester
John!

VI

Now the door was one great diamond and the hall a hollow
ruby—
Big as Beachy Head, my lads, nay bigger by a half!
And I sees the mate wi' mouth agape, a-staring like a booby,
And the skipper close behind him, with his tongue out
like a calf!
Now the way to take it rightly
Was to walk along politely
Just as if you didn't notice—so I couldn't help but laugh!
Cho.—For they both forgot their manners and the crew
was bound to laugh!

VII

But he took us through his palace and, my lads, as I'm a
sinner,
We walked into an opal like a sunset-coloured cloud—

"My dining-room," he says, and, quick as light we saw a dinner
Spread before us by the fingers of a hidden fairy crowd;
And the skipper, swaying gently
After dinner, murmurs faintly,
"I looks to-wards you, Prester John, you've done us very proud!"
Cho.—And we drank his health with honours, for he *done* us *very* proud!

VIII

Then he walks us to his garden where we sees a feathered demon
Very splendid and important on a sort of spicy tree!
"That's the Phoenix," whispers Prester, "which all eddicated seamen
Knows the only one existent, and *he's* waiting for to flee!
When his hundred years expire
Then he'll set hisself a-fire
And another from his ashes rise most beautiful to see!"
Cho.—With wings of rose and emerald most beautiful to see!

IX

Then he says, "In yonder forest there's a little silver river,
And whosoever drinks of it, his youth shall never die!
The centuries go by, but Prester John endures for ever
With his music in the mountains and his magic on the sky!
While *your* hearts are growing colder,
While your world is growing older,
There's a magic in the distance, where the sea-line meets the sky."
Cho.—It shall call to singing seamen till the fount o' song is dry!

X

So we thought we'd up and seek it, but that forest fair defied us,—
First a crimson leopard laughs at us most horrible to see,
Then a sea-green lion came and sniffed and licked his chops and eyed us,
While a red and yellow unicorn was dancing round a tree!
We was trying to look thinner,
Which was hard, because our dinner
Must ha' made us very tempting to a cat o' high degree!
Cho.—Must ha' made us very tempting to the whole menargeree!

XI

So we scuttled from that forest and across the poppy meadows
Where the awful shaggy horror brooded o'er us in the dark!
And we pushes out from shore again a-jumping at our shadows,
And pulls away most joyful to the old black barque!
And home again we plodded
While the Polyphemus nodded
With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through the dark.
Cho.—Oh, the moon above the mountains, red and yellow through the dark!

XII

Across the seas of Wonderland to London-town we blundered,
Forty singing seamen as was puzzled for to know
If the visions that we saw was caused by—here again we pondered—

A tipple in a vision forty thousand years ago.
Could the grog we *dreamt* we swallowed
Make us *dream* of all that followed?
We were only simple seamen, so of course we didn't know!
Cho.—We were simple singing seamen, so of course we could not know!

Alfred Noyes.

THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S

A PROPER NEW BALLAD OF THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN

The ladies of St. James's go swinging to the play;
Their footmen run before them, with a "Stand by! Clear the way!"
But Phyllida, my Phyllida! she takes her buckled shoon,
When we go out a-courting beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James's wear satin on their backs;
They sit all night at Ombre, with candles all of wax:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida! she dons her russet gown,
And runs to gather May dew before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's they are so fine and fair,
You'd think a box of essences was broken in the air:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida! the breath of heath and furze
When breezes blow at morning, is not so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's they're painted to the eyes;
Their white it stays for ever, their red it never dies:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida! her color comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily,—it wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's! You scarce can understand
The half of all their speeches, their phrases are so grand:

But Phyllida, my Phyllida! her shy and simple words
Are clear as after rain-drops the music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's! they have their fits and freaks:
They smile on you—for seconds, they frown on you—for weeks:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida! come either storm or shine,
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide, is always true—and mine.

My Phyllida! my Phyllida! I care not through they heap
The hearts of all St. James's, and give me all to keep;
I care not whose the beauties of all the world may be,
For Phyllida—for Phyllida is all the world to me!

Austin Dobson.

SOULS [1]

My soul goes clad in gorgeous things,
Scarlet and gold and blue;
And at her shoulder sudden wings
Like long flames flicker through.

And she is swallow-fleet, and free
From mortal bonds and bars.
She laughs, because Eternity
Blossoms for her with stars!

O folk who scorn my stiff gray gown,
My dull and foolish face,—
Can ye not see my Soul flash down,
A singing flame through space?

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the publishers, from *Myself And I* by Fannie Stearns Gifford Copyright, 1913, by The Macmillan Co.

And folk, whose earth-stained looks I hate,
Why may I not divine
Your Souls, that must be passionate,
Shining and swift, as mine!

Fannie Stearns Gifford.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE[1]

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal veil.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;

[1] By permission of the Author, from *Lincoln and Other Poems.*

The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spikt again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Edwin Markham.

THE MYSTIC

There is a quest that calls me,
In nights when I am lone,
The need to ride where the ways divide
The Known from the Unknown.

I mount what thought is near me
And soon I reach the place,
The tenuous rim where the Seen grows dim
And the Sightless hides its face.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the sea,
I have ridden the moon and stars.
I have set my feet in the stirrup seat
Of a comet coursing Mars.
And everywhere
Thro' the earth and air
My thought speeds, lightning-shod.
It comes to a place where checking pace
It cries, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me out of the darkness,
It calls me out of sleep,
"Ride! ride! for you must, to the end of Dust!"
It bids,—and on I sweep
To the wide outposts of Being,
Where there is Gulf alone—
And thro' a Vast that was never passed
I listen for Life's tone.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the night,
I have ridden the ghosts that flee
From the vaults of death like a chilling breath

Over eternity.
And everywhere
Is the world laid bare—
Ether and star and clod—
Until I wind to its brink and find
But the cry, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me and ever calls me!
And vainly I reply.
"Fools only ride where the ways divide
What Is from the Whence and Why!"
I'm lifted into the saddle
Of thoughts too strong to tame
And down the deeps and over the steeps
I find—ever the same.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the stars,
I have ridden the force that flies
With far intent thro' the firmament
And each to each allies.
And everywhere
That a thought may dare
To gallop, mine has trod—
Only to stand at last on the strand
Where just beyond lies God.

Cale Young Rice.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

All men are equal in God's mighty plan;
Slaves have no place in Liberty's domain;
There is but one great brotherhood of man,
And that our people learn this truth again
The lord raised up a champion, whom He took
Not from the cultured East, but from the West,

In whose dense forests Nature's golden book
Is open wide, and may be studied best.
Our Lincoln came not from the learned few,
But from the struggling humble multitude,
Whose cares he shared and whose distress he knew;
Equipped he came with love and fortitude,
That he might cut the canker out, and then
With gentle hand heal up the wound again.

Leon Huhner.

WIND IN THE PINE

Oh, I can hear you, God, above the cry
Of the tossing trees—
Rolling your windy tides across the sky,
And splashing your silver seas
Over the pine
To the water-line
Of the moon.
Oh, I can hear you, God,
Above the wail of the lonely loon—
When the pine-tops pitch and nod—
Chanting your melodies
Of ghostly waterfalls and avalanches,
Swashing your wind among the branches
To make them pure and white.

Wash over me, God, with your piney breeze,
And your moon's wet-silver pool;
Wash over me, God, with your wind and night,
And leave me clean and cool.

Lew Sarett.

A SOFT DAY

A soft day, thank God!
A wind from the south
With a honeyed mouth;
A scent of drenching leaves,
Briar and beech and lime,
White elder-flower and thyme
And the soaking grass smells sweet,
Crushed by my two bare feet,
While the rain drips,
Drips, drips, drips from the eaves.

A soft day, thank God!
The hills wear a shroud
Of silver cloud;
The web the spider weaves
Is a glittering net;
The woodland path is wet,
And the soaking earth smells sweet
Under my two bare feet,
And the rain drips,
Drips, drips, drips from the leaves.

W. M. Letts.

A WINTER RIDE[1]

Who shall declare the joy of the running!
Who shall tell of the pleasures of flight!
Springing and spurning the tufts of wild heather,
Sweeping, wide-winged, through the blue dome of light.

Everything mortal has moments immortal,
Swift and God-gifted, immeasurably bright.

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the publishers, from *A Dome of Many Colored Glass* by Amy Lowell. Copyright by The Macmillan Co.

So with the stretch of the white road before me,
Shining snow crystals rainbowed by the sun,

Fields that are white, stained with long, cool, blue shadows,
Strong with the strength of my horse as we run.
Joy in the touch of the wind and the sunlight!
Joy! With the vigorous earth I am one.

Amy Lowell.

THE GYPSIES' ROAD

I shall go on the gypsies' road,
The road that has no ending;
For the sedge is brown on the lone lakeside,
The wild geese eastward tending.

I shall go as the unfettered wave,
From shore to shore, forgetting
The grief that lies 'neath a roof-tree's shade,
The years that bring regretting.

No law shall dare my wandering stay,
No man my acres measure;
The world was made for the gypsies' feet,
The winding road for pleasure.

And I shall drift as the pale leaf strayed,
Whither the wild wind listed;
I shall sleep in the dark of the hedge,
'Neath rose and thorn entwisted.

This was a call in the heart of the night,
A whispering dream's dear treasure;
"The world was made for nomads' feet,
The winding road for pleasure."

I stole at dawn from my roof-tree's shade,
And the cares that it did cover;
I flew to the heart of the fierce north wind,
As a maid will greet her lover.

But a thousand hands did draw me back
And bid me to their tending;
I may not go on the gypsies' road—
The road that has no ending.

Dora Sigerson.

MYSTERIOUS DOINGS

As once I rambled in the woods
I chanced to spy amid the brake
A huntsman ride his way beside
A fair and passing tranquil lake;
Though velvet bucks sped here and there,
He let them scamper through the green—
Not one smote he, but lustily
He blew his horn—what could it mean?

As on I strolled beside that lake,
A pretty maid I chanced to see
Fishing away for finny prey,
Yet not a single one caught she;
All round her boat the fishes leapt
And gambolled to their hearts' content,
Yet never a thing did the maid but sing—
I wonder what on earth it meant.

As later yet I roamed my way,
A lovely steed neighed loud and long,
And an empty boat sped all afloat
Where sang a fishermaid her song;
All underneath the prudent shade,

Which yonder kindly willows threw,
Together strayed a youth and maid—
I can't explain it all, can you?

Eugene Field.

WATER FANTASY[1]

O brown brook, O blithe brook, what will you say to me
If I take off my heavy shoon and wade you childishly?
O take them off, and come to me.
You shall not fall. Step merrily!
But, cool brook, but, quickly brook, and what if I should float
White-bodied in your pleasant pool, your bubbles at my throat?

If you are but a mortal maid,
Then I shall make you half afraid.
The water shall be dim and deep,
And silver fish shall lunge and leap
About you, coward mortal thing.
But if you come desiring
To win once more your naiadhood,
How you shall laugh and find me good—
My golden surfaces, my glooms
My secret grottoes' dripping rooms,
My depths of warm wet emerald,
My mosses floating fold on fold!
And where I take the rocky leap
Like wild white water shall you sweep;
Like wild white water shall you cry,
Trembling and turning to the sky,
While all the thousand-fringed trees
Glimmer and glisten through the breeze.

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I bid you come! Too long, too long,
You have forgot my undersong.
And this perchance you never knew:
E'en I, the brook, have need of you.
My naiads faded long ago,—
My little nymphs, that to and fro
Within my waters sunnily
Made small white flames of tinkling glee.
I have been lonesome, lonesome; yea,
E'en I, the brook, until this day.
Cast off your shoon; ah, come to me,
And I will love you lingeringly!

O wild brook, O wise brook, I cannot come, alas!
I am but mortal as the leaves that flicker, float, and pass.
My body is not used to you; my breath is fluttering sore;
You clasp me round too icily. Ah, let me go once more!
Would God I were a naiad-thing whereon Pan's music blew;
But woe is me! you pagan brook, I cannot stay with you!

Fannie Stearns Gifford.

THE SYMBOL

What is the symbol underneath it all,
The secret message of the throb of things:
The flower tossings and the whirl of wings,
The glow and scent when June makes carnival?
'Tis like a sweet lost word of some old speech
Man has forgotten, can almost reach.

Listen! The sap doth murmur it, the rain
Chants it in sibilant monotone, the breeze
Lifting a voice among the fluttered trees,
Takes up the song, repeats it once again;
And all the movement in the summer grass
Seems pulsing to express it ere it pass.

Ever and alway, iterant and low,
The whisper and the hint, the half untold
Suggestion that is as the ages old,
Yet fresh-faced now as in the long ago:
"Seek, ye shall find, for you and I are one,
Bound each to other since the years begun.

"You hear the call of kinship in my voice,
My very breathing makes me part of you;
The gifts I offer are a residue
Of your inheritance and natural choice;
Man is not man who hath not eye to see
My luminous gloss on Nature's mystery.

"Rich-languaged, fraught with memories and dreams,
I lure you back in sacred moments when
You learn, oblivious to the lore of men,
The lesson of the forests, fields and streams;
Deep at my heart, deeper than all my mirth,
The long-withholden meaning of the earth."

In syllables of beauty, yea, with words
That move like music through the summer ways,
Nature doth speak, and in her every phrase,—
The choiring rivers and the lyric birds,—
She draws us from false gods, and our release
Is certified by joy and love and peace.

Richard Burton.

GIVE US MEN

Give us men!
Men from every rank,
Fresh and free and frank;
Men of thought and reading,

Men of light and leading,
Men of loyal breeding,
The nation's welfare speeding;
Men of faith and not of fiction,
Men of lofty aim in action,
Give us men—I say again
Give us men!

Give us men!
Strong and stalwart ones:
Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honor fires.
Men who trample self beneath them.
Men who make their country wreathe them
As her noble sons,
Worthy of their sires:
Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
True however false all others,
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

Give us men!
Men who when the tempest gathers
Grasp the standard of their fathers
In the thickest fight;
Men who strike for home and altar,
(Let the coward cringe and falter,)
God defend the right!
True as truth though low and lonely,
Tender as the brave are only;
Men who tread where saints have trod,
Men for country, home, and God;

Give us men—I say again,
Give us such men!

J. G. Holland.

WITH THE TIDE[1]

Somewhere I read, in an old book whose name
Is gone from me, I read that when the days
Of a man are counted, and his business done,
There comes up the shore at evening, with the tide,
To the place where he sits, a boat—
And in the boat, from the place where he sits, he sees,
Dim in the dusk, dim and yet so familiar,
The faces of his friends long dead; and knows
They come for him, brought in upon the tide,
To take him where men go at set of day.
Then rising, with his hands in theirs, he goes
Between them his last steps, that are the first
Of the new life—and with the ebb they pass,
Their shaken sail grown small upon the moon.

Often I thought of this, and pictured me
How many a man who lives with throngs about him,
Yet straining through the twilight for that boat
Shall scarce make out one figure in the stern,
And that so faint its features shall perplex him
With doubtful memories—and his heart hang back.
But others, rising as they see the sail
Increase upon the sunset, hasten down,
Hands out and eyes elated; for they see
Head over head, crowding from bow to stern,
Repeopling their long loneliness with smiles,
The faces of their friends; and such go forth
Content upon the ebb tide, with safe hearts.

[1] (Theodore Roosevelt.)

But never
To worker summoned when his day was done
Did mounting tide bring in such freight of friends
As stole to you up the white wintry shingle
That night while they that watched you thought you slept.
Softly they came, and beached the boat, and gathered
In the still cove under the icy stars,
Your last-born, and the dear loves of your heart,
And all men that have loved right more than ease,
And honor above honors; all who gave
Free-handed of their best for other men,
And thought their giving taking; they who knew
Man's natural state is effort, up and up—
All these were there, so great a company
Perchance you marveled, wondering what great ship
Had brought that throng unnumbered to the cove
Where the boys used to beach their light canoe
After old happy picnics—

But these, your friends and children, to whose hands
Committed, in the silent night you rose
And took your last faint steps—
These led you down, O great American,
Down to the Winter night and the white beach,
And there you saw that the huge hull that waited
Was not as are the boats of the other dead,
Frail craft for a brief passage; no, for this
Was first of a long line of towering transports,
Storm-worn and ocean-weary every one,
The ships you launched, the ships you manned, the ships
That now, returning from their sacred quest
With the thrice-sacred burden of their dead,
Lay waiting there to take you forth with them,
Out with the ebb tide, on some farther quest.

Edith Wharton.

THE HARBOUR

I think if I lay dying in some land
Where Ireland is no more than just a name,
My soul would travel back to find that strand
From whence it came.

I'd see the harbour in the evening light,
The old men staring at some distant ship,
The fishing-boats they fasten left and right
Beside the slip.

The sea-wrack lying on the wind-swept shore,
The grey thorn bushes growing in the sand;
Our Wexford coast from Arklow to Cahore—
My native land.

The little houses climbing up the hill,
Sea daisies growing in the sandy grass,
The tethered goats that wait large-eyed and still
To watch you pass,

The women at the well with dripping pails,
Their men colloguing by the harbour wall,
The coils of rope, the nets, the old brown sails,
I'd know them all.

And then the Angelus—I'd surely see
The swaying bell against a golden sky,
So God, Who kept the love of home in me,
Would let me die.

W. M. Letts.

JOURNEY

Ah, could I lay me down in this long grass
And close my eyes, and let the quiet wind
Blow over me,—I am so tired, so tired
Of passing pleasant places! All my life,
Following care along the dusty road,
Have I looked back at loveliness and sighed;
Yet at my hand an unrelenting hand
Tugged ever, and I passed. All my life long
Over my shoulder have I looked at peace;
And now I fain would lie in this long grass
And close my eyes.

Yet onward!

Cat-birds call
Through the long afternoon, and creeks at dusk
Are guttural. Whip-poor-wills wake and cry,
Drawing the twilight close about their throats.
Only my heart makes answer. Eager vines
Go up the rocks and wait; flushed apple-trees
Pause in their dance and make the ring for me;
Dim, shady wood-roads, redolent of fern
And bayberry, that through sweet bevies thread
Of round-faced roses, pink and petulant,
Look back and beckon ere they disappear.
Only my heart, only my heart responds.
Yet, ah, my path is sweet on either side
All through the dragging day,—sharp underfoot,
And hot, and like dead mist the dry dust hangs—
But far, oh, far as passionate eye can reach,
And long, ah, long as rapturous eye can cling,
The world is mine: blue hill, still silver lake,

Broad field, bright flower, and the long white road
A gateless garden, and an open path:
My feet to follow and my heart to hold.

Edna St. Vincent Millay.

❋ SECTION VII ❋

THE MONOLOGUE AND ITS INTERPRETATION

Of all forms of art, the monologue has most direct relation to one character only, a character not posing for his portrait. It portrays and interprets an individual unconsciously revealing himself.

—S. S. Curry.

I believe that great developmental values accrue from practice in monologues. These, and the scenes in character included later, furnish the work in character activity that students need in order to gain some sense of bodily response of a unified and directed sort, as well as to study the type of reaction which monologues call forth. These monologues are really little plays, dramas with one person doing all the talking but affected by the reactions of some other person or persons supposed to be hearing what the speaker says. Often they are much like soliloquies, but never quite the same. Often the audience seems to be the "hearer" that affects the reactions of the speaker, but still the speaker is acting a character. Many puzzling problems arise in the handling of this type of material and students should be given much help in the solving of these problems that they may the better understand pure interpretative reading.

In *Dialects for Oral Interpretation*[1] I have tried to set forth certain principles governing the use of the monologue and since the following section contains only material in this form I am repeating my discussion found in the above-mentioned book.

The monologue form is especially helpful to dramatic students in the overcoming of mechanical tendencies in presentation and offers a wide choice of material. Some discussion of this type of material will not be amiss here.

[1] The Century Co., New York.

A variety of meanings are given the word "monologue": "A speech or soliloquy spoken by a character in a story or play." Several of Browning's best monologues are titled soliloquies, as "Soliloquy in the Spanish Cloister." "A performance by one person of any one scene or selection from a play in which the performer assumes one or more characters." "A 'variety sketch' or a confused collection of amusing sayings." (Vaudeville.)

The monologue is one end of a conversation and presupposes a listener or listeners in a definitely conceived dramatic situation. It reports a complete story or revelation of events, showing at its best the subjective workings of the character speaking, together with such reactions as are caused by the presence of other characters. It is always vivid, intense, and personal.

There is probably no other form of writing, the play not excepted, that furnishes the interpreter so complete a medium of expression as the monologue. In the presentation of a play by one person, if presented impersonatively, no matter how skilful or inspired the performer, the very necessity of dropping and assuming the physical attitudes and actions of the various characters tends to lessen the vividness of the various impersonations and destroys, to an extent, the unity of the presentation. In the monologue all the possibilities of the play are present, and on the side of conception and imagination many more. The interpreter has at his command a means of revelation at once intense, imaginative, subtle, and interesting. Through him the audience sees the effect of circumstances and events focused upon a single character whose complete reactions may be revealed. They are able to catch, in half-lights as it were, the look and sound of other characters, and to gather in many instances a very definite idea of characters that never speak: for instance, the Duchess in *My Last Duchess*.

This form of expression demands that all the skill and all the powers of the interpreter be brought into full play. It is

more subjective, more intense, and more suggestive than the play. Its rendition is far more difficult than any reading or recitation, for it has to be lived and acted precisely as does the play. The conversation does not consist of abstractions, but takes place in a definite situation and reveals the experience, past or present, of a human soul. It becomes, as we have said, in every case intensely personal.

The elder Coquelin, who was a great monologist as well as great actor, once said: "The more utterly the reciter is forgotten while he speaks, the better he is remembered, and the longer, after he is silent." The monologue offers this possibility of absorption, for it is the business of the interpreter of the monologue to focus attention entirely upon the character speaking and the story revealed. Ruth Draper, so skilled an interpreter in this particular type of presentation, furnishes a striking example of how completely and artistically this end may be achieved.

Speaking of the rendering of monologues, we have as great a variety in the manner of presentation in this form of writing alone, I think, as in all the other forms put together. We have presenting in costume and out, with some "properties" and with none, with "settings" and without. We have monologues varying all the way from the noble and inspired utterances of some of Browning's finest poems, together with his intensely emotional and dramatic selections, on through all shades and kinds of emotion to the wildest burlesque and revelations of idiosyncrasy, weakness, or inane situation. Apparently writers find it a convenient form of expression, and certainly there should be a wide choice for public presentation.

In general, the reader is apt to err upon the side of too much "show." The presentation becomes stagy, declamatory, theatrical, and spectacular. The inclusion of "properties," often unwisely considered, mars the unity of the performance. Dr. Curry says of this: "The use of properties should be governed by the laws of significance, centrality, and con-

sistency." Since properties are sure to appeal to the eye, it is evident that extreme care should be taken in their introduction. Dr. Curry says further: "Whenever any article of dress is a necessary part of the character and has an inherent relation to the story or the thought, when it becomes an essential part of the expression, then it may properly be employed." [1]

In all monologues points concerning the "speaker," the "hearer," the "place," and the "situation" should be carefully considered. Should the scene be "on stage" in part or completely? Does the audience become the "hearer" in some instances? Should the "speaker" in a monologue ever address the audience directly, and if so when? Are some monologues much more capable of full impersonation than others, and are there not many selections that might not be usually thought of as monologues which would benefit in interpretation by being so considered? Certainly many of Browning's "lyrics" gain in significance and are much more easily understood if so considered. These and other questions should be answered by a careful analysis of the material of each selection. Such clarification would tend in every instance to add to the student's knowledge and develop his powers for interpretation in the monologue form.

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED IN THE STUDY OF A MONOLOGUE

1. Who is the "Speaker"? (How clearly defined?)
2. Who is the "Hearer"? (How clearly defined?)
3. What is the "Setting" or "Place"? (How clearly defined?)
4. Is the "Scene" "on stage" or "off"?
5. Is it a "Period"?
6. Is the material as a whole more "objective" or "subjective"? (Consider the way the performer reacts in the material and the way the whole will react on the audience.)
7. Does the material demand "Impersonative" treatment? (if so, how far? In the character, or setting, or what?) Or "Interpretative" treatment? Is it capable of both without losing value? (Always presuppose the performer to be *equally capable* in both modes.)
8. Is the material "direct address" entirely? In part? More one than the other? (*Remember* this applies whether the "hearer" is a

[1] *Browning and the Dramatic Monologue,* S. S. Curry, Expression Co., Boston, Mass.

character "on stage" or whether the actual audience is the "hearer.")

9. In order *not to lose value,* should the material be given by a man or a woman?
10. Is the material most like in form to:
    a. lyric?
    b. speech?
    c. story?
    d. soliloquy?
    e. conversation?
11. What is most important to be revealed to the audience in this material:
    a. Thoughts and feelings of the "speaker"?
    b. Facts, incidents, gist of matter related?
    c. Look and manner, bearing and action of the "speaker"?
    d. Character and motives of the "speaker"?
    Are all or any of equal importance? *Arrange in order of importance.*
12. Is the material a present experience or past?
    Is it the "speaker's" own experience?
13. Are "properties" necessary? permissible?

* * *

THE EXPLORER [1]

"There's no sense in going further—it's the edge of cultivation,"
So they said, and I believed it—broke my land and sowed my crop—
Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border station
Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes
On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated—so:
"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—

[1] From *The Five Nations.* Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling. Reprinted by permission of Messrs. A. P. Watt & Son, Agents, and Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Publishers.

Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

So I went, worn out of patience; 'never told my nearest neighbours—
Stole away with pack and ponies—left 'em drinking in the town;
And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem to help my labours
As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up and leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning flanks and dodging shoulders,
Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for lack of grass;
Till I camped above the tree-line—drifted snow and naked boulders—
Felt free air astir to windward—knew I'd stumbled on the Pass.

'Thought to name it for the finder: but that night the Norther found me—
Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies: so I called the camp Despair
(It's the Railway Gap to-day, though). Then my Whisper waked to hound me:—
"Something lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder. Go you there!"

Then I knew, the while I doubted—knew His Hand was certain o'er me.
Still—it might be self-delusion—scores of better men had died—
I could reach the township living, but . . . He knows what terrors tore me . . .
But I didn't . . . but I didn't. I went down the other side.

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers turned to aloes,
And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming stream ran by;
But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub, and the water drained to shallows—
And I dropped again on desert, blasted earth, and blasting sky. . . .

I remember lighting fires; I remember sitting by them;
I remember seeing faces, hearing voices through the smoke;
I remember they were fancy—for I threw a stone to try 'em.
"Something lost behind the Ranges," was the only word they spoke.

I remember going crazy. I remember that I knew it
When I heard myself hallooing to the funny folk I saw.
Very full of dreams that desert: but my two legs took me through it . . .
And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes all black and raw.

But at last the country altered—White man's country past disputing—
Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills behind—
There I found me food and water, and I lay a week recruiting,
Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then I entered on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey—chose my trees and blazed and ringed 'em—
Week by week I pried and sampled—week by week my findings grew.

Saul he went to look for donkeys, and by God he found a kingdom!
But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had struck the worth of two!

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-poised snow-slide shivers—
Down and through the big fat marshes that the virgin ore-bed stains,
Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined rivers
And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable plains!

'Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades between 'em;
Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thousand head an hour;
Counted leagues of water-frontage through the axe-ripe woods that screen 'em—
Saw the plant to feed a people—up and waiting for the power!

Well I know who'll take the credit—all the clever chaps that followed—
Came, a dozen men together—never knew my desert fears;
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water holes I'd hollowed.
They'll go back and do the talking. They'll be called the Pioneers!

They will find my sites of townships—not the cities that I set there.
They will rediscover rivers—not my rivers heard at night.
By my own old marks and bearings they will show me how to get there,
By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide my feet aright.

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one single acre?
Have I kept one single nugget—(barring samples)? No, not I.
Because my price was paid me ten times over by my Maker.
But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle; water-transit sure and steady
(That should keep the railway rates down), coal and iron at your doors.
God took care to hide that country till He judged His people ready,
Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've found it, and it's yours!

Yes, your "Never-never country"—yes, your "edge of cultivation"
And "no sense in going further"—till I crossed the range to see.
God forgive me! No, *I* didn't. It's God's present to our nation.
Anybody might have found it but—His Whisper came to Me!

Rudyard Kipling.

THE MOUNTAIN WHIPPOORWILL

How Hill-Billy Jim Won the Great Fiddlers' Prize

(A Georgia Romance)

Up in the mountains it's lonesome all the time.
(Sof' win' slewin' th'u' the sweet-potato vine.)

Up in the mountains it's lonesome for a child.
(Whippo'rwills a-callin' when the sap runs wild.)

Up in the mountains, mountains in the fog,
Everythin' 's as lazy as an old houn' dog.

Born in the mountains, never raised a pet,
Don't want nuthin' an' never got it yet.

Born in the mountains, lonesome-born,
Raised runnin' ragged th'u' the cockle-burs and corn.

Never knew my pappy, mebbe never should.
Think he was a fiddle made of mountain laurel-wood.

Never had a mammy, to teach me pretty-please.
Think she was a whippo'rwill a-skitin' th'u' the trees.

Never had a brother ner a whole pair of pants,
But when I start to fiddle, why, yuh got to start to dance!

Listen to my fiddle—Kingdom Come! Kingdom Come!"
Hear the frogs a-chunkin', "Jug o' rum! Jug o' rum!"
Hear that mountain whippo'rwill be lonesome in the air,
An' I'll tell yuh how I traveled to the Essex County Fair.

Essex County has a mighty pretty fair,
All the smarty fiddlers from the South come there.

Elbows flyin' as they rosin up the bow
For the first prize contest in the Georgia fiddlers' show.

Old Dan Wheeling, with his whiskers in his ears,
King-pin fiddler for nearly twenty years.

Big Tom Sargent, with his blue wall-eye,
An' Little Jimmy Weezer that can make a fiddle cry.

All sittin' roun', spittin' high an' struttin' proud,
(Listen, little whippo'rwill, yuh better bug yore eyes!)
Tun-atun-a-tunin' while the jedges told the crowd
Them that got the mostest claps 'd win the bestest prize.

Everybody waitin' for the first tweedledee,
When in comes a-stumblin' hill-billy me!

Bowed right pretty to the jedges an' the rest,
Took a silver dollar from a hole inside my vest,

Plunked it on the table, an' said, "There's my callin'-card!
An' any one that licks me—well, he's got to fiddle hard!"

Old Dan Wheeling he was laughin' fit to holler,
Little Jimmy Weezer said, "There's one dead dollar!"

Big Tom Sargent had a yaller-toothy grin,
But I tucked my little whippo'rwill right underneath my chin,

An' petted it an' tuned it till the jedges said, "Begin!"
Big Tom Sargent was the first in line;

He could fiddle all the bugs off a sweet-potato-vine,
He could fiddle down a possum from a mile-high tree,
He could fiddle up a whale from the bottom of the sea.

Yuh could hear hands spankin' till they spanked each other raw
When he finished variations on "Turkey in the Straw."

Little Jimmy Weezer was the next to play;
He could fiddle all night, he could fiddle all day,

He could fiddle chills, he could fiddle fever,
He could make a fiddle rustle like a lowland river,

He could make a fiddle croon like a lovin' woman,
And they clapped like thunder when he'd finished strummin'.

Then came the ruck of the bob-tailed fiddlers,
The let's-go-easies, the fair-to-middlers.

They got their claps, an' they lost their bicker,
An' settled back for some more corn-licker.

An' the crowd was tired of their no-'count squealing,
When out in the centre steps Old Dan Wheeling.

He fiddled high and fiddled low,
(Listen, little whippo'rwill, yuh got to spread yore wings!)
He fiddled with a cherry-wood bow.
(Old Dan Wheeling's got bee-honey in his strings.)

He fiddled the wind by the lonesome moon,
He fiddled a most almighty tune.

He started fiddling like a ghost,
He ended fiddling like a host.

He fiddled north an' he fiddled south,
He fiddled the heart right out of yore mouth.

He fiddled here and he fiddled there,
He fiddled salvation everywhere.

When he was finished the crowd cut loose,
(Whippo'rwill, they's rain on yore breast.)
And I sat there wonderin', "What's the use?"
(Whippo'rwill, fly home to yore nest!)

But I stood up pert, and I took my bow,
And my fiddle went to my shoulder, so.

And they wasn't no crowd to get me fazed,
But I was alone where I was raised.

Up in the mountains, so still it makes yuh skeered,
Where God lies sleepin' in his big white beard.

And I heard the sound of the squirrel in the pine,
And I heard the earth a-breathin' th'u' the long night-time.

They've fiddled the rose an' they've fiddled the thorn,
But they haven't fiddled the mountain-corn.

They've fiddled sinful an' fiddled moral,
But they haven't fiddled the breshwood-laurel.

They've fiddled loud an' they've fiddled still,
But they haven't fiddled the whippo'rwill.

I started off with a *dump-diddle-dump,*
(Oh, hell's broke loose in Georgia!)
Skunk-cabbage growin' by the bee-gum stump.
(Whippo'rwill, yo're singin' now!)

Oh, Georgia booze is mighty fine booze,
The best yuh ever poured yuh,
But it eats the soles right offen yore shoes,
For hell's broke loose in Georgia.

My mother was a whippo'rwill pert,
My father he was lazy,
But I'm hell-broke loose in a new store shirt
To fiddle all Georgia crazy.

Swing your partners—up and down the middle!
Sashay now—oh, listen to that fiddle!
Flapjacks flippin' on a red-hot griddle,
And hell broke loose,
Hell broke loose,
Fire on the mountains, snakes in the grass,
Satan's here a-bilin'—ho, Lordy, let him pass!
Go down Moses, set my people free,
Pop goes the weasel th'u' the old Red Sea!
Jonah sittin' on a hickory bough,
Up jumps a whale—an' where's yore prophet now?
Rabbit in the pea-patch, possum in the pot,
Try an' stop my fiddle now my fiddle's gettin' hot!
Whippo'rwill singin' th'u' the mountain hush,
Whippo'rwill shoutin' from the burnin' bush,
Whippo'rwill cryin' in the stable door,
Sing to-night as yuh never sang before!
Hell's broke loose like a stompin' mountain-shoat,
Sing till yuh bust the gold in yore throat!
Hell's broke loose for fo'ty miles aroun',
Bound to stop yore music if yuh don't sing it down.
Sing on the mountains, little whippo'rwill,
Sing to the valleys, an' slap 'em with a hill,
For I'm struttin' high as an eagle's quill,
An' hell's broke loose.
Hell's broke loose.
Hell's broke loose in Georgia!

They wasn't a sound when I stopped bowin',
(*Whippo'rwill, yuh can sing no more.*)
But somewhere or other the dawn was growin',
(*Oh, mountain whippo'rwill!*)

An' I thought, "I've fiddled all night and lost.
Yo're a good hill-billy, but yuh've been bossed."

So I went to congratulate old Man Dan,
But he put his fiddle into my han'—
An' then the noise of the crowd began.

Stephen Vincent Benét.

A LITTLE CHANGE FOR EDWARD

Good-evening, Mrs. Callender—good-evening, Mr. Callender. You see I have my husband with me! Edward has said, all through his illness, that the very first time he went out it would be over here to your house, so you see it's quite an event. The doctor said this morning when he found Edward so depressed that if the weather continued to be mild it would be the very best thing in the world for him to have a little change of scene and thought—to be taken out of himself; that's what he really needs now. He wanted to come over here alone, but I said to him: No, Edward, I don't dare let you go without me; I'm so afraid you might do something imprudent. Of course he doesn't realize it, but he has to be watched every minute, especially now that he begins to seem all right. You have to be so careful about ptomaine poisoning. Aren't men just like children? I'm sure you wouldn't behave like this, Mr. Callender, if your wife took you out after such a severe illness as he has had!—Well, it's very kind of you to speak that way. I'm sure I have tried to do all that I could—nobody knows what I've been through; I've

had to keep everything to myself. Oh, yes, I know that I ought to have had a trained nurse, but at the time I was so anxious about Edward—when it's your husband you feel as if you must do everything yourself for him. Yes, that's what uses you up so, standing on your feet. I said to Edward to-day: Edward, if you realized all I go through, standing on my feet—

Yes, dear, I know you wanted me to send for your mother to help me, but—he doesn't understand, as you would, Mrs. Callender, how much work it makes to have another person—and especially an older person, like your husband's mother—in the house during sickness. I really felt, just now, that with Edward as he is, I really couldn't stand anything more on my mind.

Yes, he looks a great deal better, I know, but his color isn't quite right even yet—you can notice it around his nose and under his eyes. You ought to have seen him at first—he was actually green. Yes, you were, Edward; the doctor said—why, Edward! —Very well, dear, it's all right, we won't say any more about it. No, dear, I know you don't like me to ask you how you feel, but it's necessary sometimes. Don't you think you'd better have a glass of milk, dear? Never mind, Mrs. Callender, when he speaks like that I just let him alone. Why don't you talk to Mr. Callender, dear? Is that a cigar? Now you don't want to smoke? Oh, Edward, I wish you wouldn't! Why can't you just enjoy seeing Mr. Callender do it?—Well, if you must!

You've no idea how irritable he gets, Mrs. Callender—he doesn't hear, he's talking to your husband. It's his nerves, of course; ptomaine poisoning upsets you all over—it seems to come out in a new place every day. Yesterday I bought him some shirts at a sale in town—they were really beautiful quality—the only thing the matter with them was that they were a little tight in the neck, and he really became almost—uncontrolled—at the idea of wearing them. Even when I pointed out to him that as I bought them at a sale they couldn't be exchanged, it made no difference to him. Men have no idea of economy.

Was that your new maid who went through the hall just now, Mrs. Callender? She looks as if she had a cheerful disposition. Oh, yes, the one I have is neat, but she doesn't seem to get anything done. She cries all the time, the way they always do when they have a lover. We have done nothing but change all summer. Edward says he is sick and tired of hearing about servants, but I tell him if the burden of it all fell on him, as it does on me, he'd find out the difference. The things they do pass belief; I had a cook the first Christmas after we were married, twelve years ago, and she—yes, Edward dear, perhaps we had better go home.—You see, Mr. Callender, he's not had as much dissipation as this for a long time. When I think of all those nights when I sat watching beside him, with the light turned down in the room so that I could only just see his face, and with all those queer, creepy noises around that you seem to hear in the house after midnight when every-

thing else is still, it made it seem as if nothing was ever going to be the same any more—as if the children and I—oh, when I think of that and look at him now, it makes me so happy! Yes, Edward dear, I'm coming. Keep well Mr. Callender. Good bye, Mrs. Callender.

Mary Stewart Cutting.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

HE KNEW LINCOLN[1]

"Did I know Lincoln? Well, I should say. See that chair there? Take it, set down. That's right. Comfortable, ain't it? Well, sir, Abraham Lincoln has set in that chair hours, him and Little 'Doug,' and Logan and Judge Davis, all of 'em, all the big men in this State, set in that chair. See them marks? Whittlin'. Judge Logan did it, all-firedest man to whittle. Always cuttin' away at something. I just got that chair new, paid six dollars for it, and I be blamed if I didn't come in this store and find him slashin' right into that arm. I picked up a stick and said: 'Here, Judge, s'posin' you cut this. He just looked at me and then flounced out, mad as a wet hen. Mr. Lincoln was here, and you ought to heard him tee-hee. He was always here. Come and set by the stove by the hour and tell stories and talk and argue. There wan't never no United States Senate that could beat just what I've heard right here in this room with

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the publishers, from *He Knew Lincoln* by Ida M. Tarbell. Copyright by The Macmillan Co.

Lincoln settin' in that very chair where you are this minute.

"Tell stories? Nobody ever could beat him at that, and how he'd enjoy 'em, just slap his hands on his knees and jump up and turn around and then set down, laughin' to kill. Greatest man to git new yarns that ever lived, always askin', 'Heard any new stories, Billy?' And if I had I'd trot 'em out, and how he'd laugh. Often and often when I've told him something new and he'd kin'a forgit how it went, he'd come in and say, 'Billy, how was that story you'se tellin' me?' and then I'd tell it all over.

"You know I felt kind of sorry for Lincoln when they began to talk about him for President. It seemed almost as if somebody was makin' fun of him. He didn't look like a president. I never had seen one, but we had pictures of 'em, all of 'em from George Washington down, and they looked somehow as if they were different kind of timber from us. I couldn't imagine George Washington or Thomas Jefferson settin' here in that chair you're in tee-heein' over some blamed yarn of mine. None of us around town took much stock in his bein' elected at first—that is, none of the men, the women was different. They always believed in him, and used to say, 'You mark my word, Mr. Lincoln will be president. He's just made for it, he's good, he's the best man ever lived and he ought to be president.' I didn't see no logic in that then, but I dunno but there was some after all.

" 'Was there much talk about his bein' killed?' Well, there's an awful lot of fools in this world and

when they don't git what they want they're always for killin' somebody. Mr. Lincoln never let on, but I reckon his mail was pretty lively readin' sometimes.

"Of course he seemed pretty cheerful always. He wan't no man to show out all he felt. Lots of them little stuck-up chaps that came out here to talk to him said, solemn as owls, 'He don't realize the gravity of the situation.' Think of that, Mr. Lincoln not realizing. They ought to heard him talk to us the night he went away. I'll never fergit that speech—nor any man who heard it. I can see him now just how he looked, standin' there on the end of his car. He'd been shakin' hands with the crowd in the depot, laughing and talking, just like himself, but when he got onto that car he seemed suddint to be all changed. You never seen a face so sad in all the world. I tell you he had woe in his heart that minute. woe. He knew he was leavin' us for good, nuthin' else could explain the way he looked and what he said. He knew he never was comin' back to us alive.

" 'Ever see him again?' Yes, once down in Washington, summer of '64. Things were looking purty blue that summer. Didn't seem to be anybody who thought he'd git re-elected. I kept hearin' about the trouble he was havin' with everybody, and I jest made up my mind I'd go down and see him and swap yarns and tell him how we was all countin' on his gettin' home. So I jest picked up and went right off.

"Well, when I got down there to Washington, I footed it right out to the Soldiers' Home where Mr. Lincoln was livin' then, right among the sick soldiers

in their tents. There was lots of people settin' around a little room, waitin' fer him, but there wan't anybody there I knowed, and I was feelin' a little funny when a door popped open and out came Mr. Lincoln. He saw me almost at once, and his face lit up, and he laid holt of me and jest shook my hands fit to kill. 'Billy,' he says, 'I am glad to see you. Come right in. You're goin' to stay to supper with Mary and me.'

"Didn't I know it? Think bein' president would change him—not a mite. Well, he had a right smart lot of people to see, but soon as he was through we went out on the back stoop and sat down and talked and talked. He asked me about pretty nigh everybody in Springfield. I just let loose and told him about the weddin's and births and the funerals and the buildin', and I guess there wan't a yarn I heard in the three years and a half he'd been away that I didn't spin for him. Laugh—you ought to a heard him laugh—just did my heart good, for I could see what they'd been doin' to him. Always was a thin man, but Lordy, he was thinner'n ever now, and his face was kind a drawn and gray—enough to make you cry.

"Well, we had supper and then talked some more, and about ten o'clock I started down town. Wanted me to stay all night, but I says to myself, 'Billy, don't you overdo it. You've cheered him up, and you better light out and let him remember it when he's tired.' So I said, 'Nope, Mr. Lincoln, can't, goin' back to Springfield to-morrow.'

"Well, sir, I never was so astonished in my life. Mr. Lincoln just took my hand and shook it nearly off, and he says, 'Billy, you'll never know what good you done me. I'm homesick, Billy, just plumb homesick, and it seems as if this war never would be over. Many a night I can see the boys a-dyin' on the fields and can hear their mothers cryin' for 'em at home, and I can't help 'em, Billy. I have to send them down there. We've got to save the Union, Billy, we've got to.'

" 'Course we have, Mr. Lincoln,' I says, cheerful as I could, 'course we have. Don't you worry. It's most over. You're goin' to be re-elected, and you and old Grant's going to finish this war mighty quick then. Just keep a stiff upper lip, Mr. Lincoln, and don't forget them yarns I told you.' And I started out. But seems as if he couldn't let me go. 'Wait a minute, Billy,' he says, 'till I get my hat and I'll walk a piece with you.' It was one of them still sweet-smellin' summer nights with no end of stars and you ain't no idee how pretty 'twas walkin' down the road. There was white tents showin' through the trees and every little way a tall soldier standin' stock still, a gun at his side. Made me feel mighty curious and solemn. By-and-by we come out of the trees to a sightly place where you could look all over Washington—see the Potomac and clean into Virginia. There was a bench there and we set down and after a while Mr. Lincoln he begun to talk. Well, sir, you or nobody ever heard anything like it. Tell you what he said? Nope, I can't. Can't talk about it somehow. He just

opened up his heart if I do say it. Seemed as if he'd come to a p'int where he must let out. I dunno how long we set there—must have been nigh morning, fer the stars begun to go out before he got up to go. 'Good-by, Billy,' he says. 'You're the first person I ever unloaded onto, and I hope you won't think I'm a baby,' and then we shook hands again, and I walked down to town and next day I come home.

"Yes, that's the last time I seen him—last time alive.

"Wan't long after that things began to look better. War began to move right smart, and, soon as it did, there wan't no use talkin' about anybody else for President. I see that plain enough, and just as I told him, he was re-elected, and him and Grant finished up the war in a hurry. I tell you it was a great day out here when we heard Lee had surrendered. But somehow the only thing I could think of was how glad Mr. Lincoln would be.

"We began right off to make plans about the reception we'd give him—brass band—parade—speeches—fireworks—everything. Seems as if I couldn't think about anything else. I was comin' down to open the store one mornin' thinkin' how I'd decorate the windows and how I'd tie a flag on that old chair, when I see Hiram Jones comin' towards me. He looked so old and all bent over I didn't know what had happened. 'Hiram,' I says, 'what's the matter? Be you sick?'

" 'Billy,' he says, and he couldn't hardly say it, 'Billy, they've killed Mr. Lincoln.'

"Well, I just turned cold all over, and then I flared up. 'Hiram Jones,' I says, 'you're lyin', you're crazy. How dare you tell me that? It ain't so.'

" 'Don't, Billy,' he says, 'don't go on so. I ain't lyin'. It's so. He'll never come back, Billy. He's dead!' And he fell to sobbin' out loud right there in the street, and somehow I knew it was true.

"For days and days 'twas awful here. Waitin' and waitin'. Seemed as if that funeral never would end. I couldn't bear to think of him bein' dragged around the country and havin' all that fuss made over him. He always hated fussin' so. Still, I s'pose I'd been mad if they hadn't done it.

"Of course they got here at last, and I must say it was pretty grand. All sorts of big bugs. Senators and Congressmen, and officers in grand uniforms and music and flags and crape. They certainly didn't spare no pains givin' him a funeral. Only we didn't want 'em. We wanted to bury him ourselves, but they wouldn't let us.

"Ma and me didn't go to the cemetery with 'em. I couldn't stan' it. Didn't seem right to have sich goin's on here at home where he belonged for a man like him. But we go up often now, ma and me does, and talk about him.

"Yes, I knowed Abraham Lincoln; knowed him well; and I tell you there wan't never a better man made. Leastwise, I don't want to know a better one. He just suited me—Abraham Lincoln did."

Ida M. Tarbell.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

THE MONASTERY

Over the wall is—home. The window of my cell
Stares at my truancy as if to ask,
"Why should a mission to the town mean this—
A day-long absence in the woods and hills?"
It seems so strange, the monastery there,
So questioning, so alien; but I see
The duties filling up the sunset hour,
Picture the others passing to and fro.
There are long balconies above the court,
With lattice-work that checkers out the sun;
And dark-cowled forms behind stalk up and down,
Telling their Pater Nosters on the beads.
The court, a still oasis buried deep
Within the monastery's breast, is green
With slender blades of grass and myrtle leaves,
Where spring has wantoned in and left a kiss.
Shadows are gathering about the shrines,
The tapers down the halls will soon be lit,
When Father Andre makes his shuffling round,
Dressing the saints and altars for the night.
I know that silence fills the corridors,
Save when a windy sigh goes rustling through,
A door swings wide, and in the distance hums
A resonant chant—then the door's shut again,
Leaving an echo and a memory.

Here in the grove outside the wall I lie,
Where the last ribbon'd sunlight filters in
Between the saplings; shadows here are bold
And purple, warm as the damp earth under me.
Silence is here, as there; but breathing deep,
Pregnant, alive—not ominous and chill.
I had not meant to loiter here so long—

This means a penance and a fast for me,—
Who should be now before the crucifix.
Something like hands has kept me here tonight,
Something in tree and bird and wind and sky,
That would not let me go away again.
I must go back—must throw aside this flower
Tight-crushed within my fingers; when it's gone
I'll be myself again; and can go back.

Arbutus—it was waiting here for me—
It was not odor—it was suffering
Borne on the breath of April to my soul,
Out of a past long-buried and forgot.
The earthly incense, passion-sweet, rose up,
And passion-painful curled about my heart,
Bringing remembrance of warm years of spring,
Filled with arbutus, filled with wind—with life.
And then I digged it, underneath the mould
Laid bare the fragrance of its small pink face,
And held it to me, drinking in the pain.
I could not get enough, it seemed; must strain
To breathe the utmost of the agony in—
Such, I remember now, were love—and death—
And all the aching mortal things I knew
So long ago.

Ah, it was sweet to taste
That mad and stabbing passion once again,
That wrestling of the flesh and soul to touch
The infinity of beauty crowned with stars!
To find eternity through hungry sense,
That needed God to be quite satisfied!
I felt it all again; the throbbing surge
That used to stir me like an organ-peal
Thrilling into the cloister; life aflame,
Calling me, world to man, and God to man—

Daring to fight, despite the suffering!
Arbutus—poignant—crushed between my palms—
Burning my heart out with the love of life—

I must go back—the vesper bell has rung—
Twilight is filling up the grove; the stars
Are showing past the monastery dome
Like an old painting. Father Andre's there,
Holding the lamp above the gate. I'll go,
And take my chastisement as is my due—
I'll leave the arbutus here—I have been mad—

Marjorie Kinnan.

NIGHT RIDER

I knew somethin' was up as soon's I see
The nags and mules hitched round the court house square—
"They'll ride tonight," I says, and I was right.
I'm sixty-two year old come next July
And I been post-mistress for most of 'em
Right here in Epps. (My pap was agin the war,
Agin secession that is, and that's why
I been appointed by the President—
—When he was a Republican—for years)
And I can tell when devilment goes on
In this old town about as quick's it starts.
But Goodness' sakes, I'd no idea they'd come
Right down the valley and next door to me.
Remember when Nat Gillis died last year
They sold his place at auction for his debts—
The shack that's just across the pike from mine—
To that Eyetalian woman from Mobile?
She couldn't talk enough to make a bid
But one of her three kids spoke out for her.
(Joe Denny made 'em pay twice what 'twas worth.)

Well, come last spring, she had the whole place changed.
The shack was painted an outlandish blue
And just outside she had a great big lot
Laid out in rows—all kinds of vegetables—
A-growin' in that red clay soil. Lord knows
Howcome she done it, but she did sure 'nough.
She sold the greens at market in Mobile,
Had her two oldest kids in school there, too.
One day I heard some talk at Searcy's store—
Joe Denny cursin' "them damn dagoes' luck,"
And callin' them a bunch of dirty wops,
Plain heathen who believed the Pope was God.
"We ought to run 'em out of town," he says.
I thought he didn't mean a thing by it
But I was wrong as I'm a-tellin' yuh:

The day I seen their horses I went home
Along toward seven o'clock, real late for me,
The biggest moon I ever see was risin'
Right slow above the east rim of the valley.
And the Eyetalians' lamp was out but they was there.
Out on their porch to see the moon I reckon,
All four of 'em a-settin in a row,
The mother with her three small boys beside.
I'd hardly got unhitched an' fed my mare—
I 'member now of walkin' from the barn—
When I looked up the road and there they come.
They wasn't ridin' fast, they couldn't well,
On them plow horses and fat bellied mules,
Just raisin' lots of yellow dust, they were,
An' through it I could see them old white sheets
That covered 'em from head almost to shoes,
And still it never came into my mind
What they were studyin' to do until
They turned in at the path to the blue house.
As soon as I see that I run across,

All fixed to speak a good piece of my mind,
When somethin' happened that I'll not forget.

The riders set in a sort of half a circle
With Berry Greaves in the center facin' her;
(I knew 'twas him. He's over six feet two.)
I 'member now how funny they all looked,
Though I was mad I could a'busted laughin'
At all their shoes a-stickin' out o' those sheets.
For some of 'em was farm boots caked with dirt
And one pair yellow with pearl buttons on 'em
(Tad Burt's, the one that runs the fillin' station)
And I could tell Fred Brandon quick enough
He had those same old Congress gaiters on
That he's been wearin' at the store for years.
The woman had caught on; she was so scared
She hid her face in both her hands and moaned;
The littlest boy was cryin', but the rest,
The two school boys, was standin' by their ma.
Well just as Berry started in to talk
There was a sound from up the side the valley;
Right faint it was, just like a man was callin'
Real loud but from too many miles away.
We all looked up the road where it meets the rim;
The moon was makin' it as light as day,
And we heard the sound again, a-comin' near.
Then on the hill there was a yellow mist—
And a whirl of yellow dust come down the road
So fast that we could scarcely see inside it;
It was a rider in a long white robe
A-settin' straight an' tall on a runnin' horse,
A faster horse than any in these parts,
And a bigger man, bigger than Berry Greaves
He seemed by at least a half and mebbe more;
He rode hell-bent but he didn't seem to try,
Just sat that horse and let it sweep him on

Sort of serene and sure—and awful, too.
He made me think of what my pappy told
When I was mighty small—of men who rode
At night to *save* the women and the kids
And not to harm 'em—after Lee's surrender
When damn Yanks tried to run the government,
Damn Yanks and damn fool niggers—till they saw
The Ku Klux ride and felt the lash and tar.
While we stood lookin' the rider disappeared
For one short moment in a dip of the road.
The men by now were lookin' mighty scared,
And all of 'em were ready to go home
When somethin' else helped start 'em on their way.
As he come up the rise beyond the dip,
His big white head and shoulders showin' first,
We saw the moon was in a direct line
Behind him. Full in sight and near he came—
When all our hearts stopped beatin' all at once,
For we could see the moon—through robe and all—
Thought it had turned from yellow to deep orange
And it was barred as if by a dead man's bones.

I said those mules and horses couldn't run—
Well, you can bet they done their best that night,
And since that time there hasn't been a ride—
The Eyetalian woman's garden grows in peace.

Carl Carmer.

THE ANCIENT BEAUTIFUL THINGS [1]

I am all alone in the room.
The evening stretches before me
Like a road all delicate gloom
Till it reaches the midnight's gate.

[1] Reprinted by permission from the volume, *The Ancient Beautiful Things*, by Fannie Stearns Gifford. Copyright, 1923, by The Macmillan Co., N. Y.

And I hear his step on the path,
And his questioning whistle, low
At the door as I hurry to meet him.

He will ask, "Are the doors all locked?
Is the fire made safe on the hearth?
And she—is she sound asleep?"

I shall say, "Yes, the doors are locked,
And the ashes are white as the frost:
Only a few red eyes
To stare at the empty room.
And she is all sound asleep,
Up there where the silence sings,
And the curtains stir in the cold."

He will ask, "And what did you do
While I have been gone so long?
So long! Four hours or five!"
I shall say, "There was nothing I did.—
I mended that sleeve of your coat.
And I made her a little white hood
Of the furry pieces I found
Up in the garret to-day.
She shall wear it to play in the snow,
Like a little white bear—and shall laugh,
And tumble, and crystals of stars
Shall shine on her cheeks and hair.—
It was nothing I did.— I thought
You would never come home again!"

Then he will laugh out, low,
Being fond of my folly, perhaps;
And softly and hand in hand

We shall creep upstairs in the dusk,
To look at her, lying asleep:
Our little gold bird in her nest;
The wonderful bird who flew in
At the window our life flung wide.

(How should we have chosen her,
Had we seen them all in a row,
The unborn vague little souls,
All wings and tremulous hands?
How should we have chosen her,
Made like star to shine,
Made like a bird to fly,
Out of a drop of our blood,
And earth, and fire, and God?)

Then we shall go to sleep,
Glad.—
O God, did you know
When you moulded men out of clay,
Urging them up and up
Through the endless circles of change,
Travail and turmoil and death,
Many would curse you down,
Many would live all gray
With their faces flat like a mask?
But there would be some, O God,
Crying to you each night,
"I am so glad! so glad!
I am so rich and gay!
How shall I thank you, God?"

Was that one thing you knew
When you smiled and found it was good:

The curious teeming earth
That grew like a child at your hand?
Ah, you might smile, for that!—

I am all alone in the room.
The books and the pictures peer,
Dumb old friends, from the dark.
The wind goes high on the hills,
And my fire leaps out, being proud.
The terrier, down on the hearth,
Twitches and barks in his sleep,
Soft little foolish barks,
More like a dream than a dog.—

I will mend the sleeve of that coat,
All ragged—and make her the hood,
Furry, and white, for the snow.
She shall tumble and laugh.—
Oh, I think,
Though a thousand rivers of grief
Flood over my head,—though a hill
Of horror lie on my breast,—
Something will sing, "Be glad!
You have had all your heart's desire:
The unknown things that you asked
When you lay awake in the nights,
Alone, and searching the dark
For the secret wonder of life.
You have had them (can you forget?),
The ancient beautiful things!" . . .

How long he is gone! And yet
It is only an hour or two. . . .

We shall creep upstairs in the dusk,
To look at her, lying asleep:
Our little gold bird in her nest;
The wonderful bird who flew in
At the window our life flung wide.

(How should we have chosen her,
Had we seen them all in a row,
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But there would be some, O God,
Crying to you each night,
"I am so glad! so glad!
I am so rich and gay!
How shall I thank you, God?"

Was that one thing you knew
When you smiled and found it was good:

Well, soon the schoolhouse hove in sight, the winders beamin' brightly;
The sound o' talkin' reached our ears, and voices laffin' lightly.
It puffed us up so full an' big 'at I'll jest bet a dollar,
There wa'n't a fellèr there but felt the strain upon his collar.
So down we jumped an' in we went ez sprightly ez you make 'em,
But somethin' grabbed us by the knees an' straight began to shake 'em.
Fur once within that lighted room, our feelin's took a canter,
An' scurried to the zero mark ez quick ez Tam O'Shanter.
'Cause there was crowds o' people there, both sexes an' all stations;
It looked like all the town had come an' brought all their relations.
The first I saw was Nettie Gray, I thought that girl was dearer
'N' gold; an' when I got a chance you bet I aidged up near her.
An' Farmer Dobbs's girl was there, the one 'at Jim was sweet on,
An' Cyrus Jones an' Mandy Smith an' Faith an' Patience Deaton.
Then Parson Brown an' Lawyer Jones were present—all attention,
An' piles on piles of other folks too numerous to mention.
The master rose and briefly said: "Good friends, dear brother Crawford,
To spur the pupils' minds along, a little prize has offered.
To him who spells the best tonight—or't may be 'her'—no tellin'—
He offers ez a jest reward, this precious work on spellin'."
A little blue-backed spellin'-book with fancy scarlet trimmin',

We boys devoured it with our eyes—so did the girls an' women.
He held it up where all could see, then on the table set it,
An' ev'ry speller in the house felt mortal bound to get it.
At his command we fell in line, prepared to do our dooty,
Outspell the rest an' set 'em down, an' carry home the booty.
'Twas then the merry times began, the blunders, an' the laffin',
The nudges an' the nods an' winks an' stale good-natured chaffin'.
Ole Uncle Hiram Dane was there, the clostest man a-livin',
Whose only bugbear seemed to be the dreadful fear o' givin'.
His beard was long, his hair uncut, his clothes all bare an' dingy;
It wasn't 'cause the man was pore, but jest so mortal stingy.
An' there he sot by Sally Riggs a-smilin' an' a-smirkin',
An' all his children lef' to home a-diggin' an' a-workin'.
A widower he was, an' Sall was thinkin' 'at she'd wing him;
I reckon he was wond'rin' what them rings o' hern would bring him.
An' when the spellin'-test commenced, he up an' took his station,
A-spellin' with the best o' them to beat the very nation.
An' when he'd spell some youngsters down, he'd turn to look at Sally,
An' say: "The teachin' nowadays can't be o' no great vally."
But true enough the adage says, "Pride walks in slipp'ry places,"
Fur soon a thing occurred that put a smile on all our faces.
The laffter jest kep' ripplin' roun' an' teacher couldn't quell it,
Fur when he give out "charity" ole Hiram couldn't spell it.
But laffin's ketchin' an' it throwed some others off their bases,
An' folks 'u'd miss the very word that seemed to fit their cases.
Why, fickle little Jessie Lee come near the house upsettin'

By puttin' in a double "kay" to spell the word "coquettin'."
An' when it come to Cyrus Jones, it tickled me all over—
Him settin' up to Mandy Smith an' got sot down on "lover."
But Lawyer Jones of all gone men did shorely look the gonest,
When he found out that he'd furgot to put the "h" in "honest."
An' Parson Brown, whose sermons were too long fur toleration,
Caused lots o' smiles by missin' when they give out "condensation."
So one by one they giv' it up—the big words kep' a-landin'
Till me an' Nettie Gray was left, the only ones a-standin',
An' then my inward strife began—I guess my mind was petty—
I did so want that spellin' book; but then to spell down Nettie
Jest sort o' went ag'in my grain—I somehow couldn't do it,
An' when I git a notion fixed, I'm great on stickin' to it.
So when they giv' the next word out—I hadn't orter tell it,
But then 'twas all fur Nettie's sake—I missed so's she could spell it.
She spelt the word, then looked at me so lovin'-like and mello',
I tell you 't sent a hundred pins a-shootin' through a fello'.
O' course I had to stand the jokes an' chaffin' of the fello's,
But when they handed her the book I vow I wasn't jealous.
We sung a hymn, an' Parson Brown dismissed us like he orter,
Fur, la! he'd learned a thing er two an' made his blessin' shorter.
'Twas late an' cold when we got out, but Nettie liked cold weather,
An' so did I, so we agreed we'd jest walk home together.
We both wuz silent, fur of words we nuther had a surplus,
'Till she spoke out quite sudden like, "You missed that word on purpose."
Well, I declare it frightened me; at first I tried denyin',

But Nettie, she jest smiled an' smiled, she knowed that I was lyin'.
Sez she: "That book is yourn by right"; sez I: "It never could be—
I—I—you—ah—" an' there I stuck, an', well, she understood me.
So we agreed that later on when age had giv' us tether,
We'd jine our lots an' settle down to own that book together.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

SCARED

These dusky evenings in December
I do be scared with sudden fright,
So many things you'd disremember
Shows quare an' darkish in the night.

Sure kilt you'd be if a dog should bark,
Or an old cow wheeze in the lonesome dark;
For who can tell who's in it at all,
With the Tax man murdered there by the wall,
An' the druidy stone foreninst the wood,
Where you'd maybe see what isn't good,
An' the haunted house— Och! glory be,
There's a power of terrible things you'd see
In the dark.

I'm feared itself lest some black stranger
Would step behind me on the grass;
Or goodness knows what sudden danger
Might lep upon me as I pass.
For strange an' lonesome the roads do seem

Like a far-off place you'd see in a dream;
An' you'd never know who you'd meet at the turn,
Old crazy Nelly or mad John Byrne,
Or the headless one that wrings her hands,
Where the old deserted cabin stands,
Or the fairy dog. Och! glory be—
There's a power of terrible things you'd see
In the dark.

W. M. Letts.

TIM, AN IRISH TERRIER

It's wonderful dogs they're breeding now:
Small as a flea or large as a cow.
But my old lad Tim he'll never be bet
By any dog that ever he met.
"Come on," says he, "for I'm not kilt yet."

No matter the size of the dog he'll meet,
Tim trails his coat the length o' the street.
D'ye mind his scars an' his ragged ear,
The like of a Dublin Fusilier?
He's a massacree dog that knows no fear.

But he'd stick to me till his latest breath;
An' he'd go with me to the gates of death.
He'd wait for a thousand years, maybe,
Scratching the door an' whining for me
If myself were inside in Purgatory.

So I laugh when I hear thim make it plain
That dogs and men never meet again.
For all their talk who'd listen to thim,
With the soul in the shining eyes of him?
Would God be wasting a dog like Tim?

W. M. Letts.

THE PARTY AT CROGAN'S

'Twas a foine time we had down at Crogan's;
The five av us slept not a wink,
Wid a fiddle to stir up our brogans,
An' plenty o' toddy to dhrink.
The grog it was free as the air is,
An' we managed to store it away;
We whistled and sang like canaries.
An' Who was the five, did ye say?

The two Crogans, that's one; Mike Sloyd, that's two; Tim Horrigan's three; an' meself —but there was five av us.

We played forty-five. Mike was b'atin'
An' Horrigan called him a cheat,
Then they threw off their coats widout waitin'
An' tuk at it like dogs in the shtreet.
They stirred up our blood wid their brawlin'
Till we all got mixed up in the fray,
The five av us pullin' an' haulin'
But who was the five, did ye say?

Mike Sloyd, that's one; Tim Horrigan's two; the two Crogans is three; an' meself— sure, there was five av us.

Pat Crogan he tuk up his fiddle,—
Och, Pat is a merry gossoon!—
An' he drew the bow over the middle
An' played us a bit av a chune;
Himself round the kitchen went prancin',—
Such a jig as Pat Crogan can play!—
An' it set the whole five av us dancin',
Now who was the five, did ye say?

Meself, that's one: Mike Sployd, that's two; the two Crogans is three; Tim Horrigan's four—I thought there was five av us.

It was early daylight in the mor-rning
When the party at Crogan's broke up;
The cock in the shed called a war-rning,
An' we all tuk a turn at the cup:
But the truest of friends must be parted,
An' each av us then went our way,
The five av us all happy hearted.
But who was the five, did ye say?

The two Crogans, that's one; Mike Sployd, that's two; Tim Horrigan's three; an' meself och, I guess there was only four av us, after all.

Florence J. Boyce.

ROSA'S CURIOSITY [1]

My frand, you like for buy a hat?
Fine greena seelka wan I gat,
Weeth redda, whita feathah een.
So styleesh hat you nevva seen!
Eh? No? Too bad! for eef you do,
I sal eet pretta cheap to you.
Where deed I gat? Wal, eef you pleass,
I tal to you. Ees lika dees:

My Rosa—dats my girl, you know—
She alla time ees tease me so

[1] From *McAroni Ballads*. Copyright, 1919, by Harcourt, Brace and Howe, Inc. Used by special arrangement with Harcourt, Brace and Company.

An' aska dees an' dat, for try
An' guess w'at prasant I am buy
For geeve to her on Chrees'mas Day;
But alla time I laugh an' say:
"No! No! eet ees su'prise for you,
An' eet ees gona pleass you, too.
I have eet bought an' put away
For keep for you teel Chrees'mas Day."
She stamp da foot an' say: "O! my,
You tease me so you mak' me cry.
You are so mean as you can be
Baycause you weell no tal to me."
My frand, she coax so lika dat
At las' I say: "Eet eesa hat!"
O! den, my frand, for sure she cry,
An' look so sad an' say: "O! why
You tal me w'at eet gona be?
I want eet be su'prise for me.
You just are wan beeg seelly theeng—
Baysides, I theenk eet be a reeng."
Ha! w'at you theenka dat, my frand?
Dese girls ees hard for ondrastand.
So, queeck I say: "Eet ees no true;
I justa maka joke weeth you."
So now, you see, I musta gat
A reeng eenstead for deesa hat;
An' den, how mooch she coax an' tease,
I weel no tal her w'at eet ees.
But here ees steel da hat! O! pleass,
My frand, eef eet should be you meet
Som'body walkin' on da street
Dat look for buy da styleesh hat,
I have da cheap wan he can gat.

T. A. Daly.

FOR GOODNESS' SAK'![1]

"For goodness' sak'!" She say to me—
Dees girl, dees Angela Mari'
Dat soon my wife ees gona be—
"Bayfore I go for leeve weeth you,
You gotta habit, you mus' br'ak;
Dees swearin' talk eet weell not do,
For goodness' sak'!"

"For goodness' sak'! eet's mak' me sad,"
She say, "for hear you speak so bad."
An' I say, "Wal, w'en I am mad,
I feel eef I no swear a few
Dat som'theeng sure ees gotta br'ak;
So w'at da deuce I gonna do,
For goodness' sak'?"

" 'For goodness' sak'!' dat's joosta w'at
You oughta say w'en you are hot!"
She say; "So promise me you weell not
Mak' swear words now for seexa week,
Or you can tak' your presents back!
Here's strongest langwadge you must speak:
'For goodness' sak'!' "

For goodness' sak' I'm tonga-tied,
So dat she weell be satisfied,
Dees girl dat gona be my bride;
But you, you guys dat know me— Wal!
I hope dat you weell not mistak'
What I am theenkin' w'en I yal:
"For goodness' sak'!"

T. A. Daly.

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MR. HAY'S MEMORY SYSTEM

"Look wild, do I? Well, I feel wild. I'm on my way now to the what do you call him, so much a visit, to find out whether it's regular paresis or only inability to get my tongue on the right word. It's been coming on sometime. I just noticed it when I forgot my own name at the roll-call in the armory. Never could remember other people's names, but when I forgot my own I thought it was getting serious. An easy name like mine (*slaps forehead*), by golly, it's gone from me now! Wait a minute, don't help me, let me try my memory system. It helps me to a word by association of ideas. My name has something to do with a farm, I know that. Farm,—crops—grass—oh, Hay. The reason I'm going to the doctor is because the other day Mrs. Hay told me to go to a department store and buy her a—now, wait. Pudding—pie—cake—a half dozen—er—pianos—piano keys—ivory keys—Ivory Soap. A half-dozen cakes of Ivory Soap. (*Writes it down on his cuff.*)

"She wanted me to write it down *then,* but I said I guessed my brains would hold a half-dozen cakes of Ivory Soap, and she said she guessed that's what's in my head instead of brains—you know the way a wife of long standing will talk to a fellow.

"Well, I went down to the store, thinking of half a dozen ways of remembering (*consults his cuff*) Ivory Soap, but I was too proud to write it out—then.

"I consulted the first floor-walker I met and said, 'I want to get some—er—something that floats'—.

" 'Ships? Toy department in basement.'

" 'Life-preservers? they're in the sporting-goods department—fourth floor.'

"I left him in disgust and tried another. I didn't want life-preservers, but I was getting to (*consults cuff*)—Ivory Soap by my memory system. I said to the next one, 'I want to buy six cakes—'

" 'Bakery department, sixth floor.'

" 'No, no. It's something that's in cakes—'

" 'Carraway seeds—grocery department, same floor.'

" 'No, no. They're white cakes—'

" 'Angel-food, same floor.'

" 'Hold on, this thing is advertised everywhere'—

" 'Oh, why didn't you say so, that's breakfast food—same department.'

"I shook my head and summoning all my wits, I remembered the name. I said, 'Say, this thing floats by the baby in the bath tub and you can't lose it'—

" 'What, the baby?' said he, but before I could answer he walked off, and I accosted another. To my joy one of the words I wanted came to me, and I said quickly, 'I want to know where I can get soap.'

" 'Can of what soup?'

" 'Not soup, *soap!*'

" 'All the soups are in the grocery department, but I don't think they carry that brand.'

" 'Brand nothing. I want soap.'

"He shook his head and said to another floor-walker who came up just them, 'No use, Jackson. I'll

have to get an aurist. Deaf as a post. You find out what this gentleman wants.'

"By that time I had lost my temper, and I said to the latest floor-walker, 'Oh, you wouldn't know what I want. It's only in every magazine in the world.'

" 'Is it gunpowder?' said he in a pacific tone of voice.

" 'If it was powder, I'd get it and blow this place to smithereens. Making me lose valuable time just because there's no one here with brains enough to guess what I want, although I've described its qualities over and over again. It's what no house-wife should be without.'

" 'Why, my dear friend,' said he, 'there are fifty things in the grocery department that sell on that catchline. You'd better take the store aisle by aisle—there's only 240 miles of aisles—and keep your eyes peeled, and when you see what you are looking for put your hand on it and ask for it.'

"So I wandered aimlessly about for half an hour on various floors, and at last I came to the playing card counter, where they have counters of ivory, and as soon as I saw the ivory I gave a whoop, jumped up and down and shouted at the top of my lungs: 'I WANT IVORY SOAP! I WANT IVORY SOAP! I WANT IVORY SOAP!'

"In a minute a detective had seized me and was leading me struggling to the street, for he thought I'd gone mad; but I said, 'It's all right, I'm not mad, there it is!' Then I stepped to the clerk standing be-

hind a pyramid of the—(*consults cuff*)—Ivory Soap, and said: 'Send six cakes of this soap to my house C.O.D.'

"And then I left the store in a hurry and it wasn't until my wife asked me for the soap that evening that I remembered that I'd forgotten—forgotten to give them my name and address, so of course I didn't get the soap after all!

"So now I'm going to see the doctor—and get him to fix up my brain; for while there's life there's—soap—I mean hope.

"But I believe I'm the only man in the United States who could ever forget the name of such a useful commodity as (*consults cuff*)—Ivory Soap."

Charles Battell Loomis.

WHEN THE TRAIN COMES IN

Well, yes, I calkerlate it is a little quiet here
Fer one who's b'en about the world and traveled fur an' near;
But maybe 'cause I never lived no other place, to me
The town seems 'bout as lively as a good town ort to be.
We go about our bizness in a quiet sort o' way,
Ner think' o' the outside world, exceptin' wunst a day
We gather at the depot, where we laff an' talk an' spin
Our yarns an' watch the people when the train comes in.

Si Jenkins, he's the jestice o' the peace, he allers spends
His money fer a paper which he glances through an' lends
To some the other fellers an' we all take turns an' chat,
An' each one tells what he 'u'd do if he was this er that;
An' in a quiet sort o' way, afore a hour's gone,

We git a purty good idee o' what's a-goin' on,
An' gives us lots to think about until we meet ag'in
The follerin' to-morrer when the train comes in.

When I git lonesome-like I set aroun' the barber-shop
Er corner groc'ry, where I talk about the growing crop
With fellers from the country; an' if the sun ain't out too hot,
We go to pitchin' hoss-shoes in Jed Thompson's vacant lot
Behin' the livery stable; an' afore the game is done
As like as not some feller'll say his nag kin clean outrun
The other feller's an' they take 'em out an' have a spin;
But all git back in town afore the train comes in.

I see it in the papers 'at some folks, when summer's here,
Pack up their trunks an' journey to the seashore every year
To keep from gittin' sunstruck; I've a better way than that,
Fer when it's hot I put a cabbage-leaf inside my hat
An' go about my bizness jes though it wasn't warm—
Fact is I ain't a-doin' much sense I moved off my farm;
An' folks 'at loves the outside world, if they've a mind to, kin
See all they ort to of it when the train comes in.

An' yit I like excitement, an' they's nothin' suits me more
'An to git three other fellers, so's to make a even four,
'At knows the game jest to a T, an' spend a half a day
In some good place a-fightin' out a battle of croquet.
There's Tubbs who tends the post-office, an' old Doc Smith
and me
An' Uncle Perry Louden—it 'u'd do you good to see
Us fellers maul them balls aroun'; we meet time an' ag'in
An' play an' play an' play until the train comes in.

An' take it all in all I bet you'd have to look aroun'
A good, long while afore you'd find a nicer little town
'An this 'n' is. The people live a quiet sort o' life,
Ner carin' much bout the world with all its woe an' strife.

An' here I mean to spend my days, an' when I reach the end
I'll say, "God bless ye!" an' "Good-bye," to every faithful friend;
An' when they foller me to where they ain't no care ner sin,
I'll meet 'em at the depot when the train comes in.

Nixon Waterman.

MR. BUSH'S KINDERGARTEN CHRISTMAS

"She hailed from around Boston somewheres, and she came out here and started one of these 'ere kindling-garters," said Mr. Milo Bush. "Roped in all the small children in town and begun to learn 'em to string straws, and map out beans, and wad wet clay and such other practical things which would be useful to 'em when they growed up. Showed 'em that they had thumbkins, and told 'em 'bout Jack Frost, and Old Man East Wind, and Uncle Feeble; and had 'em singing 'Hoppery, skippery, hop, flop, pop—summer's the time to whop, whop, whop!'

"Well, it seemed to be a good thing, though I don't reckon our folks would 'a' took much stock in it if it hadn't been for the girl herself. That there girl was the *prettiest* girl that ever struck the country. Such eyes as she had! And that mouth of hers!—well, I b'lieve if it could 'a' been done, that every man in town would 'a' had himself reduced to eighteen inches high and gone to school to her, and strung his straw, and wadded his gob of clay with thumbkins.

"She was the most enthusiastic girl—*and* the prettiest! She just kept us parents on the jump. Doing what, do you think? *Living for our children!* That was all, but it kept us busy. She used to call parents' meetings, and make little speeches, 'Come, let us live for our children,' she would say. So that's wot we done—just lived for 'em. Rekerations of the past was abandoned, such as hoss-trots. Old Major Sudley killed his game-cock, and had him for Sunday dinner, though the Major said afterwards that the next old fighting rooster he et he would do it on a weekday, as the remarks necessary in carving the j'ints wa'n't no fit language for the Sabbath.

"Well, as I said, the girl was b'iling with enthusiasm. Every week she took the young uns on a picnic, or round to see a blacksmith, or a carpenter, or a cobbler, or somewheres. 'Ticky, tick, tack; tocky, whock, whoo—this is the way to half-sole a shoe!' Then when winter got here and Jack Frost come creeping, come creeping, there was new goings-on. Finally Christmas hove in sight, and the girl got more excited than ever. Called another mothers' meeting, and we fathers was on hand. The girl made another speech. Christmas was coming. Didn't we know the little song about Christmas? And wot it said about Sandy Claus? Though Sandy Claus was a miff, wot a bootiful miff! It was well that the little ones should believe in such miffs as long as they could! Alars! the stern realities of life would confront 'em but too soon! Let us make the Christmas

of the little ones of the kindling-garter a glad one. Did we not want to live for our children? The song told specially of Sandy Claus's reindeers, and the children were much interested in the reindeers. Wot fond parent would volunteer to show the children a team of reindeers?

"I sprung to my feet while the other parents was 'eaning for'ard to rise, and say I: 'Miss, if we can find a pair of reindeers in Bon Pierre County, or even one reindeer, or *half* a reindeer, or a critter that *looks* like a reindeer, I'll drive him for the children.' 'Thank you,' says the girl, smiling at me; and if she'd 'a' asked me to drive two lions tandem, *with* a hyener under the seat, I'd 'a' done it. 'And you are on the right track, Mr. Bush,' she goes on; 'there are, of course, no reindeers here. We must stimulate some reindeers, Mr. Bush.' 'Wot,' says I, thumbkin behind my ear, letting on I hadn't heard. 'We must stimulate some reindeers—counterfeit 'em, you know. Get some other likely critters and fasten some horns on 'em, and make 'em look like reindeers.' Well, we all talked the matter over, and decided that the best we could do was to take a couple of mooley steers belonging to Zeb Woodbeck, and tie some horns on 'em, hitch 'em to a light sleigh, and let 'em sizzle, with me a-holding the reins, and mebby calling cheerily: 'On, Prancer! Whoa, Dancer!'

"Well, there ain't much more to tell. I done it. 'Bout four o'clock in the afternoon so's the little ones could go home and get to bed early. The plan was to have the children in front of the school-house, and

I was to dash around the corner and swing round the house a couple or three time, and then leave the sleigh and crawl through a hole in the back of the building, and pop out behind the stove as the children come in the door, all frosty, and with flowing whiskers, and wearing pillers under my clothes, and with my nose red. It took a pile of fixing up, and when they got through with me my nose was the only thing which I could recognize as my own.

"Then I got in the sleigh down by the livery-barn, and drove up around, the steers trotting off pretty free, and the bells on 'em ringing lively. Then I swung 'em round the corner, and says I: 'On, Prancer! On, Dancer!' and the children clapped their hands, and the others begun to yell, and somehow it excited them critters, and they hopped up into the air, and yanked round their heads, and their horns fetched loose and tipped back and took 'em on the shoulders, and Dancer let out an awful 'B-a-a-a-r!' and Prancer kicked sideways at a dog, and they lit out down the main street like a bloo streak, me a-sawing on the reins and a-yelling 'The Night Before Christmas' at 'em in chunks. As we tore through town, both reindeers b-a-a-a-r-ing and kicking, the bells a-ringing, every dog in town close behind making use of their own language, and *my own voice not idle,* we was said to 'a' presented a impressive spectacle.

"We tore on. After passing over six miles of prehayrie in a few minutes, I was throwed out by the sleigh striking a rock. Them simulated reindeers

went on. My knee was fractured, and I started to crawl back the six miles, singing cheerily, 'Clap, clap with glee; for Christmas is coming and merry are we!' My whiskers impeded my crawl a good deal by getting under my knees, but I reached the house of a settler about dark.

" 'Didn't you go by here a spell ago as if you was in a kind of a hurry?' says he.

" 'No,' says I; 'that was Sandy Claus.'

" 'It looked like you,' says he.

" 'We are one and the same,' says I; *'e pluribus unum.* I was stimulating Sandy Claus. Bring in some snow and thaw out my left earkin.'

" 'See yere, old man,' says he; 'before I stir a step tell me wot in all creation you are making such a Tom-twisted fool of yourself for.'

" 'I am living for a Boston kindling-garter teacher; fetch in that snow!' "

Hayden Carruth.

KIDS

"Hey, I've found some money-wort,
Some day I'll be rich!—
Or I wonder if it's a checkerberry?—
I don't know which is which.

"Look, don't touch that blade of grass,
Just keep away from it!
For see that frothy bubbly ball?—
That's snake-spit!

"Cover your lips, the darning-needle
Loves to sew 'em up!—
Who likes butter? Lift your chin—
Here's a buttercup.

"She loves me—she loves me not—
I wish that I knew why
It always comes a different way
Every time I try.

"How many children?—Here you are—
You can have three blows—
And you don't want many children,
For you have to buy 'em clo'es.

"Now we can take the stems, see,
And wet 'em into curls
And stick 'em in our hair and run
And make believe we're girls.

"D'y' ever whistle a blade of grass?
Look, I got a fat one. . . .
You slit it, see? Here's one for you—
There's no snake-spit on that one.

"Aren't big people funny
That they don't want to play?
And some of 'em don't like ice-cream—
I couldn't be that way.

"They just sit round and talk and talk—
O' course their hands are clean.
But they make us wash ours all the time,
I couldn't be that mean.

"No, honestly I couldn't,
Could you? I'd sooner die.
We'll dig some worms to-morrow
And go fishin'! Goo'-by!

Witter Bynner.

THE BALLAD OF SOULFUL SAM

You want me to tell you a story, yarn of the firin' line,
Of our thin red kharki 'eroes, out there where the bullets whine;
Out there where the bombs are bustin', and the cannons like 'ell-doors slam—
Just order another drink, boys, and I'll tell you of Soulful Sam.

Oh, Sam, he was never 'ilarious, though I've 'ad some mates as was wus;
He 'adn't C. B. on his programme, he never was known to cuss.
For a card or a skirt or a beer-mug he 'adn't a friendly word;
But when it came down to Scriptures, say! Wasn't he just a bird!
He always 'ad tracts in his pocket, the which he would haste to present,
And though the fellers would use them in ways that they never was meant,
I used to read 'em religious, and frequent I've been impressed
By some of them bundles of 'oly dope he carried around in his vest.

For I—and oh, 'ow I shudder at the 'orror the word conveys!
'Ave been—let me whisper it 'oarsely—a gambler 'alf of me days;
A gambler, you 'ear—a gambler. It makes me wishful to weep,

And yet 'ow it's true, my brethren!—I'd rather gamble than sleep.

I've gambled the 'ole world over, from Monte Carlo to Maine;
From Dawson City to Dover, from San Francisco to Spain.
Cards! They 'ave been me ruin. They've taken me pride and me pelf,
And when I'd no one to play with—why, I'd go and I'd play by meself.

And Sam 'e would sit and watch me, as I shuffled a greasy deck,
And 'e'd say: "You're bound to Perdition." And I'd answer: *"Get off me neck!"*
And that's 'ow we came to get friendly. though built on a different plan,
Me wot's a desprite gambler, 'im sich a good young man.

But on to me tale. Just imagine . . . Darkness! The battle-front!
The furious 'Uns attackin'! Us ones a-bearin' the brunt!
Me crouchin' be'ind a sandbag, tryin' 'ard to keep calm,
When I 'ears someone singin' a 'ymn toon; be'old! it is Soulful Sam.

Yes; right in the crash of the combat, in the fury of flash and flame,
'E was shootin' and singin' serenely as if 'e enjoyed the same.
And there in the 'eat of the battle, as the 'ordes of demons attacked,
He dipped down into 'is tunic, and 'e 'anded me out a tract.

Then a star-shell flared, and I read it: "Oh, Flee from the Wrath to Come."

Nice cheerful subject, I tell yer, when you're 'earin' the bullets 'um.
And before I 'ad time to thank 'im, just one of them bits of lead
Comes slingin' along in a 'urry, and it 'its my partner . . . Dead?

No, siree! not by a long sight! For it plugged 'im 'ard on the chest,
Just where 'e'd tracts for a army corps stowed away in 'is vest.
On its mission of death that bullet 'ustled along, and it caved
A 'ole in them tracts to 'is 'ide, boys—but the life o' me pal was saved.

And there as 'e showed me in triumph, and 'orror was chokin' me breath,
On came another bullet on its 'orrible mission of death;
On through the night it cavorted, seekin' its 'aven of rest,
And it zipped through a crack in the sandbags, and it walloped me bang on the breast.

Was I killed, do you ask? O, no, boys. Why am I sittin' 'ere
Gazin' with mournful vision at a mug long empty of beer?
With a throat as dry as a—oh, thanky! I don't much mind if I do.
Beer with a dash of 'ollands, that's my particular brew.

Yes, that was a terrible moment. It 'ammered me 'ard o'er the 'eart;
It bowled me down like a nine-pin, and I looked for the gore to start;
And I saw in the flash of a moment, in that thunder of hate and strife,
Me wretched past like a pitchur—the sins of a gambler's life.

For I 'ad no tracts to save me, to thwart that mad missile's doom;
I 'ad no pious pamphlets to 'elp me to cheat the tomb;
I 'ad no 'oly leaflets to baffle a bullet's aim;
I'd only—a deck of cards, boys, but—*it seemed to do just the same.*

Robert W. Service.

GREETINGS FOR TWO

Knowed him more 'n twenty year;
Liked him through an' through:
Him an' me was neighbors here
When the land was new.
He druv past here every day,
Wave' his hand jes' so;
Then he'd holler "Howdy!" an'
I'd holler back, "Hello!"

I'd be workin' in the field,
He'd be off to town;
An' I'd hear that rattle-wheeled
Buggy comin' down;
I'd look up from hoein' corn,
An' I'd see him go;
Then he'd holler "Howdy!" an'
I'd holler back, "Hello!"

Never was no other talk
Had by him an' me;
See him go by, trot or walk,
Wave—an' let him be.
Alwus knowed when I looked up
Jest how it 'u'd go:
He 'u'd holler, "Howdy!" an'
I'd holler back, "Hello!"

Say, I call *that* neighborin'
In the proper way;
Ain't no kith o' mine er kin
Fur as I kin say;
Alwus friendly, cheery-like,
Sunshine, rain, er snow,
He jest hollers, "Howdy!" an'
I holler back, "Hello!"

He 'ten's to his own affairs,
An' I 'ten' t' mine;
He don't put on any airs,
I don't cut no shine;
Weather bad or weather fair,
Drivin' fast or slow,
He jest hollers, "Howdy!" an'
I holler back, "Hello!"

That's the way we started out
When we settled here;
Like t' keep it up about
'Nother twenty year.
Look out yonder in the road—
There! Now see him go!
Soon he'll holler, "Howdy!" an'
I'll holler back, "Hello!"

J. W. Foley.

WHOA!

Whoa, gol durn it! Can't ye stand
Still a minute? Wanta see
What is waftin' 'cross my face,
Apple blossoms off that tree.

Whoa, confound ye! Can't ye give
  Me a peek at that there wren
Fussin' underneath the eaves—
  Goin' t' build her nest again?

Goshamighty, how the grass
  Is a'comin' since the rain!
Them there frogs is raisin' hell
  In that low spot down the lane.

Whoa, by cracky! There's a squirrel
  On the rail of that there fence;
What ye keep a pullin' fer?
  Ain't ye got a mite o' sense?

Whoa, I tell ye! Plowin'll wait
  Fer a spell. I'd like to know
Why I got to say giddap
  When all creation's sayin' whoa!

Anonymous.

IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO

I pray you, do not turn your head; and let your hands lie folded, so.
It was a dress like this, wine-red, that troubled Dante, long ago.
You don't know Dante? Never mind. He loved a lady wondrous fair—
His model? Something of the kind. I wonder if she had your hair!

I wonder if she looked so meek, and was not meek at all (my dear,

I want that side-light on your cheek). He loved her, it is very clear,
And painted her, as I paint you, but rather better, on the whole
(Depress your chin; yes, that will do): he was a painter of the soul!

(And painted portraits, too, I think, in the *Inferno*—devilish good!
I'd make some certain critics blink had I his method and his mood.)
Her name was (Fanny, let your glance rest there, by that majolica tray)—
Was Beatrice; they met by chance—they met by chance, the usual way.

(As you and I met, months ago, do you remember? How your feet
Went crinkle-crinkle on the snow along the bleak gas-lighted street!
In instant in the drug-store's glare you stood as in a golden frame,
And then I swore it—then, and there—to hand your sweetness down to fame.)

They met, and loved, and never wed (all this was long before our time);
And though they died, they are not dead—such endless youth gives mortal rhyme!
Still walks the earth, with haughty mien, great Dante, in his soul's distress;
And still the lovely Florentine goes lovely in her wine-red dress.

You do not understand at all? He was a poet; on his page
He drew her; and, though kingdoms fall, this lady lives from age to age:

A poet—that means painter too, for words are colors, rightly laid;
And they outlast our brightest hue, for varnish cracks and crimsons fade.

The poets—they are lucky ones! When *we* are thrust upon the shelves,
Our works turn into skeletons almost as quickly as ourselves;
For our poor canvas peels at length, at length is prized—when all is bare:
"What grace!" the critics cry, "what strength!" when neither strength nor grace is there.

Ah, Fanny, I am sick at heart, it is so little one can do;
We talk our jargon—live for Art! I'd much prefer to live for you.
How dull and lifeless colors are! you smile, and all my picture lies:
I wish that I could crush a star to make a pigment for your eyes.

Yes, child, I know I'm out of tune; the light is bad; the sky is gray:
I'll paint no more this afternoon, so lay your royal gear away.
Besides, you're moody—chin on hand—I know not what—not in the vein:
Not like Anne Bullen, sweet and bland you sit there smiling in disdain.

Not like the Tudor's radiant Queen, unconscious of the coming woe,
But rather as she might have been, preparing for the headsman's blow.
So, I have put you in a miff—sitting bolt-upright, wrist on wrist.

How *should* you look? Why, dear, as if—somehow—as if
you'd just been kissed!

Thomas B. Aldrich.

UP AT A VILLA—DOWN IN THE CITY

Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city-square;
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there!

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least!
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast;
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a
beast.

Well, now, look at our villa! stuck like the horn of a bull
Just on a mountain's edge as bare as the creature's skull,
Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull.
—I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned
wool.

But the city, oh the city—the square with the houses! Why?
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to
take the eye!
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry!
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hur-
ries by:
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun
gets high;
And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted properly.

What of a villa? Though winter be over in March by rights,
'Tis May perhaps ere the snow shall have withered well off
the heights.

You've the brown ploughed land before, where the oxen steam
and wheeze,
And the hills over-smoked behind by the faint gray olive-
trees.

Is it better in May, I ask you? you've summer all at once;
In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns!
'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers
well,
The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and
sell.

Is it ever hot in the square? There's a fountain to spout and
splash!
In the shade it sings and springs; in the shine such foam-bows
flash
On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance and paddle
and pash
Round the lady atop in the conch—fifty gazers do not abash,
Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in
a sort of sash!

All the year long at the villa, nothing's to see though you
linger,
Except yon cypress that points like Death's lean lifted fore-
finger.
Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix in the corn and
mingle
Or thrid the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.
Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is shrill,
And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous
firs on the hill.
Enough of the seasons,—I spare you the months of the fever
and chill.

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells
begin.
No sooner the bells leave off, than the diligence rattles in:
You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.
By and by there's the travelling doctor gives pills, lets blood,
draws teeth;
Or the Pulcinello-trumpet breaks up the market beneath.
At the post-office such a scene-picture—the new play, piping
hot!
And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves
were shot.

Above it, behold the Archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes,
And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new
law of the Duke's!
Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don So-
and-so
Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Saint Jerome, and Cicero,
"And moreover," (the sonnet goes rhyming,) "the skirts of
Saint Paul has reached,
Having preached us those six Lent-lectures more unctuous
than ever he preached."
Noon strikes,—here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne
smiling and smart
With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck
in her heart!
Bang, whang, whang, goes the drum, tootle-te-tootle the fife;
No keeping one's haunches still: It's the greatest pleasure
in life.
But bless you, it's dear—it's dear! fowls, wine, at double
the rate.
They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays
passing the gate
It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the city!
Beggars can scarcely be choosers: but still—ah, the pity, the
pity!

Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls and sandals,
And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the yellow candles.
One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with handles,
And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better prevention of scandals.
Bang, whang, whang, goes the drum, tootle-te-tootle the fife.
Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in life.

Robert Browning.

YOUTH AND ART

It once might have been, once only:
We lodged in a street together,
You, a sparrow on the housetop lonely,
I, a lone she-bird of his feather.

Your trade was with sticks and clay,
You thumbed, thrust, patted and polished,
Then laughed, "They will see some day
"Smith made and Gibson demolished."

My business was song, song, song,
I chirped, cheeped, trilled and twittered,
"Kate Brown's on the boards ere long,
"And Grisi's existence embittered!"

I earned no more by a warble
Than you by a sketch in plaster;
You wanted a piece of marble,
I needed a music-master.

We studied hard in our styles,
Chipped each at a crust like Hindoos,

For air looked out on the tiles,
  For fun watched each other's windows.

You lounged, like a boy of the South,
  Cap and blouse—nay, a bit of beard too;
Or you got it, rubbing your mouth
  With fingers the clay adhered to.

And I—soon managed to find
  Weak points in the flower-fence facing,
Was forced to put up a blind
  And be safe in my corset-lacing.

No harm! It was not my fault
  If you never turned your eye's tail up
As I shook upon E *in alt.*,
  Or ran the chromatic scale up:

For spring bade the sparrows pair,
  And the boys and girls gave guesses,
And stalls in our street looked rare
  With bulrush and watercresses.

Why did not you pinch a flower
  In a pellet of clay and fling it?
Why did not I put a power
  Of thanks in a look, or sing it?

I did look, sharp as a lynx,
  (And yet the memory rankles)
When models arrived, some minx
  Tripped up-stairs, she and her ankles.

But I think I gave you as good!
  "That foreign fellow,—who can know

"How she pays, in a playful mood,
"For his tuning her that piano?"

Could you say so, and never say
"Suppose we join hands and fortunes,
"And I fetch her from over the way,
"Her piano, and long tunes and short tunes"?

No, no, you would not be rash,
Nor I rasher and something over:
You've to settle yet Gibson's hash,
And Grisi yet lives in clover.

But you meet the Prince at the Board,
I'm queen myself at *bals-paré,*
I've married a rich old lord,
And you're dubbed knight and an R. A.

Each life unfulfilled, you see;
It hangs still, patchy and scrappy:
We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
Starved, feasted, despaired,—been happy.

And nobody calls you a dunce,
And people suppose me clever:
This could but have happened once,
And we missed it, lost it forever.

Robert Browning.

COUNT GISMOND

Christ God who savest man, save most
Of men Count Gismond who saved me!
Count Gauthier, when he chose his post,

Chose time and place and company
To suit it; when he struck at length
My honor, 'twas with all his strength.

And doubtlessly ere he could draw
All points to one, he must have schemed!
That miserable morning saw
Few half so happy as I seemed,
While being dressed in queen's array
To give our tourney prize away.

I thought they loved me, did me grace
To please themselves; 'twas all their deed;
God makes, or fair or foul, our face;
If showing mine so caused to bleed
My cousins' hearts, they should have dropped
A word, and straight the play had stopped.

They, too, so beauteous! Each a queen
By virtue of her brow and breast;
Not needing to be crowned, I mean,
As I do. E'en when I was dressed,
Had either of them spoke, instead
Of glancing sideways with still head!

But no: they let me laugh, and sing
My birthday song quite through, adjust
The last rose in my garland, fling
A last look on the mirror, trust
My arms to each an arm of theirs,
And so descend the castle stairs—

And come out on the morning-troop
Of merry friends who kissed my cheek,
And called me queen, and made me stoop

Under the canopy—(a streak
That pierced it, of the outside sun,
Powdered with gold its gloom's soft dun)—

And they let me take my state
And foolish throne amid applause
Of all come there to celebrate
My queen's-day— Oh I think the cause
Of much was, they forgot no crowd
Makes up for parents in their shroud!

However that be, all eyes were bent
Upon me, when my cousins cast
Theirs down; 'twas time I should present
The victor's crown, but . . . there, 'twill last
No long time . . . the old mist again
Blinds me as then it did. How vain!

See! Gismond's at the gate, in talk
With his two boys: I can proceed.
Well, at that moment, who should stalk
Forth boldly—to my face, indeed—
But Gauthier, and he thundered "Stay!"
And all stayed. "Bring no crowns, I say!

"Bring torches! Wind the penance-sheet
"About her! Let her shun the chaste,
"Or lay herself before their feet!
"Shall she whose body I embraced
"A night long, queen it in the day?
"For honour's sake no crowns, I say!"

I? What I answered? As I live,
I never fancied such a thing
As answer possible to give.

What says the body when they spring
Some monstrous torture-engine's whole
Strength on it? No more says the soul.

Till out strode Gismond; then I knew
That I was saved. I never met
His face before, but, at first view,
I felt quite sure that God had set
Himself to Satan; who would spend
A minute's mistrust on the end?

He strode to Gauthier, in his throat
Gave him the lie, then struck his mouth
With one back-handed blow that wrote
In blood men's verdict there. North, South,
East, West, I looked. The lie was dead,
And damned, and truth stood up instead.

This glads me most, that I enjoyed
The heart of the joy, with my content
In watching Gismond unalloyed
By any doubt of the event:
God took that on him—I was bid
Watch Gismond for my part: I did.

Did I not watch him while he let
His armourer just brace his greaves,
Rivet his hauberk, on the fret
The while! His foot . . . my memory leaves
No least stamp out, nor how anon
He pulled his ringing gauntlets on.

And e'en before the trumpet's sound
Was finished, prone lay the false knight,
Prone as his lie, upon the ground:
Gismond flew at him, used no sleight
O' the sword, but open-breasted drove,
Cleaving till out the truth he clove.

Which done, he dragged him to my feet
And said "Here die, but end thy breath
"In full confession, lest thou fleet
"From my first, to God's second death!
"Say, hast thou lied?" And, "I have lied
"To God and her," he said, and died.

Then Gismond, kneeling to me, asked
—What safe my heart holds, though no word
Could I repeat now, if I tasked
My powers forever, to a third
Dear even as you are. Pass the rest
Until I sank upon his breast.

Over my head his arm he flung
Against the world; and scarce I felt
His sword (that dripped by me and swung)
A little shifted in his belt:
For he began to say the while
How South our home lay many a mile.

So 'mid the shouting multitude
We two walked forth to never more
Return. My cousins have pursued
Their life, untroubled as before
I vexed them. Gauthier's dwelling-place
God lighten! May his soul find grace!

Our elder boy has got the clear
Great brow; tho' when his brother's black
Full eye shows scorn, it . . . Gismond here?
And have you brought my tercel back?
I just was telling Adela
How many birds it struck since May.

Robert Browning.

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND

That second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
And Austria, hounding far and wide
Her blood-hounds thro' the country-side,
Breathed hot and instant on my trace,—
I made six days a hiding-place
Of that dry green old aqueduct
Where I and Charles, when boys, have plucked
The fire-flies from the roof above,
Bright creeping thro' the moss they love:
—How long it seems since Charles was lost!
Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
The country in my very sight;
And when that peril ceased at night,
The sky broke out in red dismay
With signal fires; well, there I lay
Close covered o'er in my recess,
Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
Thinking on Metternich our friend,
And Charles's miserable end,
And much beside, two days; the third,
Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize; you know,
With us in Lombardy, they bring
Provisions packed on mules, a string
With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine;
These I let pass in jingling line
And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
The peasants from the village, too;
For at the very rear would troop
Their wives and sisters in a group

To help, I knew. When these had passed,
I threw my glove to strike the last,
Taking the chance: she did not start,
Much less cry out, but stooped apart,
One instant rapidly glanced round,
And saw me beckon from the ground.
A wild bush grows and hides my crypt;
She picked my glove up while she stripped
A branch off, then rejoined the rest
With that; my glove lay in her breast.
Then I drew breath; they disappeared:
It was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone
Exactly where my glove was thrown.
Meanwhile came many thoughts: on me
Rested the hopes of Italy.
I had devised a certain tale
Which, when 'twas told her, could not fail
Persuade a peasant of its truth;
I meant to call a freak of youth
This hiding, and give hopes of pay,
And no temptation to betray.
But when I saw that woman's face,
Its calm simplicity of grace,
Our Italy's own attitude
In which she walked thus far, and stood,
Planting each naked foot so firm,
To crush the snake and spare the worm—
At first sight of her eyes, I said,
"I am that man upon whose head
"They fix the price, because I hate
"The Austrians over us: the State
"Will give you gold—oh, gold so much!—
"If you betray me to their clutch,
"And be your death for aught I know,

"If once they find you saved their foe.
"Now, you must bring me food and drink,
"And also paper, pen and ink,
"And carry safe what I shall write
"To Padua, which you'll reach at night
"Before the duomo shuts; go in,
"And wait till Tenebrae begin;
"Walk to the third confessional,
"Between the pillar and the wall,
"And kneeling whisper, *Whence comes peace?*
"Say it a second time, then cease;
"And if the voice inside returns,
"From Christ and Freedom; what concerns
"The cause of Peace?—for answer, slip
"My letter where you placed your lip;
"Then come back happy we have done
"Our mother service—I, the son,
"As you the daughter of our land!"

Three mornings more, she took her stand
In the same place, with the same eyes:
I was no surer of sun-rise
Than of her coming. We conferred
Of her own prospects, and I heard
She had a lover—stout and tall,
She said—then let her eyelids fall,
"He could do much"—as if some doubt
Entered her heart,—then, passing out,
"She could not speak for others, who
"Had other thoughts; herself she knew:"
And so she brought me drink and food.
After four days, the scouts pursued
Another path; at last arrived
The help my Paduan friends contrived
To furnish me: she brought the news.
For the first time I could not choose

But kiss her hand, and lay my own
Upon her head—"This faith was shown
"To Italy, our mother; she
"Uses my hand and blesses thee."
She followed down to the sea-shore;
I left and never saw her more.

How very long since I have thought
Concerning—much less wished for—aught
Beside the good of Italy,
For which I live and mean to die!
I never was in love, and since
Charles proved false, what shall now convince.
My inmost heart I have a friend?
However, if I pleased to spend
Real wishes on myself—say, three—
I know at least what one should be.
I should grasp Metternich until
I felt his red wet throat distil
In blood thro' these two hands. And next,
—Nor much for that I am perplexed—
Charles, perjured traitor, for his part,
Should die slow of a broken heart
Under his new employers. Last
—Ah, there, what should I wish? For fast
Do I grow old and out of strength.
If I resolved to seek at length
My father's house again, how scared
They all would look, and unprepared!
My brothers live in Austria's pay
—Disowned me long ago, men say;
And all my early mates who used
To praise me so—perhaps induced
More than one early step of mine—
Are turning wise: while some opine
"Freedom grows licence," some suspect

"Haste breeds delay," and recollect
They always said, such premature
Beginnings never could endure!
So, with a sullen "All's for best,"
The land seems settling to its rest.
I think then, I should wish to stand
This evening in that dear lost land,
Over the sea the thousand miles,
And know if yet that woman smiles
With the calm smile; some little farm
She lives in there, no doubt: what harm
If I sat on the door-side bench,
And, while her spindle made a trench
Fantastically in the dust,
Inquired of all her fortunes—just
Her children's ages and their names,
And what may be the husband's aims
For each of them. I'd talk this out,
And sit there for an hour about,
Then kiss her hand once more, and lay
Mine on her head, and go my way.

So much for idle wishing—how
It steals the time! To business now.

Robert Browning.

❋ SECTION VIII ❋

PROSE SELECTIONS

Little wonder that the short story is popular! It has wide human appeal; it saves time for the reader; it holds him intent on adventure, mystery, or character portrayal; it exhibits in small compass a perfect technique.

—E. M. Bolenius.

"A" AS IN "FATHER"

(Orson Carver, 2d, a not too ambitious young man from Boston, has been suddenly removed from two years of ease at Harvard and set down by his father's orders to try his fortunes at work. The scene of his activities is a small mid-western town, Thebes by name. Here his eastern speech, as strange to Thebans as theirs to him, at first seemed likely to keep him from becoming one of them. Emma Terriberry, a Theban, has been away at a finishing school in the east and has even had a trip to Europe. She has just returned to her home in Thebes and, while Orson does not yet know her, he noted that on her arrival, even as she stepped off the train, some strange thing happened to the crowd as she spoke her first word. Aside from Orson and "Em," as she is known in her home town, there is a general group of friends including Arthur Litton, to whom Em has been engaged, on approval, before she left town. Arthur, too, had seemed stricken when, at the train, he heard Em's first words. We take up the story on the evening of the day of Em's return when a party, largely in her honor, is being given at the Littons'. Tudie Litton, Arthur's sister, enamored of Orson, has invited him to be present. Remembering how Emma had apparently shocked every one at the station he is determined to solve the mystery at Tudie's party.)

Orson arrived late and the guests had almost all gathered. The one theme of conversation was evidently Emma. Everybody said to him, "Have you seen Emma?" and when he said "Yes" everybody demanded, "Have you heard her?" and when he said

"No" everybody said, "Just you wait!" Orson was growing desperate so he seized Newt Elkey by the arm and asked: "What does she do?"

"What does who do?"

"This Miss Em Terriberry. Everybody says: 'Have you heard her?' "

"Well, haven't you?"

"No! What under the sun does she do?—bark like a sea lion or—what?"

"Shh! she comes!"

Everybody looked around, and then up, for Emma came down the stairs.

Orson thought he had never seen anything so exquisite. He had not seen such a gown since he had been in Paris. The Thebes girls frankly adored the gown and were hushed with a rapture above envy. They gave her her triumph, but when she reached the foot of the stairs and the waiting Arthur she murmured something that broke the spell. The crowd rippled with suppressed amusement. Arthur flushed. Orson was again too remote to hear. But he could feel the wave of derision, and he could see the hot shame on Arthur's cheeks. Emma took Arthur's arm and disappeared into the parlor where the dancing had begun. Tudie nudged Orson and giggled: "Did you hear her?"

"No. What did she say? For heaven's sake, Tudie, tell me what's the matter with that girl anyway."

"Nothing, I should judge from the look on your face after your close inspection."

"Oh, for pity's sake, don't begin on me; but tell

me what is the matter with the prodigal daughter."

"Talk to her and find out," said Tudie. "Oh, Em —Miss Terriberry, this is Mr. Carver; he's dying to meet you."

"Chahmed, Mr. Cahveh."

Orson's Eastern ears, expecting some horror of speech, felt delight instead. She did not say "charrmed" like an alarm clock breaking out. She did not trundle his name like a wheelbarrow. She softened the "a" and ignored the "r."

Tudie was speaking: "Misterr Carrverr comes from Harrvarrd. He calls it Havvad."

"Oh," said Em, with further illumination, "I woah the Hahvahd colohs the lahst time I went to a game."

Orson immediately asked her for the next dance and Em granted it. They finished the dance and went out on the porch where the moonlight could not have been more luscious in Cleopatra's barge. The girl's voice was in key with the harmony of the hour and brought him sounds from the East grateful as home news to an exile. He expected to have her torn from him at any moment. But, to his amazement, no one came to demand her. When supper was over and the plates were removed, Tudie whisked Orson away to dance with her, and began at once: "Well, have you found out? Did you notice how affected she is?"

"No. No more than any other girl."

"Didn't you dahnce with her?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's it."

"What's that?"

"She says 'dahnce,' doesn't she?"

"I believe she does."

"Well, she used to say 'dannce' like the rest of us."

"What of it? Is it a sin to change?"

"It's an affectation." Tudie raged on: "She has no right to put on airs. Her father is no better than mine. Who is she, anyway, that she should say 'dahnce' and 'cahn't' and 'chahmed'?"

Orson was amazed at the depths of bitterness stirred up by a mere question of pronunciation. He answered softly: "Some of the meekest people in the world use the soft 'a.' I say 'dahnce.'"

"Oh, but you can't help saying it, you were born where everybody talks like that. Em was born out here."

"But 'dannce' and 'cann't' aren't correct."

"Oh, yes, they are."

"Oh, no, they're not! Not by any dictionary ever printed."

"Then they'd better print some more. Dictionaries don't know everything."

"Don't be foolish."

"Well, then, don't try to convince me that Em Terriberry is a wonderful creature because she's picked up a lot of foreign mannerisms and comes home thinking she's better than the rest of us. We'll show her—the conceited thing! Her own father and mother are ashamed of her, and Arthur is so disgusted he doesn't know what to do. I think he ought

to give her a good talking to or break off the engagement."

The very "talking to" that Tudie believed her brother ought to give his betrothed he was giving her at that moment on the porch. Arthur had hesitated to attempt the reproof. It was not pleasant to broach the subject, and he knew that it was dangerous since Em was high spirited. But she brought it forth herself in a geyser. He was worrying through a perfunctory consolation: "Oh, you just imagine that people are cold to you, Em. Everybody's tickled to death to have you home. You see, Em—"

"I wish you wouldn't call me Em."

"It's your name, isn't it?"

"It's a part of my old name. But I've changed Emma to Amélie. After this I want to be called Amélie."

If she had announced her desire to smoke a pipe in church, or even to go in for circus-riding, he could not have been more appalled than he was at what she said.

"Amélie?" he gasped. "I'll be d—darned if I will! This is carrying things too blamed far. When you got off the train, you knocked me off my pins by what you said to your father and mother."

"And what did I say?"

"You said: 'Oh, my dolling Mammàh, I cahn't believe it's you'!"

"What was wrong with that?"

"You used to call her 'Mamma' and you called her

'darrling.' And you wouldn't have dared to say 'cahn't'! When I heard you I wanted to die. Then you grabbed your father and gurgled, 'Oh, Pappàh, you dear old angel!' And then you turned to me and I knew what was coming! I wanted to run, but I couldn't! And you said it! You called me 'Ahthuh'!"

"Isn't that your name, deah?"

"No, it is not! My name is 'Arrthurr' and you know it—good honest 'Arrthurr'!"

Amélie, born Emma, laughed at his ferocity. She tried to appease him. "I think 'Ahthuh, is prettiah. It expresses my tendah feelings bettah. The way you say it, it sounds like garrgling something."

"For Heaven's sake, Emamélie, don't be a snob!"

"You're the snob, not I. There's just as much snobbery in sticking to a mispronunciation as there is in being correct. You think it's all right for me to dress as they do in New York. Why shouldn't I talk the same way? I'm not afraid of you or the rest of your backwoods friends. I'll release you from our engagement, and you needn't take me home," and she rose and swept into the house.

Emma Terriberry's crime was not in her pronunciation, but in the fact that she had changed it. Having come from Thebes she must forever remain a Theban or face down a storm of wrath. Her quarrel with her lover was the beginning of a quarrel with the whole town. Arthur Litton became suddenly a hero. Thebes rallied to his support. Emma was a heartless wretch.

No country except ours could foster such a feud. No language except the chaos we fumble with could make it possible. But its own violence wore out the war. People ceased to care how a thing was said, and began to take interest again in what was said. Those who had mimicked Amélie had grown into the habit of mimicry until they half forgot their scorn. People began to smile when they met her, and she smiled back. Suddenly everybody that had "not been speaking" began speaking, bowing, chatting. Everybody was now half and half, or, as Tudie vividly spoke it, "haff and hahf." Thebes was as confused in its language now as Alsace-Lorraine.

Amélie began to grow tired of the whole subject. Old customs grew dear to her like old slippers. She remembered the Littons' old buggy and the old horse, and the old drives Arthur and she had taken under the old moon. Her father and mother had shocked her with their modes of speech when she came home. She felt now that they ought to have spanked her. A great tenderness welled up in her heart for them and their homely ways. The village was taking her back into its slumbrous comfortableness. She was reverting to Thebes.

Orson, who had been her cavalier, finding her mightily attractive, began to pall upon her as this reversion took place. Now he had received orders to return to Boston. He called on Amélie and was excited to the point of proposing. She declined him plaintively saying she could not leave the old home.

He asked her to write to him and she promised she would.

When at last the train hurtled him back into Massachusetts he had almost forgotten that he had ever been in Thebes, but he had a sharp awakening. When he flung his arms about his mother and told her how glad he was to see her, her second exclamation was: "But how on uth did you acquiah that gahstly Weste'n accent?"

That same evening in the far-off Middle West the lonely Amélie was sitting in her creaking hammock, wondering how she could endure her loneliness, plotting how she could regain her old lover. She was desperately considering a call upon his sister. She would implore forgiveness and then she would beg Tudie's intercession with Arthur. She had nearly steeled herself to this glorious act of contrition when she heard a warning squeal from the front gate, a slow step on the front walk and hesitant feet on the porch steps.

And there he stood, a shadow against the shadow. In a sorrowful voice he mumbled: "Is anybody home?"

"I am! I was just longing for you to come. I was just about ready to telephone you."

There was so much more than hospitality in her voice that he stumbled forward and their shadows collided and merged in one embrace.

"Oh, Amélie!"

"Don't call me Amélie any more. I like Em better from you! It's so short and sweet as you say it."

"Em! my dolling!"
"Oh, Arrthurr!"

Rupert Hughes.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

THE SELFISH GIANT

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a large lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like stars, and there were twelve peach-trees that in the spring-time broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend the Cornish ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say, for his conversation was limited, and he determined to return to his own castle. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden.

"What are you doing there?" he cried in a very gruff voice. "My own garden is my own garden. Anyone can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself." So he built a high wall all round it, and put up a notice-board.

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED

He was a very selfish Giant.

The poor children had now nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used to wander round the high wall when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside.

Then the Spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice-board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep. The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. "Spring has forgotten this garden, so we will live here all the year round," they cried.

"I cannot understand why the Spring is so late in coming," said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold white garden; "I hope there will be a change in the weather."

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant's garden she gave none.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the

King's musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. He jumped out of bed and looked out.

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in, and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms, and were waving their arms gently above the children's heads. The birds were flying about and twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing. It was a lovely scene, only in one corner it was still winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all round it, crying bitterly.

And the Giant's heart melted as he looked out, and he said: "How selfish I have been! Now I know why the Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children's play-ground for ever and ever."

So he crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they were so frightened that they all ran away, and the garden became winter again. Only the little boy did not run, for his eyes

were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant stole up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant's neck, and kissed him. And the other children, when they saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the Spring. "It is your garden now, little children," said the Giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at twelve o'clock they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-bye.

"But where is your little companion? The boy I put up into the tree?"

"You must tell him to be sure and come here to-morrow."

But the children said that they did not know where he lived, and had never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon, when school was over, the children came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved was never seen again. The Giant was very kind to all the children, yet he longed for his first little friend, and he often said, "How I would like to see him!"

Years went over, and the Giant grew very old and

feeble. He could not play about any more, so he sat in a huge armchair, and watched the children at their games, and admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers, but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all."

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate Winter now, for he knew that it was merely the Spring asleep, and that the flowers were resting.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder, and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvellous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were all golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said, "Who hath dared to wound thee?" For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet.

"Who hath dared to wound thee? Tell me that I may take my big sword and slay him."

"Nay!" answered the child; "but these are the wounds of Love."

"Who art thou?" said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him, "You let me play once in your garden, today you

shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise."

And when the children ran in that afternoon, they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.

Oscar Wilde.

THE MYSTERIES OF RADIO

I wouldn't be surprised if I knew less about radio than any one in the world, and that is no faint praise. There may be some things, like horseshoeing and putting little ships in bottles, which are also closed books to me, but I have a feeling that if some one were to be very patient and explain the principles to me I might be able to get the hang of it. But I don't have any such feeling about radio. A radio expert could come and live with me for two years, and be just as kind and gentle and explicit as a radio expert could be, and yet it would do no good. I simply never could understand it; so there is no good in teasing me to try.

As a matter of fact, I was still wrestling with the principle of the telephone when radio came along, and was still a long way from having mastered it. I knew that I could go to a mouthpiece and say a number into it and get another number, but I was not privy to the means by which this miracle was accomplished. Finally I gave up trying to figure it out, as the telephone company seemed to be getting along

all right with it, and it was evident from the condition my own affairs were getting in that there were other things about which I had much better be worrying. And then came radio to confuse me further.

Of course, I know all about the fact that if you toss a stone into a pond it will send out concentric circles which reach to the shores. Everybody pulls that one when you ask them how sound is transmitted through the air. If I have been told about tossing a stone in a pond once I have been told it five hundred times. I have even gone out and done it myself, but I guess that I didn't have the knack, for the concentric circles ran for only about two feet and then disappeared.

But the stone in the pond explanation is really no explanation at all, for there you have at least the stone and the pond to work with, whereas in radio you have nothing, absolutely nothing. If people tell me about the stone in the pond once again I shall begin to think that it is a gag worked by those who don't understand the thing either.

Somebody once did say something which made a great impression on me, but which I can hardly believe. He said that the air had always been full of these sounds, and that all the radio did was to give some means of catching them. This is a horrible thought. To think that the room in which the Declaration of Independence was signed would have, by the mere installation of radio, been echoing with the strains of something corresponding to "I Kiss Your

Hand, Madame." Reason totters at the thought, and I mention the supposition only to show how absurd the whole thing is.

But the suggestion is a haunting one, even though you, as I have done, discard it as impractical. If the air has always been full of music and voices which we have only just recently learned to make audible, what else might it not be full of right now which, perhaps in a hundred years, will also be dragged out into the light? If by the installation of a microphone at the other end and a receiving set at my end I learn that my room has all the time been full of noises made by the Little Gypsy Rubber Sponge Quartet over in Newark or a man employed by some slipper concern in Michigan, why isn't it possible that it is also full of things I don't know about, such as the spirits of the men who murdered the little princes in the tower, or perhaps a couple of Borgia's? It simply makes a mockery of privacy, that's all it does. A man ought to have some place where he can go and be alone without feeling that he may be breathing in a lot of strangers and what nots.

I will even concede that the air of out of doors may be full of sound waves, but you can't make me believe that they can get through the walls of great big houses. They might get through the walls of a summer hotel, or even come through an open front door and work their way upstairs. I will even go so far as to recognize the possibility of something erected on a roof catching them and bringing them down into

the living room to disturb daddy when he is trying to take a nap. But to ask me to believe that a box which has no connection at all with the outside can be carried about a house which is securely locked, and still keep on playing sounds which have pushed their way through stone walls, is just a little too much. For this reason I have refused to turn on my portable radio set which was given to me on my birthday. I will not allow myself to be made a party to any such chicanery.

My biggest argument that the whole thing is a fake is the quality of the stuff that comes out of the air. Scientists have gone to all the trouble of rigging up apparatus which will pull out of the air sounds which we were never able to hear before, the whole ether is thrown into a turmoil, the south pole is placed in connection with Greenland and modern life is revolutionized by the utilization of these mysterious sound waves. And with what result? We in New York hear Miss Ellen Drangle in Chicago singing, "Mighty Lak a Rose." The mountain which brought forth a mouse did a good day's work in comparison.

All of this, however, is probably none of my business. I had better not be criticizing others for something which I couldn't possibly do myself. Probably that is what upsets me so—that I don't understand how it works. I have seen other people make it work and that has more or less discouraged me. They get so unpleasant about it. It would seem as if contact with such cosmic natural elements as electricity and

sound waves and WJZ would have a tendency to make a man broadminded and gentle, but it doesn't work out that way. It just makes them nasty.

It all goes to show, however, that even the people who know a lot about radio and electricity really don't know an awful lot, and makes me all the more contented to stick to my old banjo. I don't know many chords on it, but I do know where they come from.

Robert Benchley.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

THE WORLD'S SUBLIMEST SPECTACLE

I thank the ruler of my mortal circumstances that it has been my fortune once to see the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

No mortal eye has ever held so great a scene.

I should be ashamed—as any American should be ashamed—if, by my own choice, I had looked on Egyptian Pyramid, or Asian height, or European alp, and never seen my own country's glory in this sublimest spectacle of all the world.

It is one great gulch of grandeur let down into the eternities. It is the soul and substance of all the mountains and all the chasms, of all the deeps and all the heights, sculptured and chiseled, majestically masoned, and magnificently upholstered in myriad splendors of light and shadow, of shape and color, by the Lord God Almighty.

Here are vast Gibraltars that no artillery of earth

could ever shake. Here are alhambras more splendid than any sultan's dream. Here are thrones too magnificent for any mortal king—the heights unspeakable, depths unutterable, and colors divine; crimson falling softly into brown, old gold fading into violet, domes of chalcedony on temples of porphyry, auroras crouching splendidly among the rocks, and mighty cathedrals of purple and gold, where sunrise and sunset are married to the setting of a rainbow ring.

No canvas or camera has ever caught the grandeur of the Cañon. No pen or tongue has ever done justice to this matchless peroration of the universe.

Put away words! There is nothing to do before this unspeakable glory but to be silent and still, while the poor cramped soul beats against its bosom for expression, and in the impotence of all human speech simply whispers, "God!"

John Temple Graves.

WHEN MA RODGERS BROKE LOOSE[1]

It was a hot, smothery July morning. Heat waves shimmered above the thick white dust of the country road, and the sun broiled down upon the vegetable-patch beside it with fierce intensity.

As Ma Rodgers stood in the kitchen doorway, a huge tin pan in one hand and a sunbonnet in the other, she sighed a meek little sigh, for she was tired. She had been at work many hours already, and the prospect of gathering peas in that pitiless heat was

[1] Copyright, Aug., 1911, J. B. Lippincott Co.

not an inviting one. But the sigh was followed by a smile as she put on her sunbonnet and hurried down the path, saying to herself, "Oh, well, I ought to be glad I have any peas to gather."

Ma Rodgers had what might be termed an "Oh, well" disposition. If she wanted to go anywhere and was disappointed, she said to herself, "Oh, well, I hadn't anything to wear," and if sometimes she wished she had a new dress, she said, "Oh, well, I don't go many places to wear it."

A unique epitaph found in a quaint graveyard ran thus: "She was so pleasant," and that is the best description that could be given of Ma Rodgers—she was so pleasant. She was pleasant when she came down in the morning, which is more than can be said of most people; she was pleasant all through a hard, worrying day, and she was pleasant when she went to bed at night, tired past all belief and aching in every joint.

She had made herself a slave to her husband and to her boy and girl, and, as is often the way with families, they had let her do it. They never noticed that she was wearing out, that she was always tired and always shabby. They were used to her sacrifices and they actually never realized them. At least this much is due them.

The sun was still broiling down on the vegetable-patch, and the July morning was an hour older, when Eliza Bonner, carrying a large basket, came up the front path and scowled darkly at the picture of Susan Rodgers lolling in the hammock under a tree, reading

a novel. Eliza had a sharp face, a spare frame, a shrewd mind, a big, kind heart which she went to all sorts of trouble to conceal.

"Susan, where's your Ma?" she asked sourly.

"What je say? Oh, Ma! I dunno. I guess she's down in the garden."

"Humph!" quoth Eliza shortly, and passed around the side of the house. Just as she reached the back steps, Ma Rodgers came wavering up from the garden. She had pushed her bonnet back to get air; her face was purple, and perspiration streamed from every feature. The swollen veins on her forehead and neck throbbed visibly. She smiled bravely, and sank down in a little heap on the step in the shade of the arbor.

"My!" she panted, "it's hot, ain't it? But the peas are fine!"

Eliza shut her mouth into a straight line. She always hated interfering, but injustice made her so mad that the words just boiled up, and she had hard work to keep them from boiling over.

"My!" said Ma Rodgers, wiping her dripping face with her apron. "Seems 's if I'd never cool off."

Eliza's mouth opened.

"Why didn't you git Susan to help you?"

"Oh, well, she's readin' a story, an' I hated to ast her."

"Why didn't Jim Rodgers or Joe pick 'em las' night, afore sundown?"

"Why you know, they like 'em right fresh picked, an' seems 's if they do taste better."

All of a sudden Eliza boiled over.

"The trouble with you is, you're too pleasant, Jane Rodgers, an' your family jest tromp over you. If your bein' pleasant done anybody any good, I wouldn't say a word, but it don't. It don't do any good to you, that's certain, fer everybody jest natchurally puts on you because you ain't got gumption enough to object; and it don't do them any good, fer they're turnin' into the laziest, selfishest lot o' lumps I ever set eyes on."

Ma Rodgers gasped out, "I've tried so hard to bring 'em up right."

"I know you've tried, but you ain't succeeded, because you ain't gone about it right. If you want folks to be o' some use in the world, don't wait on 'em hand an' foot. Make 'em wait on you.

"Look at that big loppos of a husband o' your'n! You on your knees, after a hard day's washin', takin' off his shoes an' puttin' on his slippers fer 'im.

"Look at that fat son o' your'n in front o' the fire, winter days, with his feet cocked up an' a book in his hand, yellin', 'Ma, the fire needs attention,' an' never even lookin' up with a word o' thanks when you come staggerin' in with both arms full o' logs an' stirrin' up the fire to keep him warm.

"Look at that saucy snub of a daughter. Instead o' her hustlin' roun' to git breakfast fer you, she lays abed an' lets you bring 'er coffee an' rolls in the mornin', because she read about it in a book onct.

"An' what good 's it goin' to do 'em? When you

die, nobody's goin' to do things fer 'em, fer nobody'll like 'em well enough. They're growin' too hateful an' selfish.

"I hope I ain't spoke too plain—but it's all Gawspel truth. What you want to do is to break loose some o' these days an' scare the wits out of 'em. Then maybe they'll sit up an' take notice.

"Well, I must be goin'. Good-bye, Jane, an' don't let yourself git overhet like this again—if you kin help it."

Ma Rodgers sat stunned. Was it true? Was she making the children so nobody would like them? She had never thought of anything except that she loved them so dearly that she wanted to make everything easier for them. Eliza had said that they were hateful and selfish. They weren't hateful, but then, of course, she never crossed them. Selfish! Now that she thought of it, they never did try to do anything for her—or for anybody.

Finally, with a funny mixture of fright and resolution on her face, she got up and went around the side of the house.

"Susan," she said, with a little quaver in her voice, "I wish you'd help me shell the peas. I'm afraid dinner'll be late."

"Oh, Ma, I can't," Susan complained. "I'm just in the middle of this book."

Ma Rodgers went back to the kitchen-step and stood there.

Yes, there was no doubt of it: Susan was selfish;

and nothing mild-mannered would cure her of it. She had tried politeness, now she'd have to "break loose," as Eliza had told her.

Suddenly she whirled about, rushed around to the hammock, and snatched the book out of Susan's hand.

"Now, you hike around there and shell them peas as fast as you kin shell. An', what's more, you don't git a peek in this book until you've done a day's work. After you've helped with the meals an' washed the dishes an' cleaned up, you kin think about readin'."

Ma Rodgers had hard work to retain the look of stern command throughout this long speech, for Susan looked so funny and got out of the hammock so fast that it was as much as Ma Rodgers could do to keep from looking astonished herself.

As Susan went out of sight, Ma Rodgers suddenly sat down in the hammock, more to keep herself from falling than anything else, for her knees had begun to give under her. Then she got to thinking it all over again, and, as she thought, she swung gently back and forth. It was pleasant there, cool and shady, and a little breeze fanned her as she swung. Then she wondered how it would feel to lie down and swing. With a childish look of mischief and apprehension on her face, she let herself sink into the depths of the hammock, gave herself a last mighty push, and then tucked both feet in clear of the ground. Up she swung, down she swung; up again, down again. The air rushed past her, a little less each time, and de-

lightfully cool and soothing. The birds sang and the insects hummed. The motion of the hammock had quieted to a little swaying, this way, that way. With a smothered chuckle, she remembered a game of childhood—she was "letting the old cat die." She wondered what people would say. She wondered what Susan—

The miracle had happened. Ma Rodgers was asleep in the hammock in the middle of the day.

Through a heavenly dream of rest and joy and wild freedom, a feeling of impending doom filtered. Blacker and more insistent it became. Restlessly she stirred, and finally opened her eyes on the awe-struck face of Susan standing beside the hammock.

"I've shelled the peas, an' pared the potatoes, but I dunno what else to do, an' Pa an' Joe are just comin' over the hill."

Ma Rodgers flew up in a panic. Pa and Joe! And dinner couldn't be on time, and they always fussed so if it was five minutes late. She scrambled out of the hammock and rushed back to the kitchen. Breathlessly she put on the water for the vegetables, and ran here and there, after the meat and milk and butter; and then in they came.

"Gee, I'm hungry," growled Joe. "Ain't dinner ready, Ma?"

Pa Rodgers walked over to the fire and grumbled, "Why don't ye put some wood in this fire? Looks to me's if dinner won't be ready fer an hour."

A violent trembling fit took possession of Ma

Rodgers, and her hand shook so that she dropped the butter-dish, butter and all; and then she "broke loose."

"No, and what's more, it won't ever be ready without'n you two big lazy things git out there in the woodshed an' chop some wood. Do you think I'm goin' to work my fingers to the bone doin' two or three women's work an' then do men's work beside? Not much, I ain't! You git out there an' hustle in that wood. No wood, no dinner. Quick, now! Don't stand starin' like a couple o' calves." With that, she flounced out of the room, skilfully dropping an apron over a little pile of wood she had chopped that morning.

Silently, in a dazed sort of way, the two men passed on out to the woodshed.

Ma Rodgers, watching through the crack of the door, rocked back and forth with suppressed laughter, their faces were so unutterably funny, and they walked along so meekly.

At the table, they all looked so subdued she could hardly keep her face straight. She looked at her plate to hide the mischievous look in her eyes, and then she said:

"Susan, I want you should learn to make cake. Two weeks from tomorrow is the church picnic. I'm agoin', so we'll need two cakes. I'll make one, an' you kin make the other."

Three mouths hung wide open in amazement. For years, Ma Rodgers had made the good things for the rest of them to take to the picnic, but she had

always stayed home. She had always said she had nothing to wear.

Susan and Joe gasped out, "You goin' to the picnic!"

And Pa Rodgers said, "Why, Ma, you ain't got nothin' to wear."

"I said I was goin' to the picnic, an' I meant I was goin' to the picnic. As fer havin' nothin' to wear, Jim Rodgers, it's about time I did have somethin' to wear, an' you kin have till tomorrow to get me ten dollars to buy somethin' with, an' then I'll have two weeks to make it in. Jest because I've been a fool an' a fright all my life ain't any reason why I should always be a fool an' a fright. Now, then! An' fer goodness' sake, shet your mouths. You look like I dunno what, that way."

For two weeks the dazed look never left the faces of Pa Rodgers and Joe and Susan. They were at the beck and call of Ma Rodgers, who scolded and complained and commanded. Everything went like clockwork, and Ma Rodgers grew less and less tired, and sewed secretly on her new clothes with a feeling of lawlessness and wild abandon. The only thing that troubled her was a sensation of distress at the thought of how the others must feel, and what they must think of her.

The day of the picnic arrived. With Susan's help the hampers had been packed with a delicious lunch, and Ma Rodgers had gone upstairs to dress. Somehow, she could not get rid of the feeling that the rest of the family would not enjoy the picnic—they

seemed so depressed and meek and quiet. However, when she finally put on her new dress, she forgot everything else in the elation of that moment. The dress was a soft, gray dimity, and Ma Rodgers, who was a born dressmaker, although she had hitherto used her art only to beautify Susan, had made it with skilful hands and had lightened it up with the tiniest, deftest touches of pale old rose. Her hair, which for years she had worn strained back into a tight little knot because it took less time from her work, she had brushed and brushed until it glinted with silver lights, and had then combed it loosely and heaped it rather high on her head. Then she donned a silver-gray toque with a few crushed roses of pale old-rose color at the side, and the effect was such that she pinched herself to see if she was awake. Her cheeks were brilliant, and her eyes were surely never that blue!

With her gray silk gloves swinging in one hand, she almost ran downstairs, and from the hall she could see Jim Rodgers sitting by the kitchen window. She stopped and caught her breath, and then she raised her head high and entered the room with an air such as she always thought she would have if she ever had the clothes to bear it out.

Jim looked up, and his paper went fluttering to the floor. For two weeks he had looked astonished, but now he looked transfixed. Then slowly he rose from his chair, never taking his eyes from her.

"Why, Janie," he said softly, breathlessly. "Why, Janie!"

The color came and went in Ma Rodgers' face, and her lips trembled.

"Well, Jim, how do I look?"

Jim reached out both hands and took her gently by the shoulders.

"You look like a peach-blossom in the sun," he said wonderingly.

Ma Rodgers swallowed hard several times, and then she gave a little giggle.

"My! I do hope I ain't agoin' to mess myself all up cryin', but seems's if I do feel terrible queer. There's somethin' I've got to git off my mind before this picnic. Here come the children, an' I'll tell you all to onct."

Without giving them time to express their astonishment at her appearance, she started right in to tell them how somebody had opened her eyes to what she was doing to them, and how she had resolved to change things. Ever since, she had been scolding and ordering until she herself was in danger of becoming a tyrant, so she thought it was time to talk things over, and come to some sort of an agreement whereby they all might help one another and all be happy and pleasant.

"Seems 's if I just couldn't go to this picnic with you all thinkin' me so disagreeable."

They all looked at one another, and then they started to laugh.

"Oh, Ma," said Susan, "I'm so glad an' so relieved, an' I'll just love to help you now."

"Me, too," laughed Joe.

"Yes," said Pa Rodgers; "we all will. It's just that we didn't think, Janie, an' you didn't give us a chance."

"Well, you'll git all the chance you want now. Nobody'll ever say again that I spoil you. Now, who's goin' to the picnic?"

Hicks Bates Broderson.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

THE KID SISTER

As Bud Jones put it, the Kid Sister always went in for things *strong*. And that, as all the Joneses agree, was stating the case mildly. There was nothing of the dilettante about Dottie Jones. She was not merely thorough in her enthusiasms; she was consistent in overdoing them.

The rest of the Joneses would not have minded her excesses if she had not managed somehow always to involve the rest of the family. They had all suffered so much and so often from Dottie's zeal that they came to regard any new interest of hers with anxiety and suspicion if not with actual dread. They even developed a family habit of classifying periods in home history according to Dottie's "spells."

"Let's see," one of them would say, "That was about the time Dottie had the fever for playing jacks." And all the Joneses would remember perfectly that terrible year. Not just because there were still, and always would be, hundreds of little teeth-

marks of iron jacks on the window seats and piano bench where Dottie had perfected her "rights" and "lefts" and "Patagonians," but chiefly because in all kinds of weather Dottie *would* sit on cold cement sidewalks at recess and bounce her ball, and pick her jacks, and fail, and try again. The game of jacks did not "come easy" to Dottie. All the better. She was a go-getter, as American as her name. Just set a goal and leave it to Dottie Jones. But it meant that all the Joneses would be up o' nights fighting the croup with the Kid Sister. Somehow the family always paid.

And the Joneses can never quite forget what happened during the Kid Sister's animal age. It was like Dottie not to confine herself to the conventional stray-cat-and-mounted-butterfly degree of interest. She must have crawly things like turtles, that would be seen to emerge—to ooze almost—from under a sofa when you least expected them, and jumpy things like frogs, and elusive things like guinea pigs and white mice. When there was a pet show over at Dottie's school, she wanted to enter something distinctive. If you couldn't have the very best specimen in the dog exhibit—and Gretchen, the Kid Sister's dear sad-faced dachshund, she was forced to admit, had never caused a single judge to hover about her cage—then the next best thing was to get a blue ribbon for something that was in a class by itself.

When, after long and emotional family debate, Dottie was turned from her original purpose of raising a goat or a baby skunk, the Joneses had not the

heart to protest against the two chameleons she brought home from the Pomona County Fair. And in all fairness to Dottie, it must be conceded that they turned out to be fairly serene and nerveless creatures, generally phlegmatic, and easy to live with. Now they would rest upon a picture frame, brown and camouflaged against the wood. The next time you noticed them—however they got there you never knew—they would be clinging, all green and almost imperceptible, to a portière, motionless and scarcely blinking.

Certainly Aunt Amelia, when she came to spend the winter, had no idea the little ornaments on the spare room curtains were living, breathing creatures, and the Joneses did not think to tell her. Aunt Amelia was no more prepared to see those trinkets move than she would have been to see the big gold fly on the dresser take flight and go buzzing around the room, the big gold fly where Aunt Amelia kept her diamond rings.

And on the morning that Aunt Amelia shook the spare room curtains to see if they were dusty, she accepted no explanations from the Jones family. It didn't take her ten minutes to get her trunk ready to go to Aunt Quintilla's where, she was quite frank to say, she hoped to goodness she wouldn't have to live in the same room with baby alligators!

Aunt Amelia was old, too, and she was the only one of the Joneses who had money.

But the Jones family didn't know what trouble was until the Kid Sister became a joiner. Dottie

joined the Busy Bees, and the Bees used up all the clean sheets, as soon as they came from the laundry, for initiations. She joined a summer camp club and came back from her first rally at Camp Baldy with a deep and passionate longing to become a bugler. Dottie had read the Alger books, and she knew that nothing was impossible to the youth with a wish to do and a will to dare. Wherefore Dottie's father, protesting vainly, paid five dollars for a bugle, and Dottie set her alarm an hour ahead, and the Joneses' neighbors knew for once what it must have been like to be in the War.

For weeks Dottie's life was one thing and one thing only—learning to play the bugle. She practised with and without the instrument. She held her lips slightly pursed in the manner of one about to bestow a kiss, but anyone who expected one was sure to be disappointed. The Kid Sister was only "carrying her face," as Bud said, "à la bugle."

The neighbors kept the Jones telephone ringing, and many of them came in person to ask if something couldn't be done about this unrequested reveille. The Kid Sister, all undaunted, shut herself in the basement and addressed her solos to the furnace. And if the Joneses felt they never quite recovered their prestige in the neighborhood, what did it matter? Next season Dottie was the camp bugler.

Little wonder that the Joneses felt they were in for something when Dottie joined the Camp Fire Girls. But the family fell to, gallant band that they were. They protested, but they got behind the Kid

Sister and helped her put it over. Mother and the two older girls struggled with bead looms and headband patterns, and when Dottie finally got the hang of it herself, they watched her anxiously as she bent over her Indian ornaments, stringing tiny bright beads until far past her bedtime.

When the head band was ready and brown fringe all sewed on the little khaki dress, the Kid Sister began to talk, rather vaguely, of honors. Camp Fire Girls, it would seem, must strive for honors among the tribe. The Joneses were amazed to see Dottie plunging suddenly into a great whirl of domestic activity. She made beds and washed dishes and dusted furniture, all with swiftness and dispatch, and hardly had she plumped up a pillow, and hardly had she shaken one fold from a dust cloth before she had recorded each brave deed in a notebook. The balance of interest, it is true, seemed to be on the notebook side, the rungs of the chairs often escaping the attention of the duster altogether, the beds appearing somewhat bumpy where Dottie neglected to take out a hot-water bottle. But on the whole the Camp Fire game, up to this point, had its merits.

One Saturday noon during the Kid Sister's summer vacation the Joneses sat down to a very frugal, unfamiliar-looking meal, and Dottie held open the kitchen door and made an announcement. She was about to win a supreme honor, she told the family confidently, by doing the cooking for a whole week. Nobody was even to help mash the potatoes or pour the water.

Bud rebelled openly. This was going too far. It entailed the sacrifice of too many human beings. Dottie had once carried over a project into the home circle. She had baked a tin of muffins for supper. She had merely confused the portions of baking powder and flour in copying from the board, but Bud had never been able to forget it.

Dottie's face was now all freckles, and flour and perspiration. Two fingers were wrapped up, and she looked hot and pathetic. She turned her eyes, as she might have turned a search light, first on one Jones, and then on another. And not a Jones could say her nay. She did the cooking for a week.

All Dottie knew about the preparation of food was in a notebook labelled, in her own round hand, "Seventh Grade Cooking." Under this new honor system, Father began to count so surely on chipped beef on toast and scorched cocoa for lunch that he resorted to eating downtown. Bud gloomily partook of sliced oranges and cornstarch pudding as alternate desserts, muttering, with vicious jabs at the pale rubbery mixture before him, that he *sure* wished they'd have *pie,* once in a *while.*

The Jones girls spent their entire allowance on chocolate sundaes at the Sugar Bowl Confectionery, and though Mother bore her enforced vacation like the Spartan she was, she confessed to the girls that she was fairly perishing to get into the kitchen and stir up something.

In a word the family felicity around the board was practically destroyed, mealtime bringing, as it

did, neither physical pleasure nor sense of mystery. The Joneses knew exactly what they would have to eat—even allowing for certain omissions when things burned up.

All this the family endured for the Kid Sister, and when the horrible week was up, and Dottie ran off to the gathering of the tribe with her honor notebook in her hand, they felt it was their triumph as much as hers. Dottie would claim the big prize—whatever it was. She had told them there was no doubt about it, and they put their faith in her. She deserved it. So did they. And all the Joneses agreed that a feast was in order upon this occasion, for more reasons than one.

Dottie came in a little late for the opening exercises of the home celebration. The Joneses had already broken their fast with noodle soup, and Father was just serving great portions of fried chicken and pouring ladles of golden gravy over Mother's beaten biscuits.

"Well, Kid," began Bud, good-naturedly. He was eating like a starved thing. "What was the big compensation? If it's a radio, I hope it's a good one. You've got the big prize with you, haven't you? I'll say we helped you earn it!"

"It's not a prize—exactly, silly," said Dottie, beaming. "But I got my honors—see!"

And here she displayed three wooden beads on a rawhide thong.

"The red one in the middle is for cooking!"

And the Kid Sister was the only one of the Joneses who did not feel strangely cheated.

Beatrice Humiston McNeil.

THE CONVERSION OF JOHNNY HARRINGTON

The group of children on the school playground disintegrated violently, as if under the force of some great shock. Then they drew together again, warily, yet yielding to a fascination that overcame every other consideration. The compelling force seemed indicated by the shrill voice of a small boy, raised in excited speech; above the heads of the gaping children flashed a pair of red-mittened hands, with which their owner energetically sawed the air as enforcement of his argument.

"Oh-h-h! Johnny Harrington!" squealed a horrified little girl, timidly skirting the circle. "How dast you say such things!"

For reply, Johnny Harrington crowded on more daring. He jeered at her. He was not more than eight, and, though very ragged as to clothing, he was whole and sturdy as to body. His blue toes cropped out shamelessly from the burst leather of his shoetips; the cap on the back of his head was a mere symbol of what it had once been. But the authority of his manner and expression was surprising. He was a born fighter, a preacher of truth, a hater of

shams, and a self-appointed Star of Bethlehem to his school-mates, squirming in a world of darkness.

"Huh! You kids make me sick. Ain't I told you! Don't I know! He's just nothin' but a fat old man with a big belly and a false beard."

This was too much. Several of the circle shrank back in horror, and Evelyn Johnson, one of his most loyal admirers, uttering what was as near to a lady-like scream as her years permitted, wholly upset by the combined shock of Johnny's language and the grim skepticism of his conclusions, departed with ostentatious hauteur. Johnny sniffed in lofty derision. "Huh! Evelyn's only a girl. Girls don't know no better. But we ought to; we're boys! Let 'er go. Sissy! Writin' to Santy Claus! I'd rather never git nothin' than be such a fool kid. My mother gits me all I want. She give me these mittens 'cos my hands was cold. Christmas she'll fill my stockin'. It's your mothers that does it, I tell yeh! An' yer fathers. It ain't no Santy Claus. 'Cos why? 'Cos there ain't no sech thing. He's just a fake."

The December wind whistled by Johnny's ears. The December cold bit Johnny's toes. There was an ominous and unsympathetic chill in the silence all about him. He thrust his mittened hands deep into his two pockets and bit his lip. Johnny was gaining his first knowledge of the world's attitude toward the bearer of unwelcome tidings. He was alone with his advanced views. During the days that followed, Johnny's position was a trying one. Boys and girls who used to play Johnny's games, take Johnny's or-

ders, and generally await Johnny's pleasure, now spent their leisure hours comparing Christmas lists. Tiring of this enforced isolation, Johnny joined one of these groups the week before Christmas.

"I got a list, too," he observed ingratiatingly. They looked up with brightening faces. Miss Evelyn Johnson uttered a shriek of welcome. "Oh, Johnny, then you do b'lieve in Santy, after all! I'm just as glad!"

"Santy nothin'," observed Johnny Harrington rudely. "I've a list fer me mother. See! She'll git the things. Miss Mayhew wrote it out for me to give her, so she won't forget nothin'."

One pair of skates,
One flying machine,
One pair boxing gloves,
One ball and bat.

"That's all I want. Gee, I'm glad I ain't countin' on no Santy Claus to git down the chimley with 'em."

Miss Johnson rose. "I ain't goin' to stay here, then," she observed nippingly. "If Santy Claus sees me talking to you, he'll think I don't believe in him, either, and then p'raps I won't get nothing from him."

She departed hurriedly, and her companions faded away with her, leaving Johnny alone. Johnny found himself practically ostracized during the remaining days before Christmas. Touched by his isolation, his teacher, Miss Mayhew, spoke of it to the superintendent of the Sunday-school that Johnny Harring-

ton adorned on occasions when his duties permitted him to be present.

"He's having a sad time," she added, when she had told the story, "and I'm afraid he's going to be dreadfully disappointed at Christmas. Of course his poor mother can't buy those presents for him. She has all she can do to feed him."

The superintendent nodded sympathetically. He remembered Johnny, and liked him.

"Perhaps we can help you out. He's a fine youngster, but he's a bit too cocksure of things. He needs a lesson. We'll have some fun with him. It will do him good. Just leave it to me."

Miss Mayhew thankfully left it to him, and Mr. Henry Mason thereupon included in the plans for his Sunday-school Christmas celebration one or two features not originally on his program.

Christmas brought a grievous disappointment to Johnny Harrington. He had refused to debase his intellect by hanging up a stocking, but he had deigned to facilitate the convenience of his mother by putting at the head of his bed a large chair on which she might lay the packages containing his gifts. When he opened his eyes Christmas morning, they fell on objects whose bulk and shape were such that the shock brought Johnny upright. But, of course, he thought, there must be some mistake.

Mrs. Harrington, who was already up and about, appeared at the door. "Get right up, Johnny. I want you to do some errands for me," she said briskly. Man though he was, Johnny's eight-year-old voice

nearly broke. "Say, Ma! Are those things for me?"

"Yes, Johnny. Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas, Ma! Say—is those things all you got?"

"All there is this year, Johnny. Mebbe next year we can get the air-ships an' autymobiles an' things. Now you get up."

She departed, and for a sickening moment Johnny Harrington buried his red head in his thin pillow. He remembered how often he had sworn that he would rather go without things than believe in "guff." Well, he was going without them; there was no doubt of that.

That afternoon Johnny graced the annual Christmas celebration given for the children of St. Giles' church. His modesty, as well as his ragged clothing and bare toes, prompted him to take an inconspicuous seat far in the rear of the big assembly room. Around him, and stretching row after row before him, sat boys and girls he knew—girls wearing pink and blue bows, and cuddling new dolls and Teddy bears; boys with clean collars, immaculate clothes, and hair flattened to their heads by vigorous brushing. Clean, respectable believers in Santa Claus. Johnny remembered this and regarded the backs of their heads with stolid scorn.

On the stage stood a Christmas tree—a really wonderful Christmas tree. Johnny Harrington drew his breath sharply as he looked. Presents enough for every one. Possibly some for him! But he dared not hope. Already to-day he had experienced one grievous

blow. He could not face the prospect of another.

He was aware that Mr. Mason, the Sunday-school superintendent, was saying a few words of welcome, and making a few mild jokes suited to fresh young minds. Then there was a stir, a great outburst of applause, and an awed silence. A huge, fat, red figure, with a red cap and a long white beard, flowing down his chest, was bowing to the children in response to Mr. Mason's introduction.

"Santy Claus!" Johnny Harrington's lips curled. He shuffled in his seat and looked defiantly ahead. Santa Claus was speaking.

"I'm glad to be with you to-day, my dear children, because Mr. Mason tells me that you've been a pretty good lot of boys and girls this year. I dropped into some of your houses last night, where my boys and girls live—those who believe in me, and were expecting me. I couldn't disappoint those boys and girls. Of course I did not go to the houses where children live who do not believe in me."

A shudder ran through the assemblage. Were there indeed such? Then every child who knew Johnny Harrington remembered him, and dozens of eyes turned slowly and regarded him with severe disapproval. As if they pointed the way, the eyes of Santa Claus turned upon him, too. Down the spine of Johnny Harrington there ran a long, icy shiver.

Santa Claus resumed slowly, benign but awesome. "I hear that there is one—boy—present—who does not believe in me!"

This was terrible. A great lump rose in the throat

of Johnny Harrington. He resolutely swallowed it, and averted his eyes from the horror-struck face of Evelyn Johnson, turned palely upon him.

"I want to meet that boy. If Johnny Harrington is present, I invite him to stand up!"

To this distinguished request, Johnny Harrington did not respond. It was not the stubborn pride of intellect. It was a strange weakness in his knees. His head swam. His tongue felt stiff in his mouth. Then, all at once the children near him became ostentatiously officious. They punched him and pushed him. For a moment Johnny believed he was experiencing a dreadful nightmare. Finally, partly by his own efforts, partly with the help of others, he got on to his feet and stood awaiting his doom. His legs shook under him. His freckled face showed the freckles more than usual—it was so white. But he held his head high, and his eyes looked straight at the roly-poly red figure on the platform.

"So that is Johnny Harrington. The boy who doesn't believe in me. Well, well! Now, Johnny, I want you to come right down here."

This was like being summoned to the block. The other children stopped talking and pointing, and awaited further developments in awe-struck silence. No journey that Johnny Harrington ever made in later life seemed as endless to him as that slow progress from the back to the front of the great hall. Never had he experienced before the feeling that the world was looking at him. His teeth chattered in his head. His eyes rolled widely. But he set his jaws

pugnaciously, and somehow made his way, under the eyes of his associates, down to the burly figure that awaited him.

"I think this is positively cruel!" whispered Miss Mayhew, anxiously. "I didn't know it would be as hard on him as that. Poor little fellow!"

"Do him good," answered the superintendent, sententiously. "Look at the pluck of the chap! He's scared to death, but he's taking it gamely. I think I'll keep an eye on that youngster, and do something for him. He's worth it."

Johnny Harrington, unaware of this rosy prospect, and with no conviction whatever that he was heroic, was shivering under the keen eyes of Santa Claus.

"Now, Johnny," said that gentleman, when the child finally stood before him, "I want to say this to you. You can think what you please. Nobody cares much what you think. But when you go about in school for weeks telling other boys and girls that there is no Santa Claus, and trying to destroy their faith in me and their happiness in Christmas, I don't like it. Do you understand?"

"Ye-ye-yes, sir," said Johnny Harrington, humbly.

"That's all right. Remember that in future. Now I want you to come up here while I give away all these presents. I want you to see me doing my work. Then you can make up your mind whether there is a Santa Claus or not."

He motioned Johnny to a chair, and the pale child

stumbled forward and sank heavily into it. At first he was so dazed by the strangeness of his situation that he saw nothing but rows of heads and fluttering ribbon. Then, as Santa Claus now disregarded him wholly and set actively about the business of the day, he was able to realize his unique position, and even to grasp some of its advantages. He was a little embarrassed by the prominence of his feet in their torn shoes, but he soon discovered that he could effectively and unobtrusively tuck them out of sight behind several large packages. This manœuver effected, he sat up, looked about, drew a deep breath, and began to enter into the spirit of the occasion.

Santa was stout, and the room was warm. His make-up, moreover, did not facilitate his labors. He reached up for packages from the tree and down for packages from the floor with increasing difficulty. The quick eyes of Johnny Harrington saw this.

"I kin pick up all the packages," he whispered helpfully, "if you'll just call off the names. You must be tired after bein' up all night."

Santa Claus grinned at him, almost lovingly. "Well, rather. And some of those chimneys were an awfully tight fit for a fat man."

Johnny's heart leaped. This was indeed close association with the great—and surely Santa Claus had forgiven him, or he wouldn't talk in that friendly way. Characteristically, Johnny Harrington fell to work, handing out packages, helping to unfasten strings, saving the star performer in every way he

could, and doing it all with entire good-will and utter lack of self-consciousness. He had forgotten his ragged clothes and his torn shoes. He had wholly failed to realize that he himself was getting no presents at all. He was merely a busy, happy small boy, doing the work that lay before him with all his heart and soul. Suddenly Santa Claus uttered an exclamation.

"Well, well! Here's a familiar name. 'Johnny Harrington?' " he read at last. "Is Johnny Harrington pres—? Why, yes. Of course he is. I must have brought something for him, after all! I suppose I had forgotten that he didn't believe in me."

He turned and handed the package to the small boy, and Johnny's heart leaped as he opened it. It had not surprised him to receive no gifts at all. It did not overcome him to receive one now. He was, in his way, a philosopher, and took life as he found it. But it was gratifying to discover that this package held no candy cane; no orange; and no colored ball. Instead, it offered him one of his dearest dreams—a pair of skates. And attached to them, as if to make the gift wholly complete, was a pair of stout-soled new shoes. Johnny drew a long breath. Skates and shoes! Shoes and skates! And his small friends were applauding wildly as he stared at the gifts. His heart swelled almost painfully.

Miss Mayhew, looking at the boy with a very soft light in her eyes, could have told something about the donor of these gifts, but Johnny, in his newborn faith, was not likely to glance that way. He was

looking up at Santa Claus now with something in his eyes which touched that matter-of-fact gentleman.

"I'm awfully sorry I said you wasn't—there wasn't—" Johnny began haltingly. Santa Claus waved a mittened hand. "Oh, that's all right. Don't mention it. Why, I believe there's something else here with your name on it, too." He produced another package, and Johnny opened it. A tool-box, full of tools! Johnny gasped. The room whirled about him. He turned to the stout figure in red to express his thanks, but Santa was already very busy with other packages, and Johnny, dropping his own concerns, plunged into his work again with renewed alacrity.

As he lifted and pulled down and untied packages, he studied Santa Claus carefully. The back of his head had an oddly familiar look, that puzzled him; so did a ring on his left hand, since Santa Claus had taken off his mittens. His voice, too, had a familiar sound—was even like one he had heard many times before. In dreams, or where? Santa Claus, tired and anxious to finish his task, was getting more hurried, more careless. His wig was slipping out of place. He became more tantalizingly familiar to Johnny. Johnny stared, and pondered. He received other gifts—a serviceable suit of clothes, a new cap, an overcoat, a muffler. His face shone as he took them, but he had assumed a new expression, over which Miss Mayhew and the superintendent felt vaguely puzzled.

"Well, I guess that's about all, children," said Santa at last.

"But before we separate"—he paused impressively —"there's one thing more to be done.

"You will remember," he said, "that when we met to-day we had with us one little boy—just one little boy—who did not believe in Santa Claus.

"I think that the little boy has now changed his mind. I think that now he does believe in Santa Claus. I think it would be very nice if, before we separate to-day, my young friend, Johnny Harrington, stood up and told us what he thinks of me now."

A hush fell upon the schoolroom. Breathlessly, the children waited to see what Johnny would do, to hear what the erstwhile fiery rebel would say.

Johnny rose modestly. "Course I wouldn't say nothin' 'less you ast me. But I know more'n ever that the gentleman here isn't really Santy Claus at all. I kin tell you jest who he is. I didn't know him myself at first, but pretty quick I did. Just as soon as I saw his ring an' the big black mole on the back of his neck I knew it was—"

But the situation was too much for the grown persons present. Santa Claus succumbed to what seemed an apoplectic seizure. Mr. Mason hurriedly left the hall through a convenient side door, and Johnny Harrington was grasped by the seat of his small trousers and plucked from the stage, dimly conscious that there was something wrong about his speech. With color greatly heightened, Miss Mayhew swept him into the retreat behind the wings. There, leaning

against the wall for support, she feebly endeavored to show Johnny the error of his ways. He was singularly obtuse.

"But it's all right. I liked him. I thought he did it fine. An' he was awful good to me. An' I was goin' to explain all about it when you stopped me."

He paused a moment, and the words of the superintendent, who had returned to his post and was now addressing the children, came plainly in to them:

"We have tried to show you all to-day," he said, "that the spirit of Santa Claus was with us, and will always be. It is quite true that sometimes, as Johnny Harrington says, he is your father, or your mother, or both. Sometimes he is a stout red gentleman, such as we have seen this afternoon. But I want every one of you to remember that however he looks, whatever form he takes, Santa Claus is with us at Christmas time, when love and charity and generosity fill our hearts, with the memory of a little Child who came into the world to save us."

Miss Mayhew looked at Johnny. There was a new look on his face. "Do you understand? Do you know what he means?" she asked gently.

Johnny nodded. "Yes. Sure. And I ain't never goin' to say again that they ain't no Santy Claus. But it ain't jest because of what he says. It's something else I know myself.

"D'ye see that tool-box? Nobody didn't know I wanted a tool-box. I didn't tell Mother, an' I didn't tell no one. But I wanted it just the same more'n anything else. So I"— his face grew red. "So I took a

chanct, the way the others did. I asked Santa Claus for it! See? An' he must 'a' told Mr. Boyce! How could Mr. Boyce know if he didn't? That's what I was goin' to tell the kids, when you stopped me. They reely is a Santy Claus! But he can't be every place at once, so he makes others look jest like him an' help with the job!"

Johnny's eyes were full of a strange light as he turned them on her, and his face was the face of a happy baby looking at a shining ball.

Elizabeth Jordan.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

OLD JABE'S MARITAL EXPERIMENTS[1]

Old Jabe belonged to the Merriweathers, a fact which he never forgot or allowed anyone else to forget; and on this he traded as a capital, which paid him many dividends of one kind or another, among them a dividend in wives. How many wives he had had no one knew; and Jabe's own account was incredible. It eclipsed Henry VIII and Bluebeard. He had not been a specially good "hand" before the war; the overseers used to say that he was a "slick-tongued loafer," "the laziest nigger on the place." When at the close of the war, the other negroes moved away, Jabez slick-tongued and oily as ever "took up" a few acres on the far edge of the plantation, several miles from the house, and settled down to spend the rest

[1] From *Bred in the Bone*. Copyright, 1904, Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

of his days, on what he called his "place" in such ease as constant application to his old mistress for aid and a frequently renewed supply of wives could give.

Jabe's idea of emancipation was somewhat one-sided. He was free but his master's condition remained unchanged; he still had to support him, when Jabez chose to call on him, and Jabez chose to call often, saying, "If I don' come to you, who is I got to go to?" This was admitted to be a valid argument, and Jabez lived, if not on the fat of the land, at least on the fat of his former mistress's kitchen, with such aid as his temporary wife could furnish.

He had had several wives before the war, and was reputed to be none too good to them, that he worked them to death. Certainly their terms did not last long. However, his reputation did not interfere with his ability to procure new wives, and with Jabez the supply was always equal to the demand. He always took his wives from plantations at a distance from his home, where the women did not know him so well. He was known to say, "It don't do to have your wife live too near to you, she'll want to know too much about you, an' you can't get away from her," a bit of philosophy which must be left to married men.

Mrs. Merriweather, his old mistress, was just talking of him one day, saying that his wife had been ill, but must be better, as her son, the doctor, had been called but once,—when the name of Jabez was brought in by a maid. "Unc' Jabez, m'm." That was all, but the tone and manner told that Jabez was a person of note with the messenger.

"That old—he is a nuisance! What does he want now? Is his wife worse, or is he after a new one?"

"I 'dn! m'm wouldn't tell me. He ain't after me."

"Well, tell him to go to the kitchen till I send for him, or—wait; if his wife's gone he'll be courting the cook if I send him to the kitchen, I don't want to lose her just now. Tell him to come to the door."

There was a slow heavy step without, and a knock at the back door. On a call from his mistress, Jabez entered, bowing low, very pompous and serious. He was a curious mixture of assurance and conciliation as he stood there, hat in hand. He was tall and black and bald, with white side whiskers cut very short, and a rim of white wool around his head. He was dressed in an old black coat, and held in his hand an old beaver hat around which was a piece of rusty crape.

"Well, Jabez," said his mistress, after the salutations were over, "how are you getting along?"

"Well, mist'is, not very well, not at all well, ma'am. Had mighty bad luck, 'bout my wife."

I saw from Mrs. Merriweather's expression that she did not know what he considered "bad luck." She could not tell whether his wife were better or worse.

"Is she—ah—what—oh, how is Amanda?"

"Lord 'm Mandy was two back. She's de one runned away with Tom Halleck, an' lef' me. I don't know how *she* is. I never went ahter her. She was too expansive. Dat ooman want two frocks a year. When dese women get to dressin' up so, you got to

look out dey ain't always dressin' fer *you!* Dis one's name was Sairey."

"Oh, yes, true. I'd forgotten that Mandy left you. But I thought the new one was named Susan?"

"No'm, not de *newes'* one. Susan—I had her las' Christmas, but she wouldn' stay with me. She was al'ays running off to town, an' you know a man don' want a ooman on wheels. If de Lord had intended a ooman to have wheels, he'd a g'in 'em to her, wouldn't he?"

"Well, I suppose he would. And this one is Sarah?"

"Yes, 'm, dis one was Sairey."

We just caught the past tense.

"You get them so quickly, you see, you can't expect me to remember them."

"Yes, 'm, dat's so, I kin hardly remember 'em myself."

"No, I suppose not. Well, how's Sarah?"

"Well, m'm, I couldn't exactly say—Sairey, she's done lef' me,—yes 'm."

"Left you! She has run off too? You must have treated her badly."

"No,'m, I didn'. I never had a wife I treated better. I let her had all she could eat; an' when she was sick—"

"I heard she was sick. Did you send for a doctor?"

"Yes, 'm, dat I did—dat's what I was gwine to tell you. I had a doctor to see her twice. I had two separate and in*different* physicians, fust, Dr. Overall, an' den Mars Douglas."

"My son told me a week ago that she was sick. Did she get well?"

"No, 'm, but she went mighty easy. Mars Douglas eased her off. He is the bes' doctor I ever see to let 'em die easy."

Mingled with her horror at his cold-blooded recital, a smile flickered about Mrs. Merriweather's mouth at this shot at her son, the doctor; but the old man looked absolutely innocent.

"Why didn't you send for the doctor again?"

"Well, m'm, I gin her two chances. I think dat was 'nough. I declar' I'd ruther lost Sairey than to broke."

"You would! Well, at least you have the expense of her funeral; and I'm glad of it."

"Dat's what I come over to see you 'bout. I'm gwine to give Sairey a fine fun'ral. I want you to let yo' cook cook me a cake an'—one or two more little things."

"Very well, I will tell her so. I will tell her to make you a good cake. When do you want it?"

"Thank you, m'm. Yes'm; ef you'll gi' me a right *good*-sized cake—an' a loaf or two of flour-bread—an' a ham, I'll be very much obleeged to you. I heah she's a good cook?"

"She is, the best I've had in a long time."

She had not caught the tone of interrogation in his voice, nor seen the shrewd look in his face, as I had done.

"I'm mighty glad to heah you give her sech a good char-acter; I heahed you'd do it. I don' know her very well."

Mrs. Merriweather looked up quickly enough to catch his glance this time.

"Jabez—I know nothing about her character, I know she has a vile temper; but she is an excellent cook, and so long as she is not impudent to me, that is all I want to know."

"Yes'm, dat's right. Dat's all *I* want t'know. I don' keer nothin' bout de temper; atter I git 'em, I kin manage 'em. I jist want t'know 'bout de char-acter, dat's all. I didn' know her so well, an' I thought I'd ax you. I tol' her ef you'd give her a good char-acter, she might suit me; but I'd wait fer de cake—an' de ham."

"Jabez, do you mean that you have spoken to that woman already?"

"Well, yes, 'm; not to say *speak* to her, I jes' kind o' mentioned it to her as I'd inquire as to her character."

"And your wife has been dead—how long? Two days?"

"Well, mist'is, she's gone fer good, ain't she? She can't be no mo' gone."

"You are a wicked, hardened old sinner!"

"Nor I ain't, mist'is; I 'clar' I ain't."

"You treat your wives dreadfully."

"Nor I don't, mist'is. You ax 'em ef I does. Ef I did, dee wouldn' be so many of 'em anxious t' git me. Now would dee? I can start in an' beat any one o' dese young bloods aroun' heah, now."

"I believe that is so, and I cannot understand it. And before one of them is in her grave you are court-

ing another. It is horrid—an old—Methuselah like you."

"Dat's de reason I got t' do things in a kind o' hurry—I ain' no Methuselum. I got no time t' wait."

"Jabez, tell me how you manage to fool all these women?"

The old man pondered for a moment.

"Well, I declar', mist'is, I hardly knows how. Dee wants to be fooled. I think it is becuz dee wants t' see what de urrs marry me fer, an' why dee don' lef' me. Women is mighty curisome folk, mist'is, dee sho' is."

Thomas Nelson Page.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

THE MYSTERY OF NIGHT

Every day two worlds lie at my door and invite me into mysteries as far apart as darkness and light. These two realms have nothing in common save a certain identity of form; colour, relation, distance, are lost or utterly changed. In the vast fields of heaven a still more complete and sublime transformation is wrought. It is a new hemisphere which hangs above me, with countless fires lighting the awful highways of the universe, and guiding the daring and reverent thought as it falters in the highest empyrean. The mind that has come into fellowship with nature is subtly moved and penetrated by the decline of light and the oncoming of darkness. As the sun is replaced by stars, so is the hot, restless, eager spirit of the day replaced by the infinite calm and peace of the

night. The change does not come abruptly or with the suddenness of violent movement; no dial is delicate enough to register the moment when day gives place to night. With that amplitude of power which accompanies every movement, with that sublime quietude of energy which pervades every action, Nature calls the day across the hills and summons the night that has been waiting at the eastern gates. And now that it has gone, with its numberless activities, and the heat and stress of their contentions, how gently and irresistibly Nature summons her children back to herself, and touches the brow, hot with the fever of work, with the hand of peace! An infinite silence broods over the fields and upon the restless bosom of the sea. Insensibly there steals into the thought, spent and weary with many problems, a deep and sweet repose. Who shall despair while the fields of earth are sown with flowers and the fields of heaven blossom with stars?

In the silence of night how real and divine the universe becomes! Doubt and unbelief retreat before the awful voices that were silenced by the din of the day, but now that the little world of man is hushed, seem to have blended all sounds into themselves. Beyond the circle of trees, through which a broken vision of stars comes and goes with the evening wind, the broad earth lies hushed and hidden. Noiselessly, invisibly, the great world breathes new life into every part of its being, while the darkness curtains it from the fierce ardour of the day.

In the night the fountains are open and flowing;

a marvelous freshness touches leaf and flower and grass, and rebuilds their shattered loveliness. The stars look down from their inaccessible heights on a new creation, and as the procession of the hours passes noiselessly on, it leaves behind a dewy fragrance which shall exhale before the rising sun, like a universal incense. When one stands on the shores of night and looks off on that mighty sea of darkness in which a world lies engulfed, there is no thought but worship and no speech but silence. Face to face with immensity and infinity, one travels in thought among the shining islands that rise up out of the fathomless shadows, and feels everywhere the stir of a life which knows no weariness and makes no sound, which pervades the darkness no less than the light. And even as one waits, speechless and awestruck, the morning star touches the edges of the hills, and a new day breaks resplendent in the eastern sky.

Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL" [1]

Never had Mrs. Sachs felt more blissfully content than this evening, as she sank into her big chair beside the centre table, and took her sewing in her hands. Outside, the wind was slapping the rain against the house like water thrown from a pail, with all the vehemence of an autumn storm, but in the parlor all was light and comfort. The four big electric bulbs on the

[1] Copyright, Aug., 1911, J. B. Lippincott Co.

chandelier blazed, and the electric table lamp glared. In the hall another electric bulb made a flood of light, and even in the dining-room the electrics were turned on. There was not a dark corner on the entire floor. Mrs. Sachs was well satisfied.

As the storm, which had begun in the afternoon, increased in violence, Mrs. Sachs's feet had pained her more and more, and she had looked forward to the torture of shoes with dread; but with the increasing storm Annie had wavered, and when night fell and Mr. Sachs came home, wet to the skin and saying he had never seen such weather, Annie set Mrs. Sachs's mind at rest by saying she would not go to any theatre that ever was, on such a night.

"I'm glad you got some sense yet, Annie. It ain't no use to go out nights like this. I like it better you should stay home with us, anyhow, the last night you be here. You don't go out to-night, no Henry?"

"Such a night, not much! I ain't used to being so cruel to myself."

Annie walked to the window and pressed her face against it, looking out. She was small and dainty.

"Such weathers! Well, I guess we can have a good time by ourselves yet, Aunt Tina. I guess Freddy won't come. Maybe you let the twins stay up awhile yet?"

"Sure! But you bet Freddy comes! You bet he thinks you go to the theatre, too."

She was about to say she would send Freddy home again if he came, but she decided she owed Annie something for not dragging her out in the storm. All

summer she had watched Annie and had manœuvred against the very evident admiration Freddy had for her niece, for when the girl had come, in the early summer, her mother had written plainly.

I hope you keep one eye on Annie (the letter ran), for Annie is just about so old when she falls in love quick with any feller you don't know who. I feel like I want to have some say in it when she gets engaged, so she don't make fools of us, like. Girls is so crazy anyways when a feller looks at them twict. So look out she don't get engaged.

Mrs. Sachs, at first, had been a little piqued by this letter, but her big, good-natured self could not remember a pique long, and she frankly acknowledged the mother's right, and tried faithfully to carry out her wishes. She had chaperoned until her feet were a misery to her, and she feared Annie might consider her a nuisance. Particularly had she battled against Freddy Ruckert, as against an arch enemy; for Freddy, red-cheeked and yellow-haired, seemed to have fallen head over heels in love with Annie from the first, and Annie frankly preferred Freddy's company. The wiles Mrs. Sachs had used would have done credit to a general. She contrived ambushes and surprises, all of which Freddy, bland and unsuspecting, walked into with the calm unconcern of a duck walking into a box. Now that the last evening had come and Annie had decided to spend it at home, Mrs. Sachs felt her work was done. Only, she meant to see there were no dark corners in the house that night,

where there might be holding of hands or any such business.

When Freddy arrived, laughing at the buffeting the storm had given him, the house was lighted as if for a party, and as he took off his rough top-coat he said, "Say, I guess you got the big electric light bill coming this month!" in a tone that included no disappointment. If the sweet process he would have called "fixing it up with Annie," was in his thoughts at all, he gave no sign, but walked into the parlor where the twins were having a grand time on the floor, rolling over and over with all the careless abandon of one-year-olds.

Annie was exceedingly fond of the twins. The only thing she regretted about her happy summer had been that the twins could not go with her wherever she had gone. She loved to sit on the floor "in the midst of the twins"—as she said—talking to them, playing with them, and admiring them. For they were really delightful twins—healthy, happy, and handsome. With Freddy in the room and the twins, Annie was ready to pass a delightful evening.

To Mr. Sachs, Freddy was the queer creature that the courting young man becomes to the man of the house, a sort of bugaboo that one does not know how to handle; to be treated sternly, yet kindly, like a pet wolf that must be fondled with one hand while the other hand is ready to crush. He stood up now to shake hands with Freddy, and Mrs. Sachs, with a mind to having a guard in each room, said, "Mebby if you should want to read, Heinrich, you should go into the dining-room. We ain't making so much noise there."

But Mr. Sachs, manlike, did not catch the hidden meaning.

"I ain't looked at the twins much to-day yet, Tina. I could get a good look at them in this light here." Then, turning to Freddy: "If you want, you could smoke in my house. I don't do it. I got so fat I got the asthma, and to smoke so much ain't no good for it. Annie, give Freddy one of them cigars. Maybe they ain't so awful dry yet."

Annie looked in the drawer of the centre table and found one cigar with at least a part of the wrapper remaining, and handed it to Freddy. He spoke, appreciatively, after a glance at the gaily-colored band that encircled it. "Say, that was a good cigar once. If I could get a-hold of a match, I could have a good smoke."

"I don't know have we any," said Mrs. Sachs. "When I read in the papers some time ago how some kids got burnt up by matches, I fired them out. So come, we got the electrics put in all over the house. I ain't taking no chances with the twins. Maybe they don't get afire with matches, but anyhow I guess it don't do them no good to eat matches. Maybe you got a match in your pocket, Heinrich?"

The evening, Mrs. Sachs felt, was beginning auspiciously. The conversation was general, and she meant to keep it so.

"It don't do folks no good to be always smoking, I guess," she said, hoping to draw Freddy into an argument. Mr. Sachs was feeling in one pocket after another, without finding a match.

"I make me sure I had a match, either in these clothes or somewhere," he said. He put his fingers in the change pocket of his coat and brought out, with three fingers, half a dozen small coins and a white stick. "Here is it! No, it is a toothpicker! Maybe I got—"

The twins, sitting on the floor, watched him with eager eyes. Freddy, across the centre table, held the cigar poised in his hand, and Annie, demurely seated in a chair in a far corner, looked admiringly at the back of Freddy's head. Mrs. Sachs, her large form in a chair as massive as that which held Heinrich, smiled placidly at the twins.

Suddenly two coins slid from between Mr. Sachs's plump fingers and rolled across the floor. He put out one big foot and planted it firmly on one of the coins, but the other, a glittering new cent, rolled in a great semicircle. It rounded the chair in which Mrs. Sachs sat, escaping the slippered foot she put out at it; it rounded the base of the centre table; it ran past Freddy and toppled over on the carpet directly in front of one of the twins! Instantly one little fat hand darted out and grasped the cent and lifted it toward a rosy mouth.

"Mein Gott! Roschen! Stop it! Amalie! Nichts!" cried Mr. Sachs, rising bulkily from his chair.

"Nein, Roschen! Nein, nein, Amalie!" and Mrs. Sachs got out of her chair with greater haste than seemed possible. She might have reached the twin—whichever it was—or Mr. Sachs might have reached it, but as they sprang forward their heads came to-

gether with stunning force. It was a delay of but an instant.

In that instant, however, the lights went out!

Not one light, or two, but every light in the house, and every light on the street. In the parlor the glare of light was instantly followed by utter blackness, deep, fathomless, and impenetrable. Never is darkness so dark as when it follows glaring light.

"Roschen! Amalie!" wailed Mrs. Sachs, creeping wildly on her hands and knees. "Where you are?"

"Amalie! Roschen!" shouted Mr. Sachs. His actions, had the twins been able to see him, would have filled them with joy. They would have thought he was playing "big bear coming to catch the baby." But now no answering gurgle of pleasure rewarded his heavy crawling across the room. The twins, wherever they were, seemed to have been made dumb by the darkness.

"Quick! Annie, Freddy! Already maybe is a twin choked by the cent!" wailed Mrs. Sachs. "Ain't you got no sense?"

With one accord, Annie and Freddy dropped to their knees. There was a dull blow, as bone striking wood.

"Blitzen wetter!" cried Freddy in anguish. His head had come in heavy contact with the sharp edge of the heavy leg of the centre table, and from Annie came a low moan.

"Please, Freddy, would you to take your knee off my fingers yet?" she begged. "I get them smashed else."

"Ah, poor liebchen!" exclaimed Freddy, but Mrs. Sachs's voice wailed louder, broken by the noise of her skirts as she scrambled over the floor, and by the thumps as she bumped into the furniture. Never had the room seemed so over-furnished. It seemed to have become a veritable forest, in which the twins were lost forever.

"Such ain't no time to be getting off of fingers," she cried angrily. "You could be finding twins now. Somebody could strike a match!"

"Is no matches in the house," panted Mr. Sachs, feeling under the sofa. "A fool is a man that don't have matches! Amal—"

"Here! I got one!" cried Freddy.

"Strike it, then, dumb-head!" said Mrs. Sachs angrily.

"It is a twin I got, not a match. If you mean I should hit the kid—"

"Ach, no! Give me the poor! Where are you, Freddy?"

"Under the piano maybe."

"So stay!" said Mrs. Sachs. "I come."

Striking the centre table and two chairs on the way, Mrs. Sachs made for the piano corner.

"Make her down side up, Freddy, and be shaking her some!"

The wail that followed told that Freddy had inverted the twin and was shaking it.

"Hah!" exclaimed Mr. Sachs, flat on his stomach. "The other one I have got!"

"You should to upside her quick! Shake her good, Heinrich!"

The chords of the piano rang as she grasped the twin from Freddy and, sitting up suddenly, hit the piano with her head. But it was no time to mind a knock or two.

"Quick, Freddy! Telephone for the doctor yet. Make him come soon. Copper cents is so poisonous in babies. He should come right off, say, the telephone is by the top of the stairs."

Both the twins were crying lustily now, being held upside down and pounded on the back, but above the wailing of the storm and the wailing of the twins and the wailing of Mrs. Sachs, Freddy's voice soon resounded.

In the parlor the ministrations to the twins went on with all the intensity that agonized parents can put into such a thing, Mrs. Sachs giving instructions to Mr. Sachs, and Mr. Sachs returning other instructions. It was impossible to know which twin had swallowed the copper cent, and both suffered alike.

"Hello! Hello!" shouted Freddy into the telephone. He varied it by jogging the receiver-holder up and down violently. Central would not answer. He knocked down on the battery-box with the receiver. "Hello, why don't you? Look! I am in a hurry once! Hello!"

"Dumb-head! Not to know how yet to use a telephone! Take whichever is this twin, Tina. I go!" said Mr. Sachs.

He went. Up the stairs he went like a heavy hurri-

cane, and pushed Freddy away with one wide sweep of his arm.

"Hello, now!" he cried. "Give me Dr. Bardenhauer, and make quick!"

But no answering "Give you information!" came back. The receiver offered nothing but blind, blank silence.

Behind him there was a noise like a load of paving-stones falling on a plank walk. Mr. Sachs did not even turn his head. It was only Freddy falling downstairs. Mr. Sachs was listening with tense senses to the silence in the telephone.

"Hello! What good is such a telephone business yet? Central! Give me— Central! Hello! To-morrow I report you good, I tell you! Hello!"

His anger increased. He pounded on the battery-box until it cracked open like an oyster. The telephone was dumb. Mr. Sachs did not know it, but the same falling tree that had severed the electric light wires had carried down the telephone wires. There is nothing so maddening as a telephone that will not talk back.

Mr. Sachs dashed down the stairs, threw open the front door and dashed out, hatless and coatless, into the raging wind and rain.

To Mrs. Sachs, with the two screaming babies in her arms, it seemed hours before he returned, and when the front door opened and Dr. Bardenhauer's burly form appeared, dimly lighted by the single candle in his carriage lamp, which he held in his hand, she cried aloud for thankfulness.

"Here is it I am, Doctor! here—" and at that instant all the lights in the house blazed forth.

The light was dazzling. Even Mrs. Sachs, partially screened as she was by the piano under which she was sitting, closed her eyes an instant, and the big doctor blinked. His carriage lamp became a pale, sickly yellow.

In a moment he was on his knees before the piano, gazing at the twins through his water-dimmed spectacles.

"Right side them up once," he said shortly.

The moment they were right side up, the twins stopped howling, and the doctor, taking the pink fist of Amalie—or Roschen—in his big hand, carefully pried the litle fingers apart. The bright copper cent was there in the little pink palm!

But Mrs. Sachs let her eye hold the look of relief but an instant, for, sitting on the floor of the hall with their backs against the coat-rack, were Freddy and Annie, and Freddy was holding Annie's knee-injured hand in his.

"Annie! What mean you? Shame!" cried Mrs. Sachs.

But Annie only looked up into Freddy's face blissfully.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Sachs," said Freddy politely. "Things ain't like what they was. Since I tumble downstairs, me and Annie has got engaged already. We got a right to hold hands."

Ellis Parker Butler.

THE BIRTHDAY GIFT

(From *Lessons in New Yorkese*)

"Whatta wanta astya Mae shalla gettim aboxa siggaws?" "Wellats alwis agood presint, Peg. Whakines yafello smoke?"

"You know—thatthere kine witha band." "Thassa help—thatthere kine witha band. Tabacca achawklit?"

"Dabesa comic. Iastya fahelp noffa vodvil." "Wellissen all siggaws hasa name ainthey? Whattamean perfunctos or corollas. Chafella callis siggaws?"

"Ithinkits invisibles he callsem. Yeah thassit invisibles." "Invisibles? Thatainta siggaw! Invisibles issa hairnet. Yafullla stattick. Yabetta slippim acoupla ties."

"Thassa hunch. Tiesis bein done ainthey Mae? Himminme nabbein engaged like Igotta hold meself in. Yeah ties isis respectabil as siggaws ainthey?"

"Sure. An bowties isalla rage. Gettim acoupla snappy bowties."

"Hecant tieno bowties." "Gettim akine tiedup onna elastic."

"Tiedup onna elastic? Dabe sa fresh! Itsa tearabil problim Mae. Iyaint reely gonno cherce. I would liketa gettim bowties Mae. Annen Iwould liketa gettim siggaws." "Makeup yamine kid. Wegotta socka timeclock in haffa nowa."

"Siggaws is respectabil an . . . oo Mae willya

lookatha salea clush hats!" "Ibeen lookin attem fafi minnits. Decide willya?"

"Awrite . . . say ainnem clush hats swell Mae?" "Yeah. Wassit gonna be siggaws aties?"

"Jussaminnit Mae . . . awrite Igottit!" "Yadont say. Wassit gonna be?"

"Im gonna sennim a boitday greetincard Mae—an blow meself to wunnanem clush hats!"

Henry William Hahneman

THE PIANO PRODIGY

(From *Lessons in New Yorkese*)

"Shes gotta lotta talint ainshe?"

"Ohwidunno—sheyaint ony took fawteen lessins."

"Fawteen lessins an playin likeat awready! Sheeza genus."

"Ohwidunno if sheeza *genus*. But Missellis—atsa teetcha she takes from—sezshes cumminnalawn fine."

"Wellerrant Beetris thinks sheeza genus. Willya lookita crossinerrands!"

"Oh, thissis ony her slowwun. Shes gotta fasswun too. Hurryup an finishya slowun Essie soyacan play yafasswun fyerrant Beetris."

"Oh, no Mae letta taka time. *Ilikeit*. Sreal good."

"Itsnossobad frony fawteen lessins fisayso myseff."

"Ony fawteen lessins!"

"Sevettyficensa lessin Missellis chodges. ButtIsay Beetris yagattagetta bessifya wantresults."

"Sjus swatcha havta do. But Maes cheeperinna lawn run."

"Yeh Isayitis. Cheeperinna lawn run. Youseddit, Beetris."

"Mae cannessie play 'Threeyaclock inna Mawnin'?"

"Ida think so. Spopala piece aintit? Missellis wontlettessie play no popala piecis. Sperlsa touch asumpin."

"Itsawfa nice. Its kinda lika wals like. Yawta getta taletta."

"Wassa nameuvvit?"

" 'Threeyaclock inna Mawnin.' Itsa swell tune."

"Yeh buttitaint classacil. Iffitaint classacil Missellis wont seeyit. Shewont letessie playno popala pieces."

"Fyask me lotsa popala is jussas goodas classacil. Not jazz Ida mean, but stuff like now 'Threeyaclock inna Mawnin.' "

"Nawitaint Beetris. Sperlsa touch asumpin Missellis says an Missellis *knows*. Sheyawta know fasevvetyficensa lessin."

"Fyask me Mae I thinkitsalla queshiona talint. Talint is talint and nasheral like. It domakeno diffirince whatcha play classacil apopala."

"Yessitdoes too Beetris. Missellis says so. Shewontlettessie playno popala piecis nerno jazz."

"Well maybe shesright. Sheyotta know Missellis ott."

"Yeh sheyotta know Beetris. Anniyaint gowinagentsa aftapayina allismunny."

"Well maybe yaright Mae wawithessie gettinalong good."

"Yeh she *is* gettinalong good. *I* think so."

"Yeh Mae. Essies gettinalong *fine!* She gotta lotta talint. Yareely otta getta 'Threeyaclock inna Mawnin'."

Henry William Hahneman

THE PRETENSIONS OF CHARLOTTE

"Charlotte Crandall, come here this very instant! Let me speak to you again and you'll know it."

The speaker was a tall, thin, sour-appearing woman of middle age. Her hair, black without a single trace of gray, was parted in the center and drawn back into a small knot on top of her head, a knot so tightly wound that the woman's eyes seemed to be drawn into narrow slits in consequence. Her hands were long and bony, and attracted one by their restless activity; her general appearance was unkempt; a person who had known a long life of hard work was proven in every line of her face and figure, every motion she made; she was always at work, and she expected everyone about her to follow her example.

Her field of action just now was the kitchen, and she was engaged in the first preparations for dinner.

"Charlotte Crandall!"

To this second summons there was a faint answer of "Yes'm" from the porch which opened off the

kitchen, and, immediately following the response, a sad-faced child of eleven or twelve entered the room. She was not pretty, nor even good-looking, and her clothes were worn and untidy; there was nothing about her to attract one, except a pained expression that would have touched even a hardened heart. Her bearing suggested that she was overwhelmed with some great sorrow.

"You was callin' me?"

"Callin'! callin'! Well, I jest guess I was callin'! For heaven's sake, Charlotte, whatever makes you look so meek and lowly?"

"I ain't really meek and lowly. I'm pretendin'."

"Pretendin'! You jest quit your pretendin' and shell them peas. But what you could ever pretend that 'ud make you meek and lowly is beyond me!"

"Well, you see, Mis' Epps, it ain't hard to pretend, if you jest know how. I began by thinkin' it was ever so long ago. My husband and six sons had all gone away with the Crusaders, and every one of 'em was killed. I was jest overcome with grief when I got the news, which was brought back by the only man in the whole lot that wasn't killed. I simply sat down and wept and wept. And, as if that wasn't enough bad luck for one poor woman to bear, along come a band of marauding knights and besieged the castle, and my servants and slaves, and vassals, and pages, and everyone, was all killed in trying to protect me from harm. And when they was all dead, I jest went up to the very highest-up room in the very tallest tower, and sat down with Christian resignation to meet my

fate. I could hear the heavy tramp of feet upon the stairs. It was jest awful, but I didn't shriek or make no noise; and jest as those fierce men was breakin' in the door to my room, you called, Mis' Epps. You always do call jest when things is gettin' inter'stin'. I was jest bravely wonderin' what they'd do to me when you yelled and spoiled it all."

"Here, that'll do! You've done enough pretendin' for one day—you jest naturally get in and work. What you think I sleep and feed you for, anyway?"

Charlotte again mechanically took up her task. For some moments there was silence in the room.

"Was you really wonderin' why you sleep and feed me, Mis' Epps? Well, you know I wouldn't amount to much if I didn't get some food and sleep. I couldn't work so very long without them."

"Work! It's precious little work you *ever* do!"

"Yes'm, but you see, Mis' Epps, it's mighty little sleep I get, too, and I *could* eat more food'n I get! I wish I was a hog! Hogs ain't particular what they get, but they get all they want, and all they have to do is jest grow fat. No one ever tried to make me fat. They all try to see how very much I can work on a very little. You're tryin' to see how much you kin git out of me, and I'm tryin' to see how little. I've made up my mind to work jest accordin' to the way you treat me. No, Mis' Epps, it won't do you any good to strike me, I'm not afraid. If you hit me, I'll pretend I'm dead and you'll git no work out of me at all. I'll pretend you're the maraudin' band that took me and killed me, and the more you beat me, the more I'll look happy—I

won't be here, you know; I'll be in Paradise with my husband and six sons that was killed in the Crusades, and my joy will be so beautiful that it will shine forth on my earthly visage!"

The woman's hand descended to her side without inflicting any harm.

"That's right. It's a good thing to listen to reason sometimes and you know well enough that you or Mr. Epps never gained nothin' by beating me—and you won't ever, either! I'm glad I'm incorrigible and rebellious, and I'm glad I ain't afraid of anyone—not even the minister, and I'll answer him up jest as I did last time if he warns me any more about the everlasting torments of the hereafter. He meant hell, but he daren't say it, for fear folks 'ud think he was swearin'! I'd answer him jest as I did then, and I'd say I didn't expect to mind the change much, and I'll bet you I'd be shellin' peas down there for you jest the same as here!"

"You say another word, Charlotte Crandall, and I'll strike you, good or no good. I won't have such awful talk in my house!"

"Well, I suppose it's the potaters next. I like mine best with their jackets on—everyone would if they had to do their own peelin'."

She was silent for a while; then she broke out so suddenly that Mrs. Epps jumped.

"I wish they'd have taken Donaldson and hung him! Anyone with sense could see he done it even if they couldn't prove it."

"What you got against Donaldson?"

"I've got it against him because he done it."

"Now, Charlotte, you mustn't say you know he done it, because you don't know nothin' of the kind—maybe he did and maybe he didn't."

"He done it. He used to beat his wife, and he was cruel to his baby, and they had to run away and leave him. I'd like to see my husband try to beat me! He'd not do it more 'an once. I'd fight back and I'd make him afraid of me. If I was Donaldson's wife, I'd—that's silly to think about, for I wouldn't ever have been fool enough to marry Donaldson—I know men too well. But, jest the samey, if I was a woman grown and owned my own farm, my very own farm, I'd not let my husband come along and bend my will. No, siree. If I wanted the truck garden in the north field near the house, it wouldn't be put down at the far end of the south field, not for no reason, I'd—"

Mrs. Epps knew that this was meant as a personal attack, and whether it was made in the spirit of contempt or simply as an encouragement to open rebellion was all one and the same to her—it was, in either case, such flagrant presumption as to be serving of a severe reprimand and at this point in the discourse she prepared to make a sudden descent on the culprit. She was anticipated in her designs, however; for a large, muscular man of rough appearance, somewhat Mrs. Epps' junior, stepped quickly into the room and took Charlotte roughly by the shoulder.

"See here, you. What you mean by letting her talk like that? I'm *master* here—do you understand? *Master!*"

Charlotte turned fearlessly on the man. "Epps, you're a bully. I won't take it back, and I'll think it, even if you do hit me." At this he gave her a stinging slap on the cheek, which she received with wonderful self-control.

"Jest talk that way some more," he said tauntingly, but his victim was silent, and refused even to look at him—she was pretending to herself that he was not there. He left her alone after a moment or so, and went back to his work, showering the woman and girl with profanity and threats as he departed.

Charlotte talked no more that day. She worked on steadily at whatever task was before her, but by the look in her eyes it was clear that her mind was far away. That night she stole off to bed as early as she could, and the next morning she was gone.

Work was neglected while they searched about the place, but Charlotte was nowhere to be found.

Three days later, Mrs. Epps, busily engaged in her kitchen as usual, was startled, on turning round, to find Charlotte standing in the doorway leading from the porch. "Lord save us!"

"How-dy-do. Did I scare you? You see, I jest came back—I didn't have any place else to go. I guess you'll let me stay; I'm handy to have about, you know."

"What made you run away? Was it because Epps slapped you?"

"I'm not quite sure. I think maybe that was what started me. You see, I began to pretend I was a beautiful slave girl, and my father had been whipped to death, while I stood by without being able to protect

him one mite, and my mother had been sold to an awful cruel master 'way down South. Then I jest got so interested, I forgot all about you folks, and I really was jest that poor nigger girl, and there wasn't nothing else for me to do but to run away from my master and missus, who were very cruel and heartless. It was the easiest pretendin' I ever did in my life."

"Don't you think you need a good lickin'?"

"You can lick me, if you want to. It'd be a fine endin' for the beautiful slave girl. I'd pretend she was caught, and of course then she would be brought back and licked. I ain't afraid. See what I've got!" She drew from the folds of her dress a rusty revolver.

She seemed pleased with her climax, for she laughed as Mrs. Epps drew back with a stifled exclamation.

"There's nothin' to be afraid of. It's no good for *shootin'* now, but it's Donaldson's gun. It's the one he used, you know. I found it under a big rock by the creek where I was hidin'. He'll git his, now. It's evidence—it's the evidence they couldn't find."

Mrs. Epps swayed a little—there was a frightened catch in her voice as she spoke:

"Give me the gun. You're all pegged out; run along and git into bed. Epps'll be pretty mad when he finds you're back, but I won't let him touch you. I'll show him, for once, that he ain't master all the time."

"Don't you let no one git the gun. I am kind of tired and I guess a bed'll feel pretty good." She moved wearily across the room and into the dark passage that opened on the back stairs.

When she was gone, Mrs. Epps laid the revolver on

the shelf and went on with her work. "Ain't it strange, though? And, Oh, Lord! Ain't it awful!"

A few moments later Epps came in, and his wife turned on him sternly. "Epps, Charlotte Crandall's back."

The man swore horribly and asked where the child was now. Mrs. Epps made no reply until her husband had quite exhausted his abundant supply of appropriate profanity; then she said slowly: "Epps, you've called yourself master here for a good many years. Well, here's one time when you ain't the master. You ain't goin' to touch that child. This ranch is mine—there's six hundred acres, and they're all mine; and the money in the bank's mine; and this house is mine; and all the stock's mine, and the crops. I've held out against you that far, and here's once more when I'm goin' to have my way—I ain't quite broken. You're not to strike that child. You needn't say a thing. She's all tired out and she's gone up to bed. It was a game she was playin', and while she was hidin' she found Donaldson's gun, and she's jest hopin' the evidence'll hang him. Oh, Epps, ain't it awful—and to think Donaldson's her father!" The woman produced the weapon from the shelf. "It's his. There's no question. See the 'D' scratched in. I've seen him carry it."

"It won't do no good to hang Donaldson now. He got killed in a drunken row last night. Give it to me—I don't believe it's Donaldson's gun anyhow. Even if it is, it can't do him no harm now.

"But it can save Johnston."

"They let Johnston go—they couldn't hold him on

the proof they had. Give me the gun. It's no good to anyone now."

"What makes you act so queer? What are you a-tremblin' for? What's the matter with you, anyway? The gun's no good to you, either."

The man came a step forward. " 'D' can stand for something besides Donaldson. It could stand for a Christian name; it could stand for—David, or maybe Daniel—"

His wife drew back. "Oh, I see. You—you done it—you! I knew you hated him—but I never thought—nobody ever thought that—you would do a thing like that. Don't you come near me! Jest you take a step, and I'll scream—the men are near enough to hear me. You jest come near to me, and I'll tell 'em what you said!"

He reached out his hand again. "Give me that gun. I'll hide it this time so as nobody'll ever find it again; then nobody'll ever know."

"Only Charlotte. The best thing you can do, Epps, is to go away somewhere—somewhere good and far away; I don't care where. I can save you till you get a safe start; I can't promise to do more if it ever gets out. Perhaps I'm wrong in doin' this much for you; but you're my husband, even if you weren't ever very kind to me. I never had no romance in my life; I've always had jest work and trouble—and now this awful thing—this awful thing that's got to be lived down."

"You're afraid of the kid. I'll silence her for keeps."

"I'm not afraid of the kid, and you'll not touch her. She's the nearest thing to a romance that ever come

into my life. You ain't ever goin' to hurt Charlotte again. I've a strange feelin' here—it's a dull sort of pain. I never had it before. I want you to go away—I want you to clear out—I don't want to never see you again. I'll keep Charlotte—I won't ever give her up. And as for you, if you ever dare to come back, I'll tell all I know, and—I'll keep the gun to prove it. I want you to go—don't think for a moment that I'm foolin'."

The woman faced the man almost fiercely. Their eyes met, and his fell under her steady gaze. His outstretched hand fell to his side; he murmured something, and, mumbling to himself, left the room. The woman watched him pass down the path outside, through the gate, and away—whither she neither knew nor cared. The lines of her face seemed to deepen as she looked out on the man who for a dozen years or more had been her husband, looked out upon him and saw him passing from her life; but her lip did not tremble, nor was there a trace of a tear in her eyes.

But, though she appeared so unmoved, she was unconscious of all that went on about her. She did not see a slender child come cautiously from the dark passageway. She thought, if she thought of the matter at all, that she was alone. The piteous voice of the child called her back to herself: "Mis' Epps!" Charlotte was at her side, her arms were around the woman's neck. "Oh, Mis' Epps, I'm so sorry! I wouldn't have fetched it if I'd 'a' known. But I'll try to make it up the best I kin. If you'll jest pretend you're my mother, I'll

pretend I'm your little girl jest as hard as I know how."

"There, there, Charlotte, never mind. Don't cry. I'll pretend, if you'll jest show me how. I never had no little girl, and you never really had no mother."

Charlotte hid her face for a moment; then she looked up.

"Pretendin' is awful easy when you jest know how, and I'll show you how." And they laughed softly together.

Walter Beach Hay.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

AN UNFINISHED STORY

Mrs. Trevelyan, as she took her seat, shot a swift glance down the length of her table at the arrangement of her guests; the wife of the Austrian minister, who was her very dearest friend, saw and appreciated, and gave her a quick little nod over her fan, which said that the table was perfect, the people most interesting, and that she could possess her soul in peace. They all knew each other very well; and if there was a guest of the evening, it was one of the two Americans—either Miss Egerton, the girl who was to marry Lord Arbuthnot, or young Gordon, the explorer. Miss Egerton was a most strikingly beautiful girl, and was said to be intensely interested in her lover's career, and was as ambitious for his success in the House, as he was himself. They were both very much in love. The others at the table were General

Sir Henry Kent; Philips, the novelist, the Austrian minister and his young wife, and Trevelyan.

The dinner was well on its way toward its end, when Sir Henry Kent, who had been talking across to Philips, the novelist, leaned back in his place and said, as though to challenge the attention of everyone, "I can't agree with you, Philips. I am sure no one else will."

"Dear me," complained Mrs. Trevelyan, plaintively, "what have you been saying now, Mr. Philips? He always has such debatable theories," she explained.

"On the contrary, Mrs. Trevelyan," said Philips, "it is the other way. It is Sir Henry who is making all the trouble. He is attacking one of the oldest and dearest platitudes I know. He has just said that fiction is stranger than truth. He says that I—that people that write could never interest people who read if they wrote of things as they really are. He thinks that life is commonplace and uneventful."

"And I am sure Mr. Gordon will agree with me," said the General. "He has seen more of the world than any of us, and he will tell you I am sure, that what happens only suggests the story: It is not complete in itself."

Gordon had been turning the stem of his glass slowly between his thumb and his finger, while the others were talking, and looking down at it smiling. Now he said, "I am afraid, Sir Henry, that I don't agree with you at all. You have all seen sunsets sometimes that you knew would be laughed at if anyone

tried to paint them. We all know such a story, something in our lives, or in the lives of our friends. Not ghost stories, or stories of adventure, but of ambitions that come to nothing, of people who were rewarded or punished in this world instead of the next, and love stories."

"Tell it, Gordon," said Mr. Trevelyan.

"Yes," said Gordon, "I was thinking of a particular story. It is as complete, I think, and as dramatic as any of those we read. It is about a man I met in Africa. It is not a long story, but it ends badly.

"We were on our return march from Lake Tchad to Mobangi. We had been traveling over a month, sometimes by water, and sometimes through the forest. In the middle of the jungle late one afternoon, I found this man lying at the foot of a tree. He had been cut and beaten and left for dead. We believed we were the only white men that had ever succeeded in getting that far South, and we could no more account for that man's presence than if he had been dropped from the clouds. Lieutenant Royce, my surgeon, went to work at him; in about an hour the man said, 'Thank God!'—because we were white men, I suppose. He asked Royce in a whisper if he had long to live, Royce told him he did not think he could live for more than an hour or two. The man moved his head to show that he understood, and raised his hand to his throat and began pulling at his shirt, but the effort sent him off into a fainting fit again. I opened his collar for him as gently as I could, and found his fingers had clinched around a silver necklace that he

wore about his neck, and from which there hung a gold locket shaped like a heart."

Gordon raised his eyes slowly to those of the American girl who sat opposite. She had heard his story so far without any show of emotion. But now, at Gordon's last words, she turned her eyes to him with a look of awful indignation, which was followed by one of fear and almost of entreaty.

"When the man came to, he begged me to take the chain and locket to a girl whom he said I would find either in London or in New York. He gave me the address of her banker. He said: 'Take it off my neck before you bury me; tell her I wore it ever since she gave it to me. That it has been a charm and a loadstone to me. That when the locket rose and fell against my breast, it was as if her heart was pressing against mine and answering the beating and throbbing of the blood in my veins.'

"The man did not die. Royce brought him back into such form again that in about a week we were able to take him along with us on a litter. But he was very weak, and would lie for hours asleep when we rested, or mumbling or raving in a fever. We learned from him, at odd times, that he had been trying to reach Lake Tchad, to do what we had done, without any means of doing it, and his men had turned on him and left him as we had found him. He had undertaken the expedition on a promise from the French government to make him governor of the territory he opened up if he succeeded, but he had no official help. If he failed he got nothing; if he succeeded, he did so at

his own expense and by his own endeavors. It was only a wonder he had been able to get as far as he did. He did not seem to feel the failure of his expedition. All that was lost in the happiness of getting back alive to this woman with whom he was in love. I have read about men in love, I have seen it on the stage, I have seen it in real life, but I never saw a man so grateful to God and so happy and so insane over a woman as this man was. She must have been a very remarkable girl. He had met her first the year before, on one of the Italian steamers that ply from New York to Gibraltar, and in that time the girl had fallen in love with him, and had promised to marry him if he would let her, for he was very proud. He had to be. He had absolutely nothing to offer her. She is very well known at home. I mean her family is; they have lived in New York from its first days, and they are very rich. The girl had lived a life as different from his, as the life of a girl in society must be from that of a vagabond. He had been an engineer, a newspaper correspondent, an officer in a Chinese army, and had built bridges in South America, had seen service on the desert in the French army of Algiers. He had no home or nationality even, for he had left America when he was sixteen. Yet you can see how such a man would attract a young impressionable girl, who had met only those men whose actions are bounded by the courts, or law, or Wall Street, or the younger set who drive coaches and who live the life of the clubs. He told her when they separated that if he succeeded—if he opened this unknown country, if he was rewarded as they had

promised to reward him—he might dare to come to her; and she called him her knight-errant, and gave him her chain and locket to wear, and told him whether he failed or succeeded it meant nothing to her, and that her life was his while it lasted and her soul as well. I think that those were her words as he repeated them to me."

He raised his eyes thoughtfully towards the face of the girl opposite and then glanced past her, as if trying to recall the words the man had used. The fine beautiful face of the woman was white and drawn about the lips, and she gave a quick appealing glance at her hostess, as if she would beg to be allowed to go. But Mrs. Trevelyan and her guests were watching Gordon.

"You can imagine a man finding a cab slow when he is riding from the station to see the woman he loves; but imagine this man urging himself and the rest of us to hurry when we were in the heart of Africa, with six months' travel ahead of us before we could reach the first limits of civilization. That is what this man did. It used to frighten me to see how much he cared. Well, we got out of it at last and reached Alexandria. He became very quiet as soon as we were really under way. He would sit in silence in his steamer chair for hours, looking out at the sea and smiling to himself. I do not know whether it was that the excitement of the journey overland had kept him up or not, but as we went on he became much weaker and slept more, until Royce became anxious and alarmed about him. But he did not know it himself; he had grown so sure

of his recovery then that he did not understand what the weakness meant. He fell off into long spells of sleep or unconsciousness, and woke only to be fed, and would then fall back to sleep again. And in one of these spells of unconsciousness he died. He died within two days of land. He left nothing behind him, for the very clothes he wore were those we had given him—nothing but the locket and the chain which he had told me to take from his neck when he died."

He stopped and ran his fingers down into his pocket and pulled out a little leather bag. The people at the table watched him with silence as he opened it and took out a dull silver chain with a gold heart hanging from it.

"This is it," he said gently. He leaned across the table, with his eyes fixed on those of the American girl, and dropped the chain in front of her. "Would you like to see it?"

The rest moved curiously forward to look at the little heap of gold and silver as it lay on the white cloth. But the girl, with her eyes half closed and her lips pressed together, pushed it on with her hand to the man who sat next to her, and bowed her head slightly, as though it was an effort for her to move at all.

"Well," said General Kent, "if all true stories turn out as badly as that one does, I will take back what I said against those the story writers tell. I call it a most unpleasant story."

"And it isn't finished yet," said Gordon. "There is still a little more."

"But then," said the wife of the Austrian minister, "you cannot bring the man back to life."

"No, but I can make it a little worse. The first day I reached London, I went to her banker's and got her address and I wrote saying I wanted to see her, but before I could get an answer I met her the next afternoon at a garden party. At least I did not meet her; she was pointed out to me. I saw a very beautiful girl surrounded by a lot of men, and asked who she was, and found out it was the woman I had written to, the owner of the chain and locket, and I was also told that her engagement had been announced to a young Englishman of family and position, who had known her only a few months, and with whom she was very much in love. So, you see, that it was better that he died, believing in her and in her love for him. Mr. Philips here would have let him live to return and find her married; but Nature is kinder than writers of fiction and quite as dramatic."

Philips did not reply to this and the General only shook his head doubtfully and said nothing. So Mrs. Trevelyan looked at Lady Arbuthnot and the ladies rose and left the room. Miss Egerton, saying that it was warm, stepped out through one of the high windows on to the little balcony that overhung the garden. She trembled slightly and the blood in her veins was hot and tingling. Then a figure blocked the light from the window and Gordon stepped out of it and stood in front of her with the chain and locket in his hand. He held it towards her and they faced one another for a moment in silence.

"Will you take it now?"

The girl raised her head, and drew herself up until she stood straight and tall before him. "Have you not punished me enough?" she asked in a whisper. "Are you not satisfied? Was it brave? Was it manly? Is that what you have learned among your savages—to torture a woman?"

Gordon observed her curiously, with cold consideration.

"What of the sufferings of the man to whom you gave this? Why not consider him? What was your bad quarter of an hour at the table, with your friends around you, to the year he suffered danger and physical pain for you—for you, remember?"

"They told me he was dead. Then it was denied, then the French papers told it again, and with horrible detail and how it happened."

"And does your love come and go with the editions of the daily papers? If they say tomorrow morning that Arbuthnot is false to the principles of his party, that he is a bribe-taker, a man who sells his vote, will you believe them and stop loving him? Is that the love, the soul, the life you promised the man—"

The tall figure of young Arbuthnot appeared in the opening of the window. "Miss Egerton? Is she here? Oh! Is that you? I was sent to look for you. They were afraid something was wrong. It has been rather a hard week, and it has kept one pretty well on the go all the time, and I thought Miss Egerton looked tired at dinner. I came to tell you Lady Arbuthnot is

going. She is waiting for you. Good night, Gordon; thank you for your story and yet, I can't help thinking you were guilty of doing just what you accused Philips of doing. I somehow thought you helped the true story out a little. Now didn't you? Was it all just as you told it? Or am I wrong?"

"No, you are right. I did change it a little in one particular."

"And what was that, may I ask?" said Arbuthnot.

"The man did not die."

"Poor devil! poor chap! But then if he is not dead how did you get the chain?"

The girl's arm within his own moved slightly, and her fingers tightened their hold.

"Oh," said Gordon, indifferently, "it did not mean anything to him, you see, when he found he had lost her, and it could not mean anything to her. It is of no value. It means nothing to anyone—except, perhaps to me.

Richard Harding Davis.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

THE LOST JOY

All day, where the sunlight played on the sea-shore, Life sat.

All day the soft wind played with her hair, and the young, young face looked out across the water. She was waiting; but she could not tell for what.

All day the waves ran up and up on the sand, and

ran back again, and the pink shells rolled. Life sat waiting; all day, with the sunlight in her eyes, she sat there, till, grown weary, she laid her head upon her knees and fell asleep, waiting still.

Then a keel grated on the sand, and then a step was on the shore—Life awoke and heard it. A hand was laid upon her, and a great shudder passed through her. She looked up, and saw over her the strange, wide eyes of Love—and Life now knew for whom she had sat there waiting.

And Love drew Life up to him.

And of that meeting was born a thing rare and beautiful—Joy, First-Joy was it called. The sunlight when it shines upon the merry water is not so glad; the rosebuds, when they turn back their lips for the sun's first kiss, are not so ruddy. It never spoke, but it laughed and played in the sunshine; and Love and Life rejoiced exceedingly. Neither whispered it to the other, but deep in its own heart each said, "It shall be ours forever."

Then there came a time—was it after weeks? was it after months? (Love and Life do not measure time)—when the thing was not as it had been.

Still it played; still it laughed; still it stained its mouth with purple berries; but sometimes the little hands hung weary, and the little eyes looked out heavily across the water.

And Life and Love dared not look into each other's eyes, dared not say, "What ails our darling?" Each heart whispered to itself, "It is nothing, it is nothing, to-morrow it will laugh out clear." But to-morrow and

to-morrow came. They journeyed on, and the child played beside them, but heavily, more heavily.

One day Life and Love lay down to sleep; and when they awoke, it was gone; only, near them, on the grass, sat a little stranger with wide open eyes, very soft and sad. Neither noticed it; but they walked apart, weeping bitterly.

The little soft and sad-eyed stranger slipped a hand into one hand of each, and drew them closer, and Life and Love walked on with it between them. And when Life looked down in anguish, she saw her tears reflected in its soft eyes. And when Love, mad with pain, cried out, "I am weary, I am weary! I can journey no further. The light is all behind, the dark is all before," a little rosy finger pointed where the sunlight lay upon the hillsides. Always its large eyes were sad and thoughtful; always the little brave mouth was smiling quietly.

When on the sharp stones Life cut her feet, he wiped the blood upon his garments, and kissed the wounded feet with his little lips. When in the desert Love lay down faint (for Love itself grows faint), he ran over the hot sand with his little naked feet, and even there in the desert found water in the holes in the rocks to moisten Love's lips. He was no burden—he never weighted them; he only helped them forward on their journey.

When they came to the dark ravine where the icicles hang from the rocks—for Love and Life must pass through strange drear places—there, where all is cold, and the snow lies thick, he took their freezing hands

and held them against his beating little heart, and warmed them—and softly he drew them on and on through the dark lands and through the light.

At last they came to where Reflection sits; that strange old woman, who has always one elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand, and who steals light out of the past to shed it on the future.

And Life and Love cried out, "O wise one! tell us: when first we met, a lovely radiant thing belonged to us—gladness without a tear, sunshine without a shade. How did we sin that we lost it? Where shall we go that we may find it?"

And she, the wise old woman, answered, "To have it back, will you give up that which walks beside you now?"

"Give up this!" said Life. "When the thorns have pierced me, who will suck the poison out? When my head throbs, who will lay his tiny hands upon it and still the beating? In the cold and the dark, who will warm my freezing heart?"

And Love cried out, "Better let me die! Without Joy I can live; without this I cannot."

And the wise old woman answered, "O fools and blind! What you once had is that which you have now! When Love and Life first meet, a radiant thing is born, without a shade. When the roads begin to roughen, when the shades begin to darken, when the days are hard, and the nights cold and long—then it begins to change. Love and Life *will* not see it, *will* not know it—till one day they start up suddenly, crying, 'We have lost it! Where is it?' They do not under-

stand that they could not carry the laughing thing unchanged into the desert, and the frost, and the snow. They do not know that what walks beside them still is the Joy grown older. The grave, sweet, tender thing—warm in the coldest snows, brave in the dreariest deserts—its name is Sympathy; it is the Perfect Love."

Olive Schreiner.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

EXTRA PAPER[1]

"Look at me comin' over to your house, an' me with the lamps not filled, nor the chamber work done, nor the floor brushed up around. But you can know 't what I've come for hasn't got anybody dead in, because my dishes are washed up. My dishes are left standin' for nobody but the dead, an' them took off suddenly or else me expected over to help make the funeral nice. No, nobody's dead, I'm pleased to state—at least, nobody new. The new editor made that a local in the 'Evenin' Daily' the other night, gettin' just desperate because nothin' happened to anybody in the town—an' it was what come out of that while you was away that I come over to tell you about.

"The editor didn't have a thing for his locals that day, so he just thought of all his friends, an' he run right down the news item column tellin' what there wasn't. Like this:

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Supper Table Jottings

Postmaster Silas Sykes is well.

Timothy Toplady has not had a cold yet this winter. Prudent Timothy.

Jimmy Sturgis has not broken his leg yet this winter, as he did last. Keep it up, Jimmy.

Eppleby Holcomb has not been out of town for quite a while.

None of the Friendship ladies has given a party all winter.

The First Church is not burnt nor damaged nor repaired. Insurance, $750.00.

Nobody is dead here to-day except the usual ones.

Nobody that's got a telephone in has any company at the present writing. Where is the old-time hospitality?

Subscriptions payable in advance.

"It made quite some fun for us, two or three of us happenin' in the post-office store when the paper come out—Mis' Sykes an' Miss Toplady an' me. But we took it some to heart, too, because to live in a town where they ain't nothin' active happenin' is a kind of runnin' account of everybody that's in it. An' us ladies wa'n't that kind, but all them locals done to Silas Sykes, that keeps the post-office store, was to set him fussin' over nothin' ever happenin' to him.

" 'My dum!' he says, 'that's just the way with life in this town. If I thought I was goin' to get sold in

my death like I've been in my life, I swan I'd lose my interest in dyin'.'

"Mis' Timothy Toplady was over in behind the counter pickin' out her butter, an' she whirled around from samplin' the jars, an' she says to Mis' Sykes an' me:

" 'Ladies,' she says, 'le's us propose it to the editor, that seems to have such a hard job, that us members of the Cemetery Improvement Sodality take hold of his paper for a day an' get it out for him an' put some news in it an' sell it to everybody, subscribers an' all, that one night, for ten cents.

"Mis' Silas Sykes looks up an' stopped winkin' an' breathin', in a way she has when she sights some distant money for Sodality.

" 'Land, Land!' she says. 'I bet it'd take like a warm meal.'

"Silas he snorts, scorchin':

" 'Will you ladies tell me,' he says, 'where you going to *get* your news to put in your paper? Onless you commit murder an' arson an' runaways, there won't be any more in your paper than they is in its editor's.'

"That hit a tender town-point, an' I couldn't stand it no longer. I spoke right up.

" 'Oh, I dunno, I dunno, Silas,' I says. 'They's those in this town that's doin' the murderin' fer us, neat an' nice, right along,' I told him.

" 'Mean to say—' snapped Silas.

" 'Mean to say,' says I, ' 'most every grocery store in this town, an' 'most every milkman, an' the meat

market as well, is doin' their best to drag the health out o' people's systems for 'em. Us ladies is more or less well read an' knowledgeable of what is goin' on in the world outside,' I says to Silas—that ain't, 'an' we know a thing or two about what ought to be clean.'

" 'Pack o' women!' says Silas now, an' went off to find black molasses for somebody.

"I remember how us three women looked at each other then, like our brain was experimentin' with our ideas. An' when Mis' Toplady got her butter, we slipped out, an' spoke together for a few minutes up past the Town Pump. An' it was there, the plan come to a head, an' we see that we had a way of pickin' purses right off of every day, so be the editor would leave us go ahead; an' of doin' other things.

"The very next morning we three went to see the editor an' get his consent. He was new and from the city and real nervous. We explained our plan and he said he had been thinking about a trout stream, and he guessed he needed a day off. He said he was afraid we couldn't collect ten cents a copy—he hadn't been able to collect much of anything. But when we mentioned *news,* he looked positively startled. 'News!' said he. 'Oh, I say now, you mustn't expect *too* much. I ought to warn you that running a paper in this town is like trying to raise cream on a cistern.'

"Mis' Toplady smiled at him motherly. 'You ain't ever tried pouring the cream into the cistern, I guess,' she says.

"So we settled it into a bargain. Of course the

Sodality hadn't voted on it yet, but there wasn't much doubt what they'd vote with $60.00 in sight, which we'd make if everybody bought a paper. The members of the Sodality scraps among themselves personal, but when we pitch in to work for something, we sew rags an' scallop oysters in the same pan with our enemies. I tell you, it makes me feel something that the way ain't so much to try to love each other—which other folks' peculiarities is awful in the way of—but for us all to pitch in an' love somethin' all together—your town, or your young folks, or your cemetery, or keepin' somethin' clean, or makin' somethin' look nice—an' before you know it you're lovin' the folks you work with, no matter how peculiar. Don't it seem as if that must mean somethin'? Somethin' big?

"Sodality voted to publish the paper, all right, and elected the officers for the day: Editor, Mis' Postmaster Sykes—'count of her always expectin' to take the lead in everything; Assistant Editor, me, 'count of bein' well an' able to work like a dog; Business Manager an' circulation man, Mis' Holcomb-that-was Mame Bliss, 'count of no dime ever gettin' away from her unexpected. An' the reporters was to be most of the rest of the Sodality.

"I guess we was all glad that we was to go down early in the mornin' that day, 'count o' not meetin' the men. One an' all an' with one voice the Friendship men had railed at us hearty.

"Only Eppleby Holcomb had kep' his silence. Eppleby is one of them men that ain't never wore

blinkers. Now an' then it makes him some skittish, but oh, I tell you, Eppleby sees things that the run o' men don' see, and Eppleby was our friend.

"So, though we went ahead, the men had made us real anxious. An' when the day come, most of us slipped down to the office by half-past seven so's not to meet too many. The editor had a column in the paper about what we was goin' to do—'Loyal to our Local Dead,' he headed it, an' of course full half the town was kickin' at the extra ten cents, like full half of any town can an' will kick when it's asked to pay out for its own good, dead or alive.

"Extra paper mornin', when we all come in, Mis' Sykes she was sittin' at the editor's desk with her big apron on, an' a green shade to cover up her crimpin'-kids, an' her list that her an' Mis' Toplady an' I had made out, in front of her.

" 'Now then let's get right to work,' she says, brisk. 'We ain't any too much time, I can tell you. It ain't like bakin' bread or gettin' the vegetables ready. We've all got to use muscles this day we ain't used to usin',' she says, 'an' we'd best be spry.'

"So then she begun givin' out who was to do what—'assignments,' the editor named it when he told us what to do.

" 'Mis' Toplady, you go out to Bob Henney's place, an' you go through his cow-sheds, from one end to the other an' take down notes so's he sees you doin' it. You go into his springhouse an' into his kitchen, an' don't you let a can get by you. Open his churn. Rub your fingers round the inside of his pans. Explain to

him you're goin' to give him a nice, full, printed description in to-night's "daily," just the way things are. If he wants it changed any, he can clean all up, an' we'll write up the clean-up like a compliment.'

" 'Mis Uppers, you go down to Betts' meat-market. You poke right through into the back room. An' you tell Joe Betts that you're going to do a write-up of that room an' the alley back of it for the paper to-night, showin' just what's what. If so be he wants to turn in an' red it up this mornin', tell him you'll wait till noon an' describe it then, providin' he agrees to keep it that way. An' you might let him know you're goin' to run over to his slaughterhouse an' look around while you're waitin', an' put that in your write-up, too.'

" 'Mis' Merriman, I'll give you a real hard thing because you do things so delicate. Will you take a walk along the residence part of town an' go into every house an' ask 'em to let you see their back doors an' their garbage pile? Tell 'em you're goin' to write a couple of columns on how folks manage this. Ask 'em for their ideas on the best way. Give 'em to understand, if there's a real good way they're thinkin' of tryin', that you'll put that in, providin' they begin tryin' right off. An' tell 'em they can get their garbage carted off for ten cents a week if enough go in on it. An' you be most delicate, Mis' Fire Chief, for we don't want to offend a soul.'

"Libby an' Viney Liberty Mis' Sykes sent around to take a straw vote in every business house in town to see how much they'd give towards startin' a shelf

library in the corner of the post-office store, a full list to be printed in order with the amount, or else 'Not a cent' after each name. An' the rest o' Sodality she give urrants similar, or even more so.

" 'An' all o' you,' says Mis' Sykes, 'pick up what you can on the way. An' if anybody starts in to object you tell 'em you have instructions to make an interview out of any of the interestin' things they say. You know what you've got to do—do it to the bitter end.'

"Well, sir, they started off—some scairt—but some real brave too. An' the way they went, we see every one of 'em meant business.

"I made straight for Silas Sykes an' the post-office store. Silas wa'n't in the store, it was so early; but he had the floor all sprinkled nice, an' the vegetables set out, all uncovered, close to the sidewalk; an' everything real tasty an' accordin' to grocery-store etiquette. An' Silas himself was in the back room, sortin' over prunes.

" 'Hello, Calliope!' s'he. 'How's liter'-choor?'

" 'Honest as ever,' I says. 'Same with food?'

" 'Who says I ain't honest?' says Silas, straightenin' up, an' holdin' all his fingers stiff 'count o' bein' sticky.

" 'Why, I dunno who,' says I. 'Had anybody ought to? How's business, Silas?'

" 'Well,' says he, 'for us that keeps ourselves up with the modern business methods, it's pretty good, I guess.'

" 'Do you mean pretty good, Silas, or do you mean pretty payin'?' I ask' him.

"Silas put on his best official manner, 'Look at here,' s'e, 'what can I do for you? Did you want to buy somethin' or did you want your mail?'

" 'Oh, neither,' I says. 'I want some help from you, Silas, about the paper today.'

"My! that give Silas a nice minute! He fairly weltered in satisfaction.

" 'Huh!' he says, elegant, 'didn't I tell you you was bitin' off more'n you could chew? Want some assistance from me, do you, in editin' this paper o' yours? Well, I suppose I can help you out a little. What is it you want me to do for you?'

" 'We thought we'd like to write you up,' I told him.

"Silas just swelled. For a man not in public office, Silas Sykes feels about as presidential as anybody I ever see. If they was to come out from the city an' put him on the front page o' the mornin' paper, he's the kind that would wonder why they hadn't done it before.

" 'Sketch of my life?' s'e, genial. 'Little outline of my boyhood? Main points in my career?'

" 'Well,' I says, 'no. We thought the present'd be about all we'd hev room for. We want to write up your business, Silas,' I says, 'in an advertisin' way.'

" 'Oh! You want me to pay to be wrote up, is that it?'

" 'Well,' I says, 'no, not if you don't want to. Of course, everybody'll be buried in the cemetery, whether they give anything towards the fund for keepin' it kep' up or not.'

" 'Lord heavens!' says Silas. 'I've had that Ceme-

tery Fund rammed down my throat till I'm sick o' the thought o' dyin'!'

"That almost made me mad, seein' we was hevin' the disadvantages o' doin' the work an' Silas was goin' to get all the advantages o' burial.

" 'Feel the same way about some o' the Ten Commandments, don't you, Silas?' I says, before I knew it.

"Silas just roared. 'The Ten Commandments!' says he. 'The Ten Commandments! Who can show me one I ain't a-keepin' like an old sheep? Didn't I honor my father an' mother as long as I had 'em? Did they ever buy anything of me at more than cost? Didn't I give 'em new clothes an' send 'em boxes of oranges an' keep up their life insurance? Do I ever come down to the store on the Sabbath day? Do I ever distribute the mail then, even if I'm expectin' a letter myself? The Sabbath I locked the cat in, didn't I send the boy down to let it out for fear I'd be misjudged if I done it? Who do I ever bear false witness against unless I know they've done what I say they've done? I can't kill a fly—an' I'm that fool tender-hearted that I make the boy take the mice out o' the trap because I can't bring myself to it. So you might go through the whole list an' just find me workin' at 'em an' a-keepin' 'em. What do you mean about the Ten Commandments?' he ends up, ready to burst.

" 'Don't ask me,' I says. 'I ain't that familiar with 'em. I didn't know anybody was. Go on about 'em. Take stealin'—you hadn't got to that one.'

" 'Stealin'!' says Silas, pompous, 'I don't know what it is.'

"And with that I was up on my feet. 'I thought you didn't,' says I. 'Us ladies of the Sodality have all said it over an' over again—that you don't know stealin' when you see it. No, nor not even when you've done it. Come here, Silas Sykes!' I says.

"I whipped by him into the store, and he followed me, sheer through bein' dazed, an' keepin' still through bein' knocked dumb.

" 'Look here, here's your counter of bakery stuff. Where do you get it? What's the bakery like where you buy it? It's under a sidewalk and filthy dirty, and I happen to know you know it. And look at the bread —not a thing over it, flies keepin' house on the crust, an' you countin' out change on an apple pie the other day—I see you do it. Look at your dates, all uncovered, and dirt from the street stickin' to 'em like a pattern. Look at your fly-paper, hugged up against your dried fruit box that's standin' wide open. Look at you, keepin' fish an' preserved fruit an' canned stuff that you know is against the law— Goin' to start keepin' the law quick as you get these sold out, ain't you, Silas? Look at your stuff out there in front, full o' street dirt and flies an' ready to feed folks. An' you keepin' the Ten Commandments like an old sheep— an' bein' a Church elder, an' you might better climb porches an' burst open safes. I s'pose you wonder what I'm sayin' all this to you for?'

" 'No, ma'am,' says Silas, like the edge o' somethin', 'I don't wonder at your saying anything to anybody.'

" 'I've got more to say,' I says, dry. 'I've only give you a sample. An' the place I'm goin' to say it is in the

Friendship Village "Evening Daily" Extra, tonight, in a descriptive write-up of you and your store. I thought it might interest you to know.'

" 'It's libel—it's libel!' says Silas, arms wavin'.

" 'Is there a word of it ain't true?' I says to him, liberatin' a fly accident'ly caught on a date. 'Who you goin' to sue? Your wife, that is the editor? An' everybody else's wife, that's doing the same thing to every behind-the-times dealer in town?'

"Silas hung on to that straw. 'Be they doin' it to the others, too?' he asks.

"Then I told him. 'Yes,' I says, 'Silas, only—they ain't going to start writin' up the descriptions till noon. An' if you—and they all—want to clean up the temples where you do business an' make 'em fit for the Lord to look down on an' a human bein' to come into, you've got your chance. An' seein' your boy is gone today, if you'll do it—I'll stay an' help you with it. An' mebbe make room for some of the main points in your career as well,' says I sly.

"Silas looked out the door, his arms folded, an' his beard almost pointin' up, he'd made his chin so firm. And just in that minute, when I was feelin' that all the law an' the prophets, an' the health of Friendship Village, an' the life of people not born was hangin' around that man's neck—or the principle of 'em anyway—Silas' eye an' mine fell on a strange sight. Across the street from Joe Betts' meat-market—come out Joe Betts, and behind him his boy. And Joe begun pointin' an' the boy begun takin' down quarters o' beef hung over the sidewalk. Joe pointed consid'-

able. An' then he clim' up on his meat-wagon that stood by the door, an' out of the shop I see Mis' Mayor Uppers come, lookin' ready to drop. An' she clim' up to the seat beside him—he reachin' down real gentlemanly to help her up. An' he headed his horse around on what I knew was a bee-line for the slaughter-house.

"Well, sir, at that, Silas Sykes put his hands on his knees an' bent over an' begun laughin'. An' he laughed like I ain't seen him since he's got old and begun to believe that life ain't cut after his own plan that he made. An' I laughed a little, too, out o' sheer bein' glad that a laugh can settle so many things right in the world. And when I sobered down a little, I says, gentle:

" 'Silas, I'll throw out the dates an' the dusty lettuce. An' you take down the unlawful canned goods. An' we'll hev done in no time. I'll be glad to get an early start on the write-up. I don't compose very ready,' I told him.

"He was awfully funny while we done the work. He was awful still, too. Once when I lit on a piece of salt pork that I knew, first look, was rusty, 'them folks down on the flats buys it,' he says. 'They like it just as good as new-killed.'

" 'All right,' s' I, careless; 'I'll make a note o' that to shine in my article. It needs humor some,' s' I.

"Then Silas swore, soft an' under his breath, as an elder should, but quite vital. An' he took the pork out in the alley, an' I stomped it down in the dirt so's he wouldn't slip out an' save it.

"It was 'leven o'clock when we got done—me

havin' swept out behind the counters myself. An' Silas he mopped his face an' stood haulin' at his collar.

"When I got back to the office, Mis' Sykes at the main desk was still laborin' over her editorial, breathin' hard.

" 'How was he?' she asks, in a pale voice.

" 'He was crusty,' says I, triumphant, 'but he's beat.'

"She never smiled. 'Calliope Marsh,' says she, cold, 'if you've sassed my husband I'll never forgive you again.'

"I tell you, men may be some funny, and often are. But women is odd as Dick's hatband, an' I don't know but odder. Well, we'd all had pretty good luck except Mis' Toplady. The tears was near streamin' down her face.

" 'Bob Henney gimme to understand he'd see me in—some place he hadn't ought to 'a' spoke of to me, nor to no one—before I could get in his milk-sheds, and I t-told him, "that lookin' for me wouldn't be the only reason he'd hev for goin' there." An' then he said some more. He said he'd be in here this afternoon to stop his subscription.'

" 'So you didn't get a thing,' I says, grievin' for her; but Mis' Toplady, she bridled through her tears.

" 'I got a column: I put in about the sheds, that the whole town knows anyway, an' I put in what he said to me. An' I'm goin' to read it to him when he comes in. An' after that he can take his choice about havin' it published, or else cleanin' up an' allowin' Sodality to inspect him reg'lar.'

"Just before twelve o'clock we was all back in the office, Mis' Fire Chief, from bein' delicate, Mis' Uppers, fresh from the slaughter-house, an' so on, all but Mame Holcomb that was out seein' to the circulation. An' I tell you we set to work in earnest, some of us to the desks, an' some of us workin' on their laps, an' everybody hurryin' hectic.

"Ain't it strange how slow the writin' muscles an' such is, that you don't use often? Pittin' cherries, splittin' squash, peelin' potatoes, slicin' apples, makin' change at Church suppers—us ladies is lightnin' at 'em all. But settin' down ideas on paper—I declare if it ain't more like waitin' around for your bread to raise on a cold mornin'. Still, when you're worried you can press forward more than normal, an' among us we got some material ready for the composing room—Riddy Styles had charge of that.

"But four o'clock come racin' across the day like a runaway horse, an' us not out of its way. An' a few minutes past, when Riddy was waitin' in the door for Mis' Sykes's last page, somebody 'most knocked him over, an' there comes Mis' Holcomb, our circulation editor, purple an' white, like ghost.

" 'Lock the door—lock it!' says she. 'I've bolted the one to the foot of the stairs. Lock both outside ones an' lay yourselves low!'

"Riddy an' I done the lockin', me well knowin' Mis' Holcomb couldn't give a false alarm no more than a map could.

" 'What is it?' we says, pressin' Mis' Holcomb to speak, that couldn't even breathe.

" 'Oh, ladies, they've rejoined us, or whatever it is they do. I mean they're goin' to rejoin us from gettin' out to-night's paper. The sheriff's comin' with injunctions—*is that* like handcuffs, do you know? An' it's Bob Henney's doin'; Eppleby told me, and I run down the alley an' beat 'em. They're most here. Let's us slap into print what's wrote an' be ready with the papers the livin' minute we can.'

"Mis' Sykes had shoved her green shade on to the back of her head, an' her crimpin'-pins was all showin' forth.

" 'What good'll it do us to get the paper out? We can't distribute 'em around with the sheriff to the front door with them things to put on us.'

"Then Mis' Holcomb smiled, with her eyes shut, where she sat, breathin' so hard it showed through.

" 'I come in the coal door, at the alley,' s' she. 'They'll never think o' that. Besides, the crowd'll be in front an' the carrier boys too, an' they'll want to show off out there. An' Eppleby knows—he told me to—an' he'll keep 'em interested out in front. Le's us each take the papers, an' out the coal door an' distribute 'em around, ourselves, without the boys, an' collect the money.'

"An' that was how we done. For when they come to the door an' found it locked, they pounded a little to show who was who an' who wa'n't, an' then they waited out there calm enough, thinkin' to stop us when the papers come down would be plenty time. They waited out there, calm an' sure, while upstairs Bedlam

went on, but noiseless. An' after us ladies was done with our part, we sat huddled up in the office.

"With the Sodality an' Riddy Styles an' the composin'-room men, we had above twenty carriers. Riddy an' the men helped us, one an' all, because of course the paper was a little theirs, too, an' they was interested, an' liked the lark. Land, land! I ain't felt so young nor so wicked since school as I done gettin' out that alley door. Did you ever think that there's just as much fun keepin' secret about somethin' that *may* be good as sneakin' for regular bad? The Sodality can tell they is, an' that slippin' up a back alley, luggin' what you hope may be a help to the kingdom of God on your back, is every bit as joyous feelin' as tearin' down high things an' holy.

"When we finally got outside, it was supper-time, an' summer-seemin' an' the whole village was buried in its evenin' fried mush an' potatoes or else sprinklin' their front yards. Us that went west got clear the whole length of Daphne Street in the alley without nobody sensin' what we was doin', or else believin' that we was doin' it orderly an' legitimate. An' away out by the Pump pasture, we started distributin', an' we come workin' down-town, handin' out papers to the residence part like mad an' takin' in dimes like wild. They was so many of us, an' the 'Evenin' Daily' office was so located, that by the time Mis' Toplady an' I come round the corner where the men an' Bob Henney an' the rejoiners an' the carriers was loafin', waitin', smokin' an' secure, we didn't have many

papers left. An' we three was the first ones back.

"'Even' paper?' says Mis' Toplady, casual, 'Friendship Village "Evening Daily" Extra? All the news for a dime!'

"Never hev I see a a man so truly flabbergasted as Bob Henney, an' he did look like death.

"'You're rejoined!' he yelled—or whatever it is they say—'You're rejoined by law from printin' your papers or from distributin' the same.'

"'Why, Bob Henney,' says Mis' Toplady, 'no call to show fight like that. Half the town is readin' its paper by now. They've been out for three-quarters of an hour,' she says.

"Then soft an' faint an' acrost the street, we heard somebody laugh, an' then kind o' spat hands; an' we all looked up an' there in the open upstairs window of the buildin' opposite, we see Eppleby Holcomb an' Timothy Toplady an' Silas Sykes leanin' out. An' when we crossed eyes, they all made a little cheer like a theatre; an' then they come clumpin' down-stairs an' acrost to us.

"'Won out, didn't you, by heck?' says Silas, that can only see so far.

"'Blisterin' Benson:' says Timothy, gleeful. 'I say we ain't no cause to regret our wifes' brains.'

"But Eppleby, he never said a word. He just smiled slow an' a-lookin' past us. An' we know he didn't have no blinkers on an' that he see our whole plan, face to face.

"Mis' Sykes an' Mis' Toplady an' me, seein' how Bob Henney stood mutterin' an' beat, an' seein' how

the day had gone, an' seein' what was what in the world an' in all outside of it, we looked at each other, dead tired, an' real happy, an' then we just dragged along home to our kitchens an' went to cookin' supper. But oh, it wa'n't our same old kitchens, nor it wa'n't our same old Friendship Village. We was in places newer an' better an' up higher, where we see how things are, an' how life would get more particular about us, if we would get a little particular about some more of life."

Zona Gale.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

FOR LOVE OF MARY ELLEN

Susan Randolph Peyton Carter was an anomaly. Her blood, which should have been uncompromisingly, incorrigibly blue, insisted upon a riotous preponderance of red corpuscles; her manners showed no symptoms of developing a Vere de Vere finish; and her tastes—Mrs. Carter refused to admit that a descendant of the first governor of Virginia could have low tastes, but she confessed to other members of the family that Susan's friendships and ideals were a trial to her.

Even at six, a Carter who was also a Peyton and a Randolph should have shown a nice discrimination in the matter of associates.

Not that Susan did not discriminate. She did. Steadfastly, unswervingly, she declined all intimacy with the nice, blue-blooded, pretty-mannered, neatly-

dressed little girls whose mothers were upon Mrs. Carter's visiting list. She was not rude to them—Susan was never actually rude. When confronted with situations or persons not to her taste, she simply retired within herself and gently but firmly closed the door behind her. Her material body might be haled forth to dancing-school, to church, to children's parties; might be whipped or locked in a closet or deprived of supper; but somewhere within her spiritual fastnesses the real Susan was of the same opinion still.

That Susan's private stock of ideas was tinged with democracy might be inferred from her choice of a bosom friend. Mary Ellen, the enterprising and grubby little daughter of Mrs. Rafferty—Mrs. Rafferty who had been trying to run the news-stand and tobacco shop on the corner since Mr. Rafferty had tired of the undertaking and disappeared.

Mary Ellen was considerably older than Susan in years, and aeons older in experience; but she admitted that for a "swell kid" Susan was fairly intelligent and companionable, and the ardent admiration of the smaller girl tickled her vanity.

It was one day in April that the blow fell. Mary Ellen, her face smudged by application of grimy hands to tear-wet cheeks, annnounced that she was going away from Washington, going to relatives up in Pennsylvania. Her mother couldn't pay the rent of the shop any longer, nor of their rooms either, and the doctor said he guessed Mrs. Rafferty would have to go to the hospital for an operation, and the Penn-

sylvania relatives seemed the only refuge for Mary Ellen—only maybe they wouldn't take her, and she didn't have any money to go with, anyway. But she didn't have any money to stay with, either, and her mother just cried and cried.

All this and more she told to Susan while they sat on a bench in Dupont Circle, whither Susan had been convoyed by Jane, the parlor-maid, and where she had been left to play until called for.

All through the rest of the day, Susan was very quiet, and when evening came she went to bed willingly, and eagerly. She thought until sleep caught her unaware, and just on the Borderland of Sleep, she had her revelation. She must make money for Mary Ellen. That fact had been established from the first; but how was she to make it? That was the question.

And then came the illumination. Didn't the blind woman down on M street make money—boxfuls of it, just by sitting on the curbstone and holding out a tin cup? Hadn't Susan herself, with her mother's full permission, stopped and dropped pennies into the cup? And hadn't John, the coachman, said that he shouldn't wonder if she made more money than he did? Anybody could sit and hold out a tin cup. One didn't have to be big and strong for that. And then Sleep opened the door of the Castle of Dreams, and the small girl forgot about financial worries in the excitement of chasing a green kitten with a pink tail and a face strangely like Mary Ellen's round and round Dupont Circle.

But in the morning Susan went down to breakfast with purposeful determination in her eyes.

She was eager to go to work at once, but, as usual, grown-ups were bothersome. Mrs. Carter was going shopping at ten o'clock and insisted upon taking her Youngest with her, although the Youngest objected in no uncertain voice. However, the expedition proved to be a blessing in disguise; for Susan was left in the carriage for half an hour, just opposite the spot where the Blind Woman was carrying on a thriving business, so she had a chance to study her methods thoroughly and, besides, discovered something she had quite overlooked before.

Fastened on the front of her waist, the woman wore a square of soiled cardboard on which was printed something that Susan could not read. She made an eager appeal to John, and he responded with: " 'Pity a blind widow with six children.' That's what it says, Miss."

Susan leaned back in her seat and shut her eyes very tight and wrinkled her nose into funny creases. This new problem demanded thought. If she must accept the responsibility of six children and widowhood in addition to blindness, then she must; and since a placard was necessary, she must have a placard.

That afternoon, the grocer's boy, who was one of Susan's cherished friends, was seized upon as he went whistling past the side door. He was dragged up to the play-room on the third floor, where, with

Susan as prompter, he achieved a masterpiece on the bottom of an old cardboard box, but failed completely in getting any information about the game to which this stage property evidently belonged.

The next morning, when Jane led Susan forth to Dupont Circle, where she was to spend the morning "playing like a little lady," she carried the masterpiece in her largest picture-book. Also, she took with her an empty tomato can. Jane was disagreeable about the tomato can. She considered a wax doll more seemly and more suited to the social atmosphere of the Circle; but Susan was adamant. She preferred to play with a tomato can, and, in the end, she had her way.

Susan sat demurely upon a bench until Jane had become fully occupied with the other servants about the Circle, and then, swiftly, furtively, she slipped down from her bench, and five minutes later her sturdy little legs were twinkling down Q Street. She ran until she was quite out of breath, and her legs were very tired, and she felt very far from home. Then she sat down on the curbstone under a corner lamp-post and pinned to the front of her red coat a slightly damaged piece of white cardboard bearing the legend: Pitty A BlinD Widdy WIth SIX ChildReN.

Hardly was the placard in place and the tomato can firmly gripped in an unmittened hand, when a young man bound office-ward stopped, read, grinned, and dropped a penny into the can. "You need help with those six children, ma'am," he said gravely; and Susan's twinkling little black eyes looked gratefully

up at him out of a solemn face. This being a widow with six children was serious matter, and she intended to take it seriously.

One by one, passers-by, chiefly men, stared, laughed, made facetious remarks, and asked foolish questions, to which the sad-eyed widow, looking more or less like a scared but defiant squirrel, made no answer beyond an eloquent rattle of the pennies in the tomato can. And, one by one, the jesters added pennies to the collection and went on their way laughing.

Later, more women were abroad, and business was not so good. The older women showed a meddling propensity for asking questions; but the widow was apparently deaf and dumb as well as blind. Finally one of the women, meeting Policeman Kelly farther down town, told him that there was a well-dressed little girl begging up on Q Street, and that she ought to be taken home to her mother. So Kelly strolled up to investigate.

Susan saw him coming, and, though her conscience was clear, her heart froze within her. As for Kelly, when his glance fell upon the widow he, like the other men, stopped and stared—but he did not laugh; and that was not because he represented the solemn majesty of the law, but because he had small children of his own at home.

"It's a foine day, mum," he said, in a genial, offhand way. "Doing well?" Susan looked into the tomato can, poked the contents with a fat forefinger, and held the can out for inspection. The policeman looked at the pile of pennies with friendly interest.

"First-rate, whatcher goin' to do with all that money?"

For a moment Susan hesitated, then, under the warming glow of friendly Irish eyes, she abandoned her policy of silence. "It's for Mary Ellen," she explained.

"Mary Ellen who, now?"

"Mary Ellen Rafferty."

" 'Tis a good ould name."

"They can't pay the rent."

"There do be Raffertys that are that way—an' Kellys too."

"And the butcher won't trust them, an' there isn't any fire, an' Mary Ellen could do somethin' maybe, if she had some money. An' the woman wiv a teacup gets lots of money; an' so I thought—"

"Just so, 'twas a good idea ye had, and a kind one—but I'm thinkin' maybe your mother—"

Susan was disappointed in him. She hadn't expected an understanding person like this to drag her mother into the conversation; and when he was indelicate enough to do it, she lapsed into profound silence. Kelly realized that he had blundered, and was casting about in his mind for a tactful method of reopening diplomatic relations, when he was interrupted by an elderly man whom he saluted with manifest respect.

"What's wrong, officer?" asked the newcomer, looking down at the tiny figure on the curb.

Kelly's eyes twinkled, but his voice was grave. "Well, there's nothing what you might call wrong,

your Honor, but here's a poor widdy woman with six small kids of her own, is tryin' to raise money to pay Mary Ellen Rafferty's rent, and I was thinkin' to myself, 'What's to be done about this new Charity Organization?' "

The old gentleman settled his glasses more firmly on his nose and bent over to get a better view of the Charity Organization. He was very tall and very dignified, and his clothes were for some reason or other very impressive. Susan had a feeling that this old gentleman, too, would understand about things.

"This Mary Ellen is a friend of yours?" he asked courteously.

"Yessir."

"And she is in trouble about her rent?"

Susan hesitated, but the sympathy of the eyes and the voice was too much for her scruples, and once more she plunged headlong into explanation—fervent, incoherent explanation that came out upside down and hind side before and hopelessly entangled, but seemed to convey a perfectly clear and lucid idea to the listener. He summed up the case concisely: "Mr. Rafferty has gone away, and Mrs. Rafferty can't pay the rent, and she's had to give up her news-stand, and she hasn't any money to buy food or coal, and she has to go to the hospital, and there's nobody to take care of Mary Ellen?"

"Yes'm—yes'm!" In her excitement, Susan rose superior to genders.

"Well, now, I should say that all those pennies would go a long way toward straightening things out

for Mary Ellen; and if there aren't quite enough I might put in enough more with them to make up what is needed. Do you happen to know where Mary Ellen lives, my dear?"

Susan did know. Everything concerning Mary Ellen had always been too important to be forgotten.

"Suppose you and I go around there and see what we can do about paying the rent and the butcher bill and sending in some things to eat—I shouldn't wonder if you know exactly what Mary Ellen likes best to eat."

"Chocolate 'clairs!" This was better than anything she had dreamed of. The old gentleman looked as if his pockets might be fairly bulging with pennies.

"That's right—chocolate éclairs, eh? Well, we will get some chocolate éclairs—and some beef and cabbage and potatoes on the side. Officer, will you be kind enough to call a cab for this lady and me?"

It didn't really seem a minute from the time they got into the cab until they were sitting on the one chair that Mrs. Rafferty's bedroom offered—Susan on the old gentleman's knee—and were explaining to Mrs. Rafferty, sick in bed, and to Mary Ellen, speechless with amazement, that the rent was going to be paid; and that the grocer and baker and butcher and milkman would soon be leaving heaps of things at the door; and that Mary Ellen was going to stay with some nice Irish people the old gentleman knew, while her mother was in the hospital getting well. They had a beautiful time—all of them.

Going home wasn't as much fun as going to Mary

Ellen's. Punishment loomed large before her, and though Susan was willing to take it, if need be, she wished most fervently that she could dodge it. Perhaps the old gentleman understood why she grew quieter and quieter, for his voice grew gentler and gentler, and the eyes that looked down at the small culprit had a tender little smile in them. When the cab stopped before Susan's home, the old gentleman lifted her out and walked up to the door, holding her hand. There was something very encouraging about the feel of that large, warm, competent hand, and she wished he didn't have to go away.

He didn't seem to have any idea of going. When he had rung the bell, he still stood by Susan's side; and when the cook opened the door, he stepped into the hall and handed her a card. "Good-by, little woman," he said, dropping the small hand as he reached the drawing-room door. "Run along, that's a dear. I want to have a talk with your mother—but I'm coming to see you soon, if she will allow it."

Watching through the upper balusters a half-hour later, Susan saw her mother and the old gentleman come out from the drawing-room and walk down the hall in friendly fashion. A moment later Mrs. Carter called Susan, and the culprit went draggingly down the stairs, bracing herself for woe to come. She found a mother with a very loving face, who gathered her small sinner tenderly into her arms and kissed her. "Tell mother about your plans next time, dearie," she said—but that was all. Not even a word of re-

proof, and, remembering lesser offenses, Susan marveled. She did not know that a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States had pleaded her cause with all the eloquence he could muster and had won her case.

Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

THE SPIRIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(Many attempts have been made to frame "the perfect tribute" to Abraham Lincoln. Woodrow Wilson pictures him as the mysterious but reassuring product of democracy. The spiritual quality of his portrait no less than the art displayed in the use of less than fifteen hundred words to paint it make it memorable. By popular subscription the log-cabin birthplace of Lincoln on a farm near Hodgenville, Kentucky, has been enclosed in an imposing granite memorial building as a gift to the Nation. President Wilson, called upon to accept the memorial, September 4, gave this impressive interpretation of it.)

No more significant memorial could have been presented to the Nation than this. It expresses so much of what is singular and noteworthy in the history of the country; it suggests so many of the things that we prize most highly in our lives and in our system of government.

How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy! Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed or caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind.

Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special

tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training.

This was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who presently emerged upon the great stage of the Nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot.

Whatever the vigor and vitality of the stock from which he sprang, its mere vigor and soundness do not explain where this man got his great heart that seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic and benignant sympathy, the mind that sat enthroned behind those brooding, melancholy eyes, whose vision swept many a horizon which those about him dreamed not of—that mind that comprehended what it had never seen, and understood the language of affairs with the ready ease of one to the manner born—or that nature which seemed in its varied richness to be the familiar of men of every way of life.

Many another man beside Lincoln has served the Nation in its highest places of council and of action whose origins were as humble as his. Though the greatest example of the universal energy, richness, stimulation, and force of democracy, he is only one example among many. The permeating and all-pervasive virtue of the freedom which challenges us in America to make the most of every gift and power he possesses, every page of our history serves to empha-

size and illustrate. Standing here in this place, it seems almost the whole of the stirring story.

Do you share with me the feeling, I wonder, that he was permanently at home nowhere? It seems to me that in the case of a man—I would rather say of a spirit—like Lincoln the question where he was is of little significance; that it is always what he was that really arrests our thought and takes hold of our imagination.

It is the spirit always that is sovereign. Lincoln, like the rest of us, was put through the discipline of the world—a very rough and exacting discipline for him, an indispensable discipline for every man who would know what he is about in the midst of the world's affairs; but this spirit got only its schooling there. It did not derive its character or its vision from the experiences which brought it to its full revelation.

The test of every American must always be, not where he is, but what he is. That also is of the essence of democracy and is the moral of which this place is most gravely expressive.

I have read many biographies of Lincoln; I have sought out with the greatest interest the many intimate stories that are told of him, the narratives of nearby friends, the sketches at close quarter in which those who had the privilege of being associated with him have tried to depict for us the very man himself "in his habit as he lived," but I have nowhere found a real intimate of Lincoln's. I nowhere get the impression in any narrative or reminiscence that the writer had in fact penetrated to the heart of his mys-

tery, or that any man could penetrate to the heart of it.

That brooding spirit has no real familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to anyone. It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communing with them, as if, in spite of all its genial efforts at comradeship, it dwelt apart, saw its visions of duty where no man looked on.

I have come here to-day not to utter a eulogy on Lincoln; he stands in need of none, but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the Nation of the place of his birth and origin.

Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled? For these hopes must certainly be rekindled, and only those who live can rekindle them.

The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of living hearts. We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us.

Woodrow Wilson.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

THE KING OF BOYVILLE[1]

Boys who are born in a small town are born free and equal. In the big city it may be different; there are doubtless good little boys who disdain bad little boys, and poor little boys who are never to be noticed under any circumstances. But in a small town, every boy, good or bad, rich or poor, stands among boys on his own merits, and is measured by what he can do, and not by what his father is. And so, Winfield Hancock Pennington, whose boy name was Piggy Pennington, was the King of Boyville. For Piggy could walk on his hands, curling one foot gracefully over his back, and pointing the other straight in the air; he could hang by his heels on a flying trapeze; he could chin a pole so many times that no one could count the number; he could turn a somersault in the air from the level ground, both backwards and forwards; no one could come near him in the water or on the ice, and no one could beat him at a game of marbles. In the story books such a boy would be the son of a widowed mother, and turn out very good or very bad, but Piggy was not a story-book boy, and his father kept a grocery store, from which Piggy used to steal so many dates that the boys said his father must have cut up the almanac to supply him. As he never gave the goodies to the other boys, but kept them for his own use, his name of "Piggy" was his by all the rights of Boyville.

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But there was one thing Piggy Pennington could not do and it was the one of all things which he most wished he could do; he could not under any circumstances say three consecutive and coherent words to any girl under fifteen and over nine. He was invited with nearly all of the boys of his age in town, to children's parties. And while any other boy, whose only accomplishment was turning a cartwheel, or skinning the cat backwards, or, at most, hanging by one leg and turning a handspring, could boldly ask a girl if he could see her home, Piggy had to get his hat and sneak out of the house when the company broke up. Even after school, Piggy could not join the select coterie of boys who followed the girls down through town to the post-office, nor could he tease the girls about absent boys at such times and make up rhymes like

"First the cat and then her tail;
Jimmy Sears and Maggie Hale,"

and shout them out for the crowd to hear. Instead Piggy Pennington went off with the boys who really didn't care for such things, and fought or wrestled his way leisurely home in time to get in his "night wood." But his heart was not in these pastimes; it was with a red shawl of a peculiar shade, that was wending its way to the post-office and back to a home in one of the few two-story houses in the little town. Time and again had Piggy tried to make some sign to let his feelings be known, but every time he had failed. Lying in wait for her at corners, and suddenly breaking upon her with a glory of backward and forward

somersaults did not convey the state of his heart. Hanging by his heels from an apple-tree limb over the sidewalk in front of her, unexpectedly, did not tell the tender tale for which his lips could find no words. And the nearest he could come to an expression of the longing in his breast was to cut her initials in the ice beside his own when she came weaving and wobbling past on some other boy's arm. But she would not look at the initials, and the chirography of his skates was so indistinct that it required a key; and everything put together, poor Piggy was no nearer a declaration at the end of the winter than he had been at the beginning of autumn. So only one heart beat with but a single thought, and the other took motto candy and valentines and red apples and picture cards and other tokens of esteem from other boys, and beat on with any number of thoughts.

One morning in the late spring, he spent half an hour before breakfast among his mother's roses, which were just in first bloom. He had taken out there all the wire from an old broom, and all his kite string. His mother had to call three times before he would leave his work. He was the first to leave the table, and by eight o'clock he was at his task again. Before the first school bell had rung, Piggy Pennington was bound for the schoolhouse, with a strange-looking parcel under his arm.

Just before school was called, Piggy Pennington was playing "scrub" with all his might, and a little girl—his Heart's Desire—was taking out of her desk a wreath of roses, tied to a shaky wire frame. There

was a crowd of girls around her admiring it, and speculating about the possible author of the gift; but to these she did not show the patent medicine card, on which was scrawled, over the druggist's advertisement:

"Yours truly, W. H. P."

Piggy was the last boy in, and he did not look toward the desk, where he had put the flowers, until after the singing.

Then he stole a sidewise glance that way, but his Heart's Desire was deep in her geography. Once she squirmed in her place and looked toward him, but Piggy Pennington was head over heels in the "Iser rolling rapidly." When their eyes did at last meet, just as Piggy was at the door to go out for recess, the thrill amounted to a shock that sent him whirling in a pinwheel of handsprings toward the ball ground, shouting "Scrub—first bat, first bat, first bat!" Piggy made four tallies that recess, and the other boys couldn't have put him out, if they had used a hand-grenade or a Babcock fire extinquisher.

He received four distinct shots that day from the eyes of his Heart's Desire, and the last one sent him home on the run, tripping up every primary urchin, and whooping at the top of his voice. But, alas, the course of true love never did run smooth, and the next day was a dark one. Piggy brought a big armful of red and yellow and pink and white roses to school, but though all the other girls crowded around him plead-

ing for one, Heart's Desire never approached. Instead, she stood near a window, talking to a freckled-faced boy, until the last rose, a beauty, had been given away. Oh, that was a dark day.

It was almost four o'clock when Piggy Pennington walked to the master's desk to get him to work out a problem, and as he passed the desk of Heart's Desire he dropped a note in her lap. It read:

"Are you mad?"

But he dared not look for the answer, as they marched out that night, so he contented himself with punching the boy ahead of him with a pin, and stepping on his heels, when they were in the back part of the room, where the teacher would not see him. The King of Boyville walked home alone that evening. The courtiers saw plainly that his majesty was troubled.

At dusk, when the evening chores were done, Piggy Pennington walked past the home of his Heart's Desire and howled out a doleful ballad which began:

"You ask what makes this darkey wee-eep,
Why he like others am not gay."

But a man on the sidewalk passing said, "Well, son, that's pretty good, but wouldn't you just as lief sing as to make that noise." So the King went to bed with a heavy heart.

He took that heart to school with him, the next morning, and dragged it over the school ground, playing crack the whip and "stink-base." But when he saw Heart's Desire wearing in her hair one of the

white roses from his mother's garden—the Penningtons had the only white roses in the little town—he knew it was from the wreath which he had given her, and so light was his boyish heart that it was with an effort that he kept it out of his throat. There were smiles and smiles that day. During the singing they began, and every time she came past him from a class, and every time he could pry his eyes behind her geography, or her grammar, a flood of gladness swept over his soul. That night Piggy Pennington followed the girls from the school-house to the post-office and in a burst of enthusiasm, he walked on his hands in front of the crowd, for nearly half a block. When his Heart's Desire said:

"Oh, ain't you afraid you'll hurt yourself doing that?" Piggy pretended not to hear her, and said to the boys:

"Aw, that ain't nothin'; come down to my barn, an' I'll do somepin that'll make yer head swim."

He was too exuberant to contain himself, and when he left the girls he started to run after a stray chicken that happened along, and ran till he was out of breath. He did not mean to run in the direction his Heart's Desire had taken, but he turned a corner, and came up with her suddenly.

Her eyes beamed upon him, and he could not run away, as he wished. She made room for him on the sidewalk, and he could do nothing but walk beside her. For a block they were so embarrassed that neither spoke.

It was Piggy who broke the silence. His words

came from his heart. He had not yet learned to speak otherwise.

"Where's your rose?" he asked, not seeing it.

"What rose?" said the girl, as though she had never in her short life heard of such an absurd thing as a rose.

"Oh, you know." There was another pause, during which Piggy picked up a pebble, and threw it at a bird in a tree. His heart was sinking rapidly.

"Oh, that rose?" said his Heart's Desire, turning full upon him with the enchantment of her childish eyes. "Why, here it is in my grammar. I'm taking it to keep with the others. Why?"

"Oh, nuthin' much, I bet you can't do this," he added, as he glowed up into her eyes from an impulsive handspring.

And thus the King of Boyville first set his light, little foot upon the soil of an unknown country, a country old, yet ever new.

William Allen White.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

MR. AND MRS. BARRISTER

"No, I'm not going."

"Pardon me, I think you are."

"Edwin, in the first place I am afraid of cars, in the second I want to finish my book and in the third I don't care for flowers."

"Margaret, in the first place you should not give way to your foolish nervousness, in the second your

brain needs a rest from all this trashy reading and in the third I told Thompson to expect us this afternoon for flowers."

"That may all be true, but I do not want to go, and you need not order the car, for I am not going."

"Excuse me, you are going."

"Edwin, how can you be so absurd, I tell you I will not go."

"And I tell you, you will." Mr. Barrister rose and glared at his wife; she also arose hurriedly and they left the room together.

It is the boarders' undefinable privilege to discuss with those at the table, those who have just left, so now as had often been the case, Mr. and Mrs. Barrister furnished subject matter for the dwellers in Mrs. Parson's select summer boarding house. Did she keep out of their way by choice that they might not see his cruelty to her, or had he commanded her to do so? It was very evident that she feared him.

That afternoon about four the Barristers' car drove up and Mrs. B. with hat and gloves on came down to the door. "Take us to Thompson's greenhouse," said Mr. B. sternly. The driver nodded, and they drove off. That night Mrs. B. was late for dinner. Mr. B. sat by her vacant place with a frown on his brow which he took no pains to conceal. At last his wife entered glancing apologetically at him. "I'm sorry I'm late," she said slipping into her seat with lowered eyes. "We are very sorry too," said Mr. B. dryly. Mrs. Parsons said, "It makes absolutely no difference." "I tell you it does make a great differ-

ence," said Mr. B., glaring at his wife. A little conversation concerning literature ensued. Said Mrs. B., "I have always thought that many of the writers of the past are famous chiefly because they lived in the past." Mr. B. twisted impatiently in his chair. "I think you had better leave such subjects alone till you know about them."

"But, Edwin, you must"—but her husband cut her short with an ugly laugh—"Don't be a fool," he muttered. One of the boarders rose from his seat white with excitement. "Stop!" he cried. "We have all sat by and listened to your dastardly sneers long enough, and it is time you understand you must stop this now and forever."

"And who is to make me I would like to inquire?"

"I am."

"You are?"

"Yes, I am! I will not sit by any longer and see a defenseless woman treated as you treat your wife. I will defend her against you!" Mrs. B. looked at him in terror and moved nearer to her husband.

"Come," said the latter, "you had better not listen to his ravings"—and he led her from the room. Up stairs with his hand on the door knob he turned and said softly, "I think we had better go tomorrow," and she answered "Yes."

Next morning the train bearing Mr. and Mrs. B. steamed slowly out of the station. They looked carefully around the car and then heaved a deep sigh of relief. She looked into her husband's eyes that were twinkling merrily and they both burst into a hearty

laugh. "I never knew before you were such an actress, Meg, you were simply superb, and I a most ferocious villain." "But we were playing with fire, Edwin dear, I was really frightened last night. Our tangled web seemed to have caught ourselves in it." "Well, we can afford to forget the sad part, for we are probably the first two persons, darling, who have not been found out upon their honey-moon!"

Anonymous.

ERSTWHILE SUSAN

The scene is in BARNABY DREARY'S *home at Reinhartz Station, Pennsylvania. We are introduced to the frowning* BARNABY, *the local tinsmith, his two boorish sons,* JACOB *and* EMANUEL DREARY, *and* BARNABETTA, *the Cinderella of the household, upon whose frail shoulders all the housekeeping of the family has fallen.* DREARY *confides to* ABEL BUCHTER, *the schoolteacher, that he is about to marry for the third time, though not for romantic reasons. He has taken the matter up with a Reading matrimonial bureau, with the result that the lady is coming to meet him and enter into negotiations. Her name is* MISS JULIET MILLER. DAVID JORDAN, *a Reading attorney and judge, calls upon* DREARY *to obtain his endorsement of a new road from Reading to Reinhartz, but fails to interest the hidebound tinsmith in anything like the progress of the community. They finally quarrel over* BARNABETTA, JORDAN *protesting against* DREARY'S *domineering methods of discipline. The*

young lawyer's interest in the girl having been aroused, BARNABY *goes up-stairs to indulge in a bath in honor of the advent of his future wife. Presently she is escorted into the* DREARY *home by* ABEL BUCHTER. MISS JULIET MILLER *is, we find, a friend of* JORDAN'S *and to him she explains her unconventional method of choosing a husband.* ABEL *goes up-stairs to get* BARNABY.)

JULIET. On love's light wings, alas, too soon, was I wafted to Cupid's bower.

JORDAN. And I wish you'd take your chance while you have it and let them waft you away from here before he comes.

JULIET. No, my friend, my wings are folded.

JORDAN. Of course—I know your latest idea—your scheme for breaking into the Reinhartz community—but you'd better continue your uplift work among people you understand. I have boundless faith in you—but I've seen him.

JULIET. So? Well, all we have to do is to awaken the esthetic nature of these people and impress them with the beautiful realities of life. That will change them.

JORDAN. Change that beast—never! I have heard him roar.

JULIET. Ere long, he shall roar you as gently as a nightingale.

JORDAN. But what in the world do you want him for? Can't you start the work some other way?

JULIET. Not so directly, my friend. The step I am

taking is unexampled, I know; but it is the one sure way. I have created this situation and I believe in facing every situation in life with equanimity and hope.

JORDAN. Well, I assure you Dreary is no situation to face with equanimity and hope. Now, as your lawyer, I advise you—

JULIET. Remember, years ago in Cedar Center, Iowa, you advised me not to purchase the Central Iowa Stationery and Fancy Goods Emporium. I did take over the establishment and it is still prospering. Later all my friends urged me not to become financially responsible for the Ami Bailey Theatrical Enterprises. Again I disregarded advice. You remember the fortunate result. Indeed, had it not been for the treachery of Burt Budshaw, my municipal theater establishment in Cedar Center would still be flourishing, the pride and glory of that locality.

JORDAN. Yes, yes, I know all about that. But that is mainly business. But do these people around here know of your stage experience?

JULIET. Sh! Sh! No, and they must never find out. They know me as a lecturer and an elocutionist; but as an actress, oh, no, no, my friend, that would never do.

JORDAN. I suppose not; but see here, Miss Miller, this Reinhartz uplift idea of yours—

JULIET. Pure idealish, I know.

JORDAN. That's a mild way of putting it. Still I don't believe any man will get the better of you.

JULIET. One did—once.

JORDAN. I beg your pardon, I forgot. I'm sorry.

JULIET. Pray do not speak of it, it revives unbearable memories.

JORDAN. Yes, of course.

JULIET. When I came east I determined to bury my past and all the memory of Burt Budsaw's treachery and to begin life anew, as you know.

JORDAN. Well, if you're planning another new start in life, let me beg of you not to make it with Barnaby Dreary.

JULIET. Ah! that's where you don't comprehend. Barnaby Dreary is just the man, because, I understand, he is quite the worst.

JORDAN. Now see here! (*He waits a moment, looks at his watch.*) It's a quarter past six. I've got to be back in Reading to-night. All the way over on the coach I tried to make you tell me your real reason for this mad scheme.

JULIET. Hadn't I told you? I have heard of this curious people. I know of this extraordinary community. Among the women there is no vision, there is no beauty. I have determined to put charm into their lives, to lift them up into the sunlight of the new ideas—the new day.

JORDAN. And how do you expect to do it?

JULIET. My plans are not yet fully matured, but I hope ere long to establish a community center in Reinhartz, an educational rendezvous. Indeed, I might tell you, my friend, I have brought with me my entire theatrical wardrobe and expect eventually to illumine Reinhartz with recitations of Shakespeare's heroines in complete costume.

JORDAN. Shakespeare in Reinhartz? Well, I wouldn't bank too much on that if I were you, Miss Miller. Your theatrical costumes are apt to be drug on the market in this locality, I am afraid.

JULIET. Not at all, not at all, my friend. Even as Mrs. Barnaby Dreary my stage wardrobe will have a certain educational value. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," you know.

JORDAN. Yes, yes, that's right, but I know you well enough to be sure you have some worth-while reason for this matrimonial scheme of yours. Come, now, what is it?

JULIET. Well, my friend, the truth is, I'm getting on.

JORDAN. No, no!

JULIET. I have been looking back over the years, some of them very pleasant, some a bit hard, but all more or less interesting.

JORDAN. Yes, you are the kind that finds some joy and spice in every adventure.

JULIET. You're quite right. The variety and adventure of my career have been stimulating—even educational. What I have learned I have taught myself, for I have been to no school except the school of life. But, you know, my friend, I'm getting a little tired. During the last month I have made up my mind I want a home.

JORDAN. But you have money enough to have a home, a settled income from the Central Iowa Emporium stock.

JULIET. No, no, it isn't the money. The truth is I'm

tired of being alone. I have decided to settle down and become the mother of these children.

JORDAN. Too bad you haven't had some children of your own.

JULIET. It is, indeed, my friend, it is indeed, for I contend that it is the right of every woman, married or single, to have one child, and no question asked.

JORDAN. Well, Miss Miller, not to pursue this delicate subject to its extremity, even if you are bent on matrimony, don't take Dreary. He's a tyrant and a bully. He treats his own daughter like a brute.

JULIET. Not that child, not that lovely child!

JORDAN. Do you know her?

JULIET. Well, yes, I guess I do. I wait for her every third Wednesday.

JORDAN. What!

JULIET. Er—that is, you see—I see her every third Wednesday in Reading. You know she comes in on a wagon selling tins. I've tried to make friends, but she's afraid.

JORDAN. Poor little girl! Poor little Cinderella!

JULIET. The very first time I saw her—it was a fearfully blustering March morning—riding alone on the tin wagon, my interest was aroused. Something within me said "that child needs you." It took me some time to find out who she was. Then her father advertised for a new wife, and I felt that opportunity had again knocked at my door. My friend, I'm going to marry Barnaby Dreary. I'm going to be a mother. I'm going to have that child. (*Rises.*)

JORDAN. Now I understand. You may count on me, and I hope you'll win.

JULIET. I will win. "In my bright lexicon of youth, there's no such word as fail."

(*Presently* BARNABY *comes down-stairs, fearfully gotten up in his Sunday clothes.* JULIET *gasps as she looks at her prospective bridegroom.* BARNABY *is likewise amazed at her gorgeous array.*)

BARNABY. Well, I'm know if you ain't as pretty as some, you're very good. And what is beauty without goodliness?

JULIET. Well, goodliness somewhat tempered with a little beauty might be more acceptable to both of us. However, in this life, Mr. Dreary, the point is, not what we want but what we can get.

BARNABY. Very true, very true.

JULIET. And now, not to occupy the entire afternoon with conversation, I have come, as you are aware, to make myself acquainted with your *ménage*—I mean to learn something of your children and your home.

BARNABY. Well, who do you want to see, 'cept me?

JULIET. Tell me all about your dear little children. I'm so anxious to know them.

BARNABY. Well, they're pretty well growed. Barnabetta, the youngest, is near seventeen a'ready. But she'd seem awful dumb to you, so high toned as what you are.

JULIET. The dear child, dear child—don't you love to contemplate the young girl—Mr. Dreary—

> "Standing with reluctant feet
> Where the brook and river meet."

BARNABY. Well, not yet.

JULIET. You know, Mr. Dreary, I feel intuitively that your daughter—what was that pretty name you called her?

BARNABY. Barnabetta—after her mom and me. Barnaby and Etta.

JULIET. How charming! I feel instinctively, Mr. Dreary, that dear little Barnabetta and I are going to be friends.

BARNABY. Barnabetta ain't never got much to say fur herself.

JULIET. Well, Mr. Barnaby, I shall do my best to awaken her nature, to help her, as Professor Schmidt of Reading so frequently remarks, to find herself. The one thing we must do, the professor says, Mr. Dreary, is to find ourselves. He insists upon it.

BARNABY. He does, does he? Well, that is somepin I never had to do yet, find myself. I don't remember ever losin' myself.

JULIET. Is Barnabetta joyful at the idea of my advent into this establishment, Mr. Dreary?

BARNABY. She don't know it yet. She takes things very quiet, Barnabetta does. Whether she's joyful, she won't make any when I tell her. But now, Miss Miller, do you feel sure that you'd suit me?

JULIET. Oh, dear, delightful—that's your modest way of putting it, isn't it? How droll you are, trying to get up courage to ask me if you suit me, aren't you? I won't be naughty and tease you, Mr. Dreary. If it were only you I might hesitate; but when I think of those three motherless children—for sixteen years

without a mother's care and guidance—the call is much too strong. My whole woman's nature responds to it, Mr. Dreary. I accept your proposal.

(BARNABETTA, *who is only seventeen, is dismayed at the news of her father's prospective remarriage, feeling that it will only mean more work for her. Shyly she rejects* MISS MILLER'S *advances to establish a friendship; but the older woman does not give up hope, and gradually lightens the household burdens for the little girl. The two sons, more especially* JACOB, *are more than antagonistic to the new* MRS. DREARY. *Her stepmother exerts all her efforts to win* BARNABETTA, *aided and abetted by* JORDAN. *The Cinderella of the household decides that the burden of life is too much, and is about ready to steal out and throw herself into the river when her stepmother presents her with a new coat and* JUDGE JORDAN *invites her for a sleigh ride. Protesting, she goes.* BARNABY'S *anger is aroused by* JULIET'S *actions in taking matters thus into her own hands. A quarrel ensues.*)

BARNABY. Now lookahere? Tillie Weber's just been to the shop over and she says that when Emanuel and me was at Lebanon last Monday you had Emmy Haverstick doing the washing. That's somepin I don't do, hire the washin' yet when I have a wife and growed-up dauthter at home. I don't do that there.

JULIET. Well, then, husband, we'll say I hired Emmy Haverstick, and let it go at that.

BARNABY. Well, whether you hired her or me—what's the difference? I say I won't have it, Jool-yet.

JULIET. Not to argue with you, Barnaby, it is quite too absurd to imagine me as the laundress of this establishment.

BARNABY. Well, Barnabetta kin do the tub part and you hang out on the line, if that's more refined.

JULIET. Barnabetta is quite as unfitted for that sort of work as I am. I will pay the laundress.

BARNABY. Well, Juliet, I kin tell you you won't git a chanct to pay her again. Now then, what was Barnabetta doin' all Monday if you cooked dinner and Emmy Haverstick done the washin', heh?

JULIET. Barnaby, I may as well tell you first as last that the time has come when you must consider your daughter's educational pursuits.

BARNABY. What! She's got education enough a'ready. An' too much for her own good, I'm thinkin'. Look at me—I was only educated with a Testament an' a spellin' book an' a slate. We had no such blackboards even to recite on. An' do I look as if I need to know any more'n what I know a'ready?

JULIET. Far be it from me, Barnaby, to give complete expression to my inmost thoughts.

BARNABY. (*Picking up book from table.*) What's this here?

JULIET. A book of synonyms.

BARNABY. Of *what?*

JULIET. Synonyms. I want Barnabetta to enlarge her vocabulary.

BARNABY. (*Tossing book on table.*) Say, she ain't to waste her time gettin' the cinnemons.

JULIET. (*Begins softly to hum*)

"By the blue Alsatian Mountains,
Dwelt a maiden wondrous fair."

BARNABY. It's well you got married, Jool-yet.

JULIET. It's well you did, husband dear, I'm not so sure about myself.

BARNABY. Fur the reason that you needed a man to manage your money. I was just countin' together how much you spent yet since you're here a'ready, an' it amounts to somepin *awful.*

JULIET. But, Barnaby, I've always spent my income.

BARNABY. What! you spend two thousand a year all on yourself? I jest suspicioned as much. Yi, yi, yi!

JULIET. Oh, you are so humorous, Barnaby. Don't you worry, honey, about my finances.

BARNABY. Well, after this, when your interest money comes in, I invest it again. You ain't to fling money around as if you was one of the Rockyfellers, or who ever—

JULIET. There, there, Barnaby. You seem to forget all about its being my money.

BARNABY. I ain't so sure your money is tied up yet so that your mister has nothin' to say.

JULIET. Fie, fie, run back to your shop, dearie.

"Lost, the golden minutes
Sixty diamond seconds."

JAKE. Say! What do you mean by somepin like this, anyhow, heh? They tell me at the hotel that you druv my horse to Lebanon this afternoon— You leave my horse be.

JULIET. But, son, I'm about to buy a dear little buggy, and you may have the use of it in exchange for my use of your horse. That will save you fifty cents a ride.

JAKE. I tell you, you leave my horse be. You ain't got no right to her.

JULIET. Jacob, dear boy.

JAKE. Don't "dear Jacob" me. (*Throws whip on table.*) You leave my horse be.

BARNABY. (*Rises.*) What's this, Jool-yet, you out ridin' this afternoon, a'ready? I didn't give you leave. (JULIET *roars.*)

JULIET. But, Barnaby, the work is not neglected, if that is what you mean.

BARNABY. Yes, when you pay out money to hire people, to do what you ought to do. Mind you, Jool-yet, if that ther Emmy Haverstick shows up here next Monday morning to do the washin' you'll get a shamed face in front of her, fur I'll chase her off.

JULIET. "By the blue Alsatian Mountains—"

BARNABY. Fur thirteen years I paid Emmy Haverstick good money. But not any more. I figure that what I paid her in them thirteen years and the interest would amount to nigh $400 by now.

JULIET. "By the blue Alsatian Mountains—"

BARNABY. Say, Barnabetta she's gettin' spoilt for me somepin fierce, but I'll put a stop to that.

JACOB. And about time, too, pop. Barnabetta's always ironed my Sunday pants fur me, and to-day she wouldn't.

JULIET. But, my dear, I couldn't allow her to iron

your pants. Take your pants to a tailor. It is not a woman's work to iron pants—don't call them pants. (*Enter* EMANUEL, *also angry.*)

EMANUEL. Say, where's Barnabetta?

JAKE. I kin tell you. Barnabetta's out sleigh ridin' with the lawyer.

BARNABY. Where did she get the dare?

JULIET. I gave her permission.

BARNABY. You did, eh? Well, I'll show her onct when she gits home.

JAKE. Yes, leave pop to show her.

EMANUEL. Where's my clean shirts?

JULIET. I explained to you all last Monday regarding the washing.

BARNABY. Ain't it the wife's dooty to do the housework?

JULIET. Certainly, husband—or have it done.

BARNABY. (*Turns to the two boys.*) This here ends it. Barnabetta keeps company and gits married. I ain't keepin' two idle wimmin.

EMANUEL. I want my shirts washed and ironed now.

JAKE. And I want my Sunday pants pressed.

JULIET. Gentlemen, I have already informed you, we will not wash your shirts, and we will not iron your Sunday pants. Barnaby, you may not have suspected it, my dear, but when you married me, you led to Hymen's altar a woman of more or less resolution.

[Dramatized by Marion DeForrest from the novel *Barnabetta* by Helen R. Martin.]

MAKE-UP

The trouble with Chester Miller was that he had an inferiority complex. Nothing pathological, you understand, just a mild one, and perfectly normal, albeit so sizable.

Chester felt that in his two years at Grover Cleveland High School he had registered just about zero. He was too light for football. He was too slow for track. He couldn't make change fast enough to sit, like lucky Dick Hollister, behind the cash register in the cafeteria and kid the girls for taking two desserts. Even the Debating Club—and debating, in Chester's private opinion, was the last stand of a desperate man trying to make himself felt—even the Debating Club had not provided his niche. For though Chester could memorize long impressive sentences and holler "worthy opponent" and "honorable judges" and "my colleague" as loudly as the best of them, he was, as the sponsor told him, simply nil on the rebuttal, simply and unpardonably nil. And lastly, and this was Chester's crowning ignominy, he had never won a loving cup in a dancing contest.

In short, Chester Miller was a nonentity. Yet while he was aware of his limitations, Chester believed, normal human being that he was, that he had hidden talents. What he needed was a chance. It all went back to the fact that they held him down too much at home. What chance did a guy have when his dad wouldn't let him take the Buick? And how could you win a dancing contest without a cup-winning girl? This

dancing business was no game of solitaire. It was team-work. Hal Hughes himself, with his eleven silver loving cups, owed all his fame to Marge Bowen, exquisite Marge Bowen who weighed only eighty-five pounds, who was no heavier than a cobweb on a man's arm, and who swayed like a slender ribbon with the music. People looked at Marge and named Hal a champion. They watched the ship and praised the pilot. But you couldn't step out with a girl like Marge Bowen and produce a dime and board a street car. Boiled down, then, it was all his father's fault. And if a man wasn't old enough to take out the Buick when he was going on eighteen and shaving twice a week, then, when was he?

So, with his style cramped as it was, Chester felt he had nothing to recommend him. He was just a cog in a great machine, just another tall B-Eleven in glasses, blond and nondescript, whose only claim to glory was that he sang, with thirty-nine others, in the Glee Club.

The Glee Club in itself wasn't so bad, mind you. It had a nice little habit of getting you out of classes when the boys sang for the Kiwanis banquet or the Clothiers' Convention. But though the neat and passably becoming sweaters that the Glee Club boys wore for public performances were of the same loyal green and gold as the heavier ones with the track letters and football numerals, the former had not the same power to set a fair maid's heart to pounding, and Chester knew it.

No, warbling in the back row of the Boys' Club could not prevent Chester from feeling Moses-meek.

He had never, worse luck, been in a position to high hat anybody—not even a green B-Ten recruit just over from the Junior High. And Chester yearned to high hat somebody—just to tone up his self-respect.

Chester had a sort of blind confidence in the mystic power lying dormant in his feet, yet he just "went to look on" at dances, checking up on the latest steps and pivots, and pigeon-holing them for possible use in the vague future. And though he felt that he, Chester Miller, given a chance—with the family Buick et cetera—could put all these cup winners to shame, he knew that as he stood around with a little handful of stags, he looked like a sad bird, not sad in the sense of pale and interesting and Byronesque, but dissatisfied, and not a little envious, and miserable, like a—like a dub.

When Chester went to try out for the operetta that the Glee Club joined forces in every winter, he was a little absent-minded about it. He was wondering whether Mademoiselle really meant what she had said that morning about a failure slip. Anyway, this system of letting the dubs try out in solo parts didn't deceive anybody. It was just Miss Collins' nice way of giving everybody a fair chance and avoiding discontent. Chester knew where he'd come in on this operetta. He'd lend his very tolerable tenor to the back row of the chorus.

And nobody gasped any louder than he did himself when Miss Collins announced that she had given the leading rôle in The Singing Gypsy to Chester Miller.

This was only the third thrill that Chester had had

in two years. The first had been when he got 71 in the Latin final and knew he was through with the ablative forever, the second when the delectable Marge Bowen had said she liked the cartoon on his sweat shirt, and now this incredible—

But already Miss Collins was proceeding to spoil it all.

"I gave the part to Chester,"she was explaining, almost, he thought, apologizing, "because I know I can depend on him. He'll learn his songs, and when it's his cue, he'll not be jazzing off somewhere to show some girl how to do the new flip-flop, or something!"

Why did she have to say that? Chester's thrill of pride gave place to a wave of nausea.

"Yes, but how about that clog in Act II?" put in Hal Hughes, flushing with disappointment and fury and wounded pride. "How are you going to get by with Pedro's clog, and his dance with the chorus?"

"We'll see about that after the holidays. Right now I want just to get the cast lined up before Christmas. We may be able to twist the lines and work the clog into some other character's part. And Chester, you can get busy on your songs."

And he did more. He did something neither Miss Collins nor anyone else would have expected him to do. He spent every cent that he earned carrying packages at one of the big stores during the Christmas rush, and some of his school savings besides, at Professor Korne's Studio of the Dance for private lessons in the clog.

And when Chester gave Miss Collins a brief

demonstration in the privacy of her office, she opened her eyes rather wide and said she'd leave the dances in Pedro's part, and at one of the final rehearsals even Hal Hughes grudgingly admitted he hadn't believed the boy had it in him.

Nobody saw it when it happened—the big thing that happened to Chester Miller. Chester had been rather nervous when Miss Halstead and Miss Solon, in charge of the make-up, had smeared him all up with something the color of coffee-and-cream. The clothes the costume committee had rented for Pedro were fantastic, too, almost bizarre, Chester thought, and he had gone out, all alone, to the corrective gym room where there was a big mirror, to see whether he really looked as silly as he felt.

There Chester saw himself. He couldn't believe it. Like a child who sees his reflection for the first time, Chester felt the mirror to see whether, after all, it was one.

This wasn't Chester Miller who sang in the back row of the Glee Club, Chester Miller who wore rather thick glasses before pale blue, discontented eyes, Chester Miller whose dad wouldn't let him take the Buick. This was Pedro, the Singing Gypsy! Pedro from the Barbary Coast—or somewhere. Pedro, brown-skinned, and brass-earringed, and silk bandannaed. Pedro of the shapely leg and wide-cuffed boot. Pedro of the wide sash and carelessly wicked knife. Pedro whose blue eyes, so strangely set against a swarthy cheek, held love of life and the open road. Dashing, singing, sure-of-himself Pedro.

So was born to Chester Miller the thrill of power.

There were four performances of The Singing Gypsy. Three thousand fond parents and envious fellow students were held spell-bound through each performance by Chester Pedro Miller et al. When Chester struck his favorite attitude, upstage knee high upon a canvas rock, upstage arm thrown carelessly across the knee—an attitude Chester was to strike over and over again in private life thereafter—, then how he could sing, ah, how he could sing! And the lovely dusky Marguerita he was singing to, the gypsy girl on the wall above, in her bangles and her spangles, was not faintly-freckled Carol Smith who lived in Chester's street, and who, not three years ago, had been sent home crying more than once after a game of Hit-the-Bat with Chester. She was Beautiful Womanhood, enthralled by Pedro's vibrant voice as he rendered "Gypsy Love," and "The Treasure in Your Eyes," and "I Wandered Till I Found Thee."

Five times at each performance Chester was called back after his clog. He danced the whole number twice. He favored the clamoring throng with an encore Miss Collins did not know he had ready. He took two charming curtain calls. No darling of the screen making a personal appearance, no toreador, ever accepted the homage of the mob more graciously—or more as 'twere his due.

As performance followed performance Chester's pride budded and unfolded and blossomed in the warm sun of public approval. His talk was loud, and his laugh was louder. He strutted and he swaggered.

He was debonair and he was rollicking. Master of savoir faire and sangfroid—that was Chester Pedro Miller.

"Going nicely, what?" he would drawl to Miss Collins, his brand-new, small, superior smile hovering about one corner of the painted mouth.

" 'Scuse me, *girls,*" he would say as he passed two of the young teachers who were helping on stage.

"Chester's becoming positively flirtatious," remarked one teacher to another. "He all but winked at me when I was making up."

When, in the rather empty interludes between his appearances in public, Chester went to classes, his make-up washed off, but not too thoroughly, he felt for the first time in his life that other people were somehow conscious of his presence.

In half an hour The Singing Gypsy was to go on for the last time. Chester Miller was peering through one hole in the curtain to see how his house was filling up, and Hal Hughes took his post at the next one. Chester felt he was finally in a position to high hat somebody. He should be able to high hat even Hal Hughes by this time, if only he could think of some way to do it. Hal had such a small part. He was one of three in a group dance. Chester would like to say something that would make Hal feel small and young and, if possible, very innocent.

He would open conversation and trust that something would come to him, something Ritzy and exceedingly upstage.

"Rather pretty girl over there, Hughes," he began

casually. "That Sylvia What's-her-name. Fairly decent legs, eh what?"

Mr. Ziegfeld himself, Chester believed, could have sounded no more indifferent, no less impressed.

"So-so," admitted the blasé Mr. Hughes. "Good night!" he added as the girl in the very short skirt crossed her pretty knees, "She wears cotton-tops!"

This was a new one on Chester. Cotton-tops! A master stroke in high hat. Leave it to Hal. Chester would file this away for his own use.

It was at this very moment that Margery Bowen, allowed on stage to interview the leading characters for the Grover Cleveland Weekly, wafted right past the handsome Mr. Hughes and put out her hand to Chester. Now Chester's cup of joy was full.

"You were *marvelous,* Chet!" She called him Chet! Did you hear that, you fellows? The flawless Margery called him Chet!

"Simply *marvelous!* And you look just utterly *scrumptious.* Now give us the dope!"

Chester was not loth to be interviewed. He answered all queries eagerly and completely and even volunteered some slight additions.

"Doesn't everybody look keen in the make-up?" said the feature writer, screwing the top of her fountain pen. "Sylvia Martinez is perfectly *ravishing.*"

"So-so!" agreed Pedro half-heartedly. "Too bad the girl wears cotton-tops!"

Now even the exquisite Margery wore cotton-tops to school. Her mother made her. She was uncomfortably aware in the presence of this very fastidious

young man that the ones she was wearing at the moment were not silk all the way. She decided, in a great hurry, to change the subject by putting the question that had been formulating in her mind for several minutes.

"I've been wondering, Chet, if you're too awfully busy— There's a supper dance at Annandale on Saturday, that Lou Carrier is giving—"

Chester's vocal cords were bursting to shout, "*Will* I? Oh boy!" and though there appeared to him a vision of a three-gallon loving-cup with two handles, he was elaborately casual when he allowed himself to speak.

"Let's see," here was a picture of the well known actor weighing a matter. "I guess I could, Marge." And here was the man of the world whom it pleased to indulge the whims of the little woman.

That night Chester Miller on his way upstairs to wash off the make-up shouted to his father in a voice that bordered on the imperative.

"Listen, Pa! I'll take you *down* to the church supper Saturday, but you folks'll have to come *home* with the Smiths—see? I gotta have the car!"

"Oh, is that so, Mr. Barrymore?" grunted his father from behind a newspaper.

But he had been devilish proud of the boy last night, and something told Chester he could take the Buick for once.

"I don't know what's got into Chester lately to make him so bossy and domineering," observed his mother when Chester had gone up to turn on

the water. "He's not the same boy he was a week ago!"

And he never would be.

Beatrice Humiston McNeil.

A LITTLE JOKE

I was just off to spend a fortnight with my old friend Colonel Gunton, in Norfolk, and was looking forward to the visit with great pleasure. We had not met for ten years, and I had never been to his place or seen any of his family. It would be delightful.

A remarkably pretty girl of about eighteen was ushered into the office. She stood still some way from me till the door was closed. Then she suddenly rushed forward, fell at my feet, and exclaimed: "You will protect me, won't you?"

"My dear young lady, what in the world—?"

"You're the famous Mr. Miller, aren't you? Mr. Joseph Miller, the philanthropist?"

"My name is Joseph Miller, certainly."

"Ah! Then I am safe;" and she sat down in an arm-chair, and smiled confidingly at me.

"Madame," said I, sternly, "will you have the goodness to explain to what I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

"They told me to come to you."

"Who?"

"Why, the people at the police station."

"The police station?"

"Yes, when they let me go—because it was a first

offense, you know. They said you always took up cases like mine, and that if I stuck to you I should be well looked after."

It was quite true that I have taken an interest in rescuing young persons from becoming habitual criminals; but I was hardly prepared for this.

"What have you been doing?"

"Oh, nothing this time—only a bracelet."

"This time?"

"They didn't know me up here," she explained, smilingly. "I have always practiced in the country. Wasn't it lucky? But really, Mr. Miller, I'm tired of it; I am, indeed. The life is too exciting; the doctors say so; so I've come to you."

It wanted only half an hour to the time my train left.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Sarah Jones."

"Well, I will have your case looked into. Come and see me again, or you may write—at Colonel Gunton's, Beech Hill, Norfolk. I am going there now."

"Oh, I'll come with you. I shall say I belong to you."

I rang the bell.

"Show this lady out, Thomas, at once."

She laughed, bowed, and went. Evidently a most impudent hussy. I finished my business, drove to the station, and established myself in a first-class smoking-carriage. Just as the train was starting, the door opened—and that odious young woman jumped in.

"There! I nearly missed you," she said.

"I can hold no communication with you," said I, severely; "you are a disgrace to your—er—sex."

"It's all right. I've wired to the Colonel."

"You've wired to my friend, Colonel Gunton?"

"Yes, I didn't want to surprise them. I said you would bring a friend with you. It's all right, Mr. Miller."

"I don't know who you are or what you are; but the Guntons are respectable people, and I am a respectable man, and—"

"Why not be friendly? We're off now, and I must go on."

"I shall give you in charge at the next station."

"What for?"

On reflection, I supposed she had committed no criminal offense; and with a dignified air I opened my paper.

"I don't mind your smoking," she said, and took out a box of chocolates.

I was at my wit's end. She was quite capable of making a most unpleasant and discreditable commotion on the platform at Beach Hill Station. What in the world was I to do?

"Shall we stay long at the Gunton's?" she asked.

"You, madame, will never go there. The police will see to that."

"I don't care a fig for the police. I shall go and stay as long as you do. They told me to stick to you."

I took out a sovereign.

"If you'll get out at the next station, I'll give you this."

She laughed.

"No; I am not to be bribed. I'm going to the Gunton's."

Silence for one long, wretched hour. This girl was evidently bent on blasting my character. The train began to slacken speed as we neared the station next before Beechwood Hill. Something must be done!

"Madame," said I, "if you will get out here, I'll give you a five-pound note."

"What? I heard you never gave away a farthing! They said no one could get a penny out of you."

"It is true that I disapprove of indiscriminate charity; but, under the circumstances, I—"

"Think I am a deserving object? Well, I'll take it."

With a sigh of relief, I took a note from my pocketbook, and gave it to her.

"Never let me see your face again."

"Apologize for me to the Guntons. Good-bye."

She jumped out lightly, and I sank back murmuring:

"Thank Heaven!"

After I got rid of her, my journey was peaceful and happy, and I forgot my troubles in the warm greeting my old friend Bob Gunton and his wife gave me. The girl must have lied about the telegram; at least, Bob made no reference to it. But as we were talking together on the terrace after tea I heard the rumble of wheels. An omnibus stopped at the gate, and to my horror, I saw, descending from it and opening the gate, that girl!

"Send her away!" I cried; "send her away! On my

honor, Bob, as a gentleman, I know nothing about her."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I solemnly assure Mrs. Gunton and yourself that—"

"What's the matter with the man? What's he talking about?"

"Why, Bob, that girl—that barefaced girl!"

"That girl! Why, that's my daughter Addie!"

"Your daughter?"

The little minx walked up to me with a smile, dropped a curtsey, and said:

"I knew, Mr. Miller, that it wasn't true that you would refuse help to a really deserving case. The others said you would; but I thought better of you."

And she had the effrontery, then and there, to tell her parents all about it!

I think parents are the most infatuated class of persons in the community. They laughed, and Mrs. Gunton said:

"How clever of you, Addie! You must forgive her, Mr. Miller. My dear girls are so playful!"

Playful! And she never returned the five-pound note!

Anthony Hope.

PART PANTHER OR SOMETHING

On a fair Saturday afternoon in early November, Penrod Schofield's little old dog Duke returned to the ways of his youth and had trouble with a strange

cat on the back porch. This indiscretion, so uncharacteristic, was due to the agitation of a surprised moment, for Duke's experience had inclined him to a peaceful pessimism, and he had no ambition for hazardous undertakings of any sort, and he seemed habitually to hope for something which he was pretty sure would not happen. Thus, being asleep in a nook behind the metal refuse-can, when the strange cat ventured to ascend the steps of the porch, his appearance was so unwarlike that the cat felt encouraged to extend its field of reconnaissance—for the cook had been careless, and the back-bone of a three-pound whitefish lay at the foot of the refuse-can.

This cat was, for a cat, almost needlessly tall, powerful, independent, and masculine. Once, long ago, he had been a roly-poly pepper-and-salt kitten; he had a home in those days, and a name, "Gipsy," which he abundantly justified. He was precocious in dissipation. Long before his adolescence, his lack of domesticity was ominous, and he had formed bad companionships. He wanted free air and he wanted free life; he wanted the lights, the lights and the music. He went forth in a May twilight, carrying the evening beefsteak with him, and joined the underworld.

His extraordinary size, his daring, and his utter lack of sympathy soon made him the leader—and, at the same time, the terror—of all the loose-lived cats in a wide neighborhood. He contracted no friendships and had no confidants. He seldom slept in the same place twice in succession, and though he was wanted

by the police, he was not found. In appearance he did not lack distinction of an ominous sort; the slow, rhythmic, perfectly controlled mechanism of his tail, as he impressively walked abroad, was incomparably sinister. Intolerant, proud, sullen, yet watchful and constantly planning, believing in slaughter as in a religion, Gipsy had become, though technically not a wildcat, undoubtedly the most untamed cat at large in the civilized world. Such was the terrifying creature which now elongated its neck, and, over the top step of the porch, bent a calculating scrutiny upon the wistful and slumberous Duke.

The scrutiny was searching but not prolonged. It was a desirable fish-bone, large, with a considerable portion of the fish's tail still attached to one end of it.

It was about a foot from Duke's nose, and the little dog's dreams began to be troubled by his olfactory nerve. This faithful sentinel, on guard even while Duke slept, signaled that alarums and excursions by parties unknown were taking place, and suggested that attention might well be paid. Duke opened one drowsy eye. What that eye beheld was monstrous. All about Duke were the usual and reassuring environs of his daily life, and yet it was his fate to behold, right in the midst of them, and in ghastly juxtaposition to his face, a thing of nightmare and lunacy.

Gipsy had seized the fish-bone by the middle. Out from one side of his head, and mingling with his whiskers, projected the long spiked spine of the big fish; down from the other side of that ferocious head dangled the fish's tail, and, from above the remark-

able effect thus produced, shot the intolerable glare of two yellow eyes. To the gaze of Duke, still blurred by slumber, this monstrosity was all of one piece—the bone seemed a living part of it. It was impossible for him to maintain a philosophic calm before this spined and spiky face. On the contrary, Duke was so electrified that he completely lost his presence of mind. In the very instant of his first eye's opening, the other eye and his mouth behaved similarly, the latter loosing upon the quiet air one shriek of mental agony before he scrambled to his feet and gave further employment to his voice in a frenzy of profanity. At the same time, a demoniac bass viol was heard; it rose to a wail, and fell and rose again till it screamed like a steam siren. It was Gipsy's war-cry, and, at the sound of it, Duke became a frothing maniac. He made a convulsive frontal attack upon the hobgoblin—and the massacre began.

Never releasing the fish-bone for an instant, Gipsy laid back his ears in a chilling way, beginning to shrink into himself like a concertina but rising amidships so high that he appeared to be giving an imitation of that peaceful beast, the dromedary. Then, he partially sat down and elevated his right arm after the manner of a semaphore. It remained rigid for a second, threatening; then it vibrated with inconceivable rapidity, feinting. But it was the treacherous left that did the work. Seemingly this left gave Duke three lightning little pats upon the right ear, but the change in his voice indicated that these were no love-taps. He yelled "help!" and "bloody murder!"

The hum of the carpenter shop ceased, and Sam Williams appeared in the stable doorway. He stared insanely.

"My gorry! Duke's havin' a fight with the biggest cat you ever saw in your life! C'mon!"

His feet were already in motion toward the battlefield, with Penrod and Herman hurrying in his wake. Onward they sped, and Duke was encouraged by the sight and sound of these reënforcements. Gipsy beheld the advance of overwhelming forces coming from two directions, cutting off the steps of the porch. Undaunted, the formidable cat raked Duke's nose again, somewhat more lingeringly, then he decided to leave the field to his enemies and to carry the fish-bone elsewhere. He took two giant leaps. The first landed him upon the edge of the porch; there, without an instant's pause, he gathered his fur-sheathed muscles, concentrated himself into one big steel spring, and launched himself superbly into space. He made a stirring picture, however brief, as he left the solid porch behind him and sailed upward on an ascending curve into the sunlit air. It is possible that the whitefish's spinal column and flopping tail had interfered with his vision, and in launching himself he may have mistaken the dark, round opening of the cistern for its dark, round cover. In that case, it was a leap calculated and executed with precision, for, as the boys howled their pleased astonishment, Gipsy descended accurately into the orifice and passed majestically from public view, with the fish-bone still in his mouth and his haughty head still high.

There was a grand splash!

Excitement ran high for a few seconds, with Gipsy cursing from the depths of the well and Duke raging at his enemy in safety, while the boys discussed means of removing the cat from the well. Sam had a plan.

"Once when a kitten fell down *our* cistern, papa took a pair of his trousers, and he held 'em by the end of one leg, and let 'em hang down through the hole till the end of the other leg was in the water, and the kitten went and clawed hold of it, and he pulled it right up, easy as anything. All you got to do is to go and ast your mother for a pair of your father's trousers, and we'll have this ole cat out o' there in no time."

Penrod glanced toward the house perplexedly.

"She ain't home, and I'd be afraid to—"

"Well, take your own, then," Sam suggested briskly. "You take 'em off in the stable, and wait in there, and I and Herman'll get the cat out."

"Well, I don't know 'bout that. They'd be too short. They wouldn't be *near* long enough! But Herman's would."

Herman had recently been promoted to long trousers, and he expressed a strong disinclination to fall in with Penrod's idea. "No, suh! My mammy sit up late nights sewin' on 'ese britches fer me, makin' 'em outen of a pair o' pappy's, an' they mighty good britches. Ain' goin' have no wet cat climbin' up 'em! No, suh!"

"Oh, *please,* come on, Herman! You don't want to see the poor cat drown, do you?"

"Mighty mean cat! Bet' let 'at ole pussy-cat 'lone whur it is."

"Listen here, Herman, you can watch us every minute through the crack in the stable door, can't you? We ain't goin' to *hurt* 'em any, are we? You can see everything we do, can't you? Look at here, Herman: You know that little saw you just said you wished it was yours, in the carpenter shop? Well, honest, if you'll just let us take your trousers till we get this poor ole cat out the cistern, I'll give you that little saw."

"You gimme her to keep? You gimme her befo' I han' over my britches?"

"You'll see!" Penrod ran into the stable, came back with the little saw, and placed in in Herman's hand. Herman could resist no longer, and two minutes later he stood in the necessary negligée within the shelter of the stable door.

But it seemed that Penrod's inventive turn of mind had evolved some plan in connection with the imprisoned Gipsy, for he went to the stable and came running back with a large wooden box and announced his intention of making Gipsy a prisoner. He spoke mysteriously.

"I got my reasons for wanting to keep this cat. I'll tell you some day. Listen to him! He's growlin' and spittin' away like anything. It takes a mighty fine blooded cat to be as fierce as that. I bet you most cats would 'a' given up and drowned long ago."

Meanwhile, Herman, his brown legs exposed to

the weather, was growing impatient, as he now reminded them,

"Name o' goo'ness! I ain't got no time fer you all do so much talkin'. If you go' git 'at cat out, whyn't you *git* him?"

"Well, this is the way we'll do. I'll let you hold the trousers, Sam. You lay down and keep hold of one leg, and let the other one hang down till its end is in the water. Then you kind of swish it around till it's somewheres where the cat can grab hold of it, and soon as he does, you pull it up, and be mighty careful so it don't fall off. Then I'll ketch hold of it and stick it in the box and slam the lid down."

Rather pleased to be assigned to the trousers, Sam accordingly extended himself at full length upon the slab and proceeded to carry out Penrod's instructions.

"Can you see it, Sam? Why don't it ketch hold? What's it doin' now, Sam?"

"It's spittin' at Herman's trousers. My gracious, but it's a fierce cat! Now it's kind o' sniffin' at the trousers. It acks to me as if it was goin' to ketch hold. Yes, it's stuck one claw in 'em—*Ow!*" Sam uttered a blood-curdling shriek and jerked convulsively. The next instant, streaming and inconceivably gaunt, the ravening Gipsy appeared with a final bound upon Sam's shoulder. It was not in Gipsy's character to be drawn up peaceably; he had ascended the trousers and Sam's arm without assistance and in his own way. Simultaneously there was a muffled, soggy splash, and the unfortunate Herman, smit with prophecy in

his seclusion, uttered a dismal yell. Penrod laid hands upon Gipsy, and, after a struggle suggestive of sailors landing a man-eating shark, succeeded in getting him into the box, and sat upon the lid thereof.

Sam had leaped to his feet, empty-handed and vociferous.

"Ow, ow, *ouch!* Oh, what *I* care for your ole britches? I guess if you'd a cat climb up *you,* you'd 'a' dropped 'em a hundred times over!"

Penrod, who was soothing a lacerated wrist in his mouth, remarked,

"That's a mighty fine blooded cat. I expect it'd got away from pretty near anybody, 'specially if they didn't know much about cats. Listen to him, in the box, Sam. I bet you never heard a cat growl as loud as that in your life. I shouldn't wonder it was part panther or something.

Sam began to feel more interest and less resentment.

"I tell you what we can do, Penrod. Let's take it in the stable and make the box into a cage. We can take off the hinges, and slide back the lid a little at a time, and nail some o' those laths over the front for bars."

"That's just exackly what I was goin' to say! I already thought o' that, Sam. Yessir, we'll make it just like a reg'lar circus-cage, and our good ole cat can look out from between the bars and growl. It'll come in pretty handy if we ever decide to have another show. Anyways, we'll have her in there, good and tight, where we can watch she don't get away. I got

a mighty good reason to keep this cat, Sam. You'll see."

Herman now broke in upon the plans with vehemence and refused to be diverted or mollified. He was evidently not a little worried as to his mammy's attitude when his loss should be divulged.

"You white boys sutn'y show me bad day. I try treat people nice, 'n'en they go th'ow my britches down cistern!"

"I did not! That ole cat just kicked 'em out o' my hand, with its hind feet, while its front ones were stickin' in my arm. I bet *you'd* of—"

"Blame it on cat! 'At's nice! Jes' looky here minute: Who'd I len' 'em britches to? D' I len' 'em britches to this here cat? No, suh; you know I didn'! You know well's any man I len' 'em britches to you—an' you tuck an' th'owed 'em down cistern!"

"Oh, *please* hush up about your old britches! I got to think how we're goin' to fix our cage up right, and you make so much noise I can't get my mind on it. Anyways, didn't I give you that little saw?"

"Li'l saw! Yes; an' this here li'l saw go' do me lot o' good when I got to go home!"

"Why, it's only across the alley to your house, Herman! That ain't anything at all to step over there, and you've got your little saw."

"Aw right! You jes' take off you' clo'es and step 'cross the alley. I give you li'l saw to carry!"

Penrod had begun to work upon the cage.

"Now listen here, Herman. If you'll quit talkin' so much, and kind of get settled down or something, and

help us fix a good cage for our panther, well? when mamma comes home about five o'clock, I'll go and tell her there's a poor boy got his britches burned up in a fire, and how he's waitin' out in the stable for some, and I'll tell her I promised him. Well, she'll give me a pair I wore for summer; honest she will, and you can put 'em on as quick as anything."

"There, Herman, now you're all right again!"

Herman was not convinced, but he found himself at a disadvantage in the argument. The question at issue seemed a vital one to him—yet his two opponents evidently considered it of minor importance. Obviously, they felt that the promise for five o'clock had settled the whole matter conclusively, but to Herman this did not appear to be the fact. However, he helplessly suffered himself to be cajoled back into carpentry, though he was extremely ill at ease and talked a great deal of his misfortune. And, in spite of his half-hearted assistance and interest in the making of the cage and the fury of the inmate when it was completed and sticks were thrust between the bars to induce further spittings and outbursts of Gipsy's ferocious temper, Herman's fears remained uppermost, nor were they ungrounded. During one of Gipsy's most banshee-like yells and while the boys were absorbed in observing his wrathful eyes and back, there came a sound of a report best symbolized by the statement that it was a whack. The recipient was Herman, and, outrageously surprised and pained, he turned to find himself face to face with a heavily-built colored woman who had approached the

preoccupied boys from the rear. In her hand was a lath, and, even as Herman turned, it was again wielded.

"Mammy!"

"Yes; you bettuh holler, 'Mammy!' My goo'ness, if yo' pappy don' lam you to-night! Whah you britches?"

Even in this crisis, Herman would not implicate a comrade. Choking, he answered bravely,

" 'At ole cat tuck an' th'owed 'em down cistern!"

Whack!

Exasperated almost beyond endurance, she lifted the lath again. But unfortunately, in order to obtain a better field of action, she moved backward a little, coming in contact with the bars of the cage, a circumstance which she overlooked. More unfortunately still the longing of the captive to express his feelings was such that he would have welcomed the opportunity to attack an elephant. He had been striking and scratching at inanimate things and at boys out of reach for the past hour, but here at last was his opportunity. He made the most of it.

"I learn you tell me cat th'owed—*ooooh!*"

The colored woman leaped into the air like an athlete, and, turning with a swiftness astounding in one of her weight, beheld the semaphoric arm of Gipsy again extended between the bars and hopefully reaching for her. Beside herself, she lifted her right foot briskly from the ground, and allowed the sole of her shoe to come in contact with Gipsy's cage. The bars dissolved as by magic and it burst asunder and

disgorged a large, bruised, and chastened cat. Gipsy paused and bent one strange look upon the broken box, then darted up the alley, the two boys watching him, dismay in their faces.

A harrowing procession issued from the carriage-house. Herman came first, a little reluctant, but urged by a sharp, fleshly sound and some inspiriting words from the rear. He crossed the alley hastily, and his mammy stalked behind, using constant eloquence and a frequent lath. They went into the small house across the way and closed the door.

Then Sam turned to Penrod.

"Penrod, why was it you wanted to keep that cat!"

"Well, that was a mighty fine blooded cat. We'd of made some money."

Sam jeered.

"You mean when we'd sell tickets to look at it in its cage?"

Penrod shook his head, and if Gipsy could have overheard and understood his reply, his spirit, almost broken by the events of the day, might have considered this last blow the most overwhelming of all.

"No," said Penrod, "when she had kittens."

Booth Tarkington.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE

"She said that she would dance with me if I brought her red roses, but in all my garden there is no red rose," cried the young Student.

From her nest in the holm-oak tree the Nightingale heard him, and she looked out through the leaves, and wondered.

"No red rose in all my garden! Ah, on what little things does happiness depend! I have read all that the wise men have written, and all the secrets of philosophy are mine, yet for want of a red rose is my life made wretched."

"Here at last is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "Night after night have I sung of him, though I knew him not; night after night have I told his story to the stars, and now I see him. His hair is dark as the hyacinth-blossom, and his lips are red as the rose of his desire; but passion has made his face like pale ivory, and sorrow has set her seal upon his brow."

"The Prince gives a ball tomorrow night and my love will be of the company. If I bring her a red rose she will dance with me till dawn. If I bring her a red rose, I shall hold her in my arms, and she will lean her head upon my shoulder, and her hand will be clasped in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit lonely, and she will pass me by. She will have no heed of me, and my heart will break," and he flung himself down on the grass, and buried his face in his hands, and wept.

"Here indeed is the true lover," said the Nightingale. "What I sing of, he suffers: what is joy to me, to him is pain. Surely Love is a wonderful thing. It is more precious than emeralds, and dearer than fine opals. Pearls and pomegranates cannot buy it, nor

is it set forth in the market-place. It may not be purchased of the merchants, nor can it be weighed out in the balance for gold."

"Why is he weeping?" asked a little Green Lizard, as he ran past him with his tail in the air.

"Why, indeed?" said a Butterfly, who was fluttering about after a sunbeam.

"Why, indeed?" whispered a Daisy to his neighbour, in a soft, low voice.

"He is weeping for a red rose," said the Nightingale.

"For a red rose! How very ridiculous!" and the little Lizard, who was something of a cynic, laughed outright.

But the Nightingale understood the secret of the Student's sorrow, and she sat silent in the Oak-tree, and thought about the mystery of Love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She passed through the grove like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed across the garden.

In the centre of the grass-plot was standing a beautiful Rose-tree, and when she saw it, she flew over to it, and lit upon a spray.

"Give me a red rose, and I will sing you my sweetest song," she cried.

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are white, as white as the foam of the sea, and whiter than the snow upon the mountain. But go to my brother who grows round the old sundial, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing round the old sun-dial.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are yellow," it answered; "as yellow as the hair of the mermaiden who sits upon an amber throne, and yellower than the daffodil that blooms in the meadow before the mower comes with his scythe. But go to my brother who grows beneath the Student's window, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing beneath the Student's window.

"Give me a red rose, and I will sing you my sweetest song," she cried.

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are red, as red as the feet of the dove, and redder than the great fans of coral that wave and wave in the ocean-cavern. But the winter has chilled my veins, and the frost has nipped my buds, and the storm has broken my branches, and I shall have no roses at all this year."

"One red rose is all I want, only one red rose! Is there no way by which I can get it?"

"There is a way," answered the Tree; "but it is so terrible that I dare not tell it to you."

"Tell it to me, I am not afraid," said the Nightingale.

"If you want a red rose, you must build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with your own

heart's-blood. You must sing to me with your breast against a thorn. All night long you must sing to me, and the thorn must pierce your heart, and your life-blood must flow into my veins, and become mine."

"Death is a great price to pay for a red rose," cried the Nightingale, "and Life is very dear to all. It is pleasant to sit in the green wood, and to watch the Sun in his chariot of gold, and the Moon in her chariot of pearl. Sweet is the scent of the hawthorn, and sweet are the bluebells that hide in the valley, and the heather that blows on the hill. Yet Love is better than Life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of a man?"

So she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She swept over the garden like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed through the grove to the young Student who was still lying on the grass where she had left him.

"Be happy," cried the Nightingale, "be happy; you shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with my own heart's-blood. All that I ask of you in return is that you will be a true lover, for Love is wiser than Philosophy, though she is wise, and mightier than Power, though he is mighty."

The Student looked up from the grass, and listened, but he could not understand what the Nightingale was saying to him, for he only knew the things that are written down in books.

But the Oak-tree understood, and felt sad, for he

was fond of the little Nightingale who had built her nest in his branches.

"Sing me one last song; I shall feel very lonely when you are gone," he whispered.

So the Nightingale sang to the Oak-tree, and her voice was like water bubbling from a silver jar.

When she had finished her song the Student got up, and pulled a note-book and a lead-pencil out of his pocket.

"She has form," he said to himself, as he walked away through the grove—"that cannot be denied to her; but has she got feeling? I am afraid not. In fact, she is like most artists; she is all style, without any sincerity. She would not sacrifice herself for others. She thinks merely of music, and everybody knows that the arts are selfish. Still, it must be admitted that she has some beautiful notes in her voice. What a pity it is that they do not mean anything, or do any practical good." And he went into his room, and lay down on his little pallet-bed, and began to think of his love; and, after a time, he fell asleep.

. . . . . .

And when the moon shone in the heavens, the Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree, and set her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang with her breast against the thorn, and the cold crystal Moon leaned down and listened. All night long she sang, and the thorn went deeper and deeper into her breast, and her life-blood ebbed away from her.

She sang first of the birth of love in the heart of a

boy and a girl. And on the topmost spray of the Rose-tree there blossomed a marvellous rose, petal following petal, as song followed song. Pale was it, at first, as the mist that hangs over the river—pale as the feet of the morning, and silver as the wings of the dawn.

But the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale, or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her song, for she sang of the birth of passion in the soul of a man and a maid.

And a delicate flush came into the leaves of the rose. But the thorn had not yet reached her heart, so the rose's heart remained white, for only a Nightingale's heart's-blood can crimson the heart of a rose.

And the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale, or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and the thorn touched her heart, and a fierce pang of pain shot through her. Bitter, bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her song, for she sang of the Love that is perfected by Death, of the Love that dies not in the tomb.

And the marvellous rose became crimson, like the rose of the eastern sky. Crimson was the girdle of petals, and crimson as a ruby was the heart.

But the Nightingale's voice grew fainter, and her little wings began to beat, and a film came over her eyes. Fainter and fainter grew her song, and she felt something choking her in her throat.

Then she gave one last burst of music. The white Moon heard it, and she forgot the dawn, and lingered on in the sky. The red rose heard it, and it trembled all over with ecstasy, and opened its petals to the cold morning air. Echo bore it to her purple cavern in the hills, and woke the sleeping shepherds from their dreams. It floated through the reeds of the river, and they carried its message to the sea.

"Look!" cried the Tree, "look, the rose is finished now;" but the Nightingale made no answer, for she was lying dead in the long grass, with the thorn in her heart.

. . . . . .

And at noon the Student opened his window and looked out.

"Why, what a wonderful piece of luck!" he cried; "here is a red rose! I have never seen any rose like it in all my life. It is so beautiful that I am sure it has a long Latin name;" and he leaned down and plucked it.

Then he put on his hat, and ran up to the Professor's house with the rose in his hand.

The daughter of the Professor was sitting in the doorway winding blue silk on a reel, and her little dog was lying at her feet.

"You said that you would dance with me if I

brought you a red rose," cried the Student. "Here is the reddest rose in all the world. You will wear it to-night next your heart, and as we dance together it will tell you how I love you."

But the girl frowned as she answered: "I am afraid it will not go with my dress and, besides the Chamberlain's nephew has sent me some real jewels, and everybody knows that jewels cost far more than flowers."

"Well upon my word, you are very ungrateful," said the Student angrily; *and he threw the rose into the street, where it fell into the gutter, and a cart-wheel went over it.*

"Ungrateful!" said the girl. "Ungrateful,—well, I tell you what, you are very rude; and, after all, who are you? Only a Student. Why, I don't believe you have even got silver buckles to your shoes as the Chamberlain's nephew has;" and she got up from her chair and went into the house.

"What a silly thing Love is," said the Student as he walked away. "It is not half as useful as Logic, for it does not prove anything, and it is always telling one of things that are not going to happen, and making one believe things that are not true. In fact, it is quite unpractical, and, as in this age to be practical is everything, I shall go back to Philosophy and study Metaphysics."

So he returned to his room and pulled out a great dusty book, and began to read.

Oscar Wilde.

UNDERNEATH THE HIGH-CUT VEST[1]

We all carry with us into the one-night-stand country called Sleepland, a practical working nightmare that we use again and again, no matter how varied the theme or setting of our dream-drama. The surgeon, the civil engineer, the stage favorite has each his or her particular nightmare of elusive appendices, falling bridges, and one-night-stands. But when he who sells goods on the road groans and tosses in the clutches of a dreadful dream, it is, strangely enough, never of canceled orders, maniacal train schedules, lumpy mattresses, or vilely cooked food. No—his nightmare is always a vision of himself, sick on the road, at a country hotel in the middle of a Spring season.

Thru six weeks of growing lassitude and chills, Mrs. Emma McChesney, representing T. A. Buck's Featherloom Petticoats, succeeded in attending to the day's business, but on the seventh, as she made a last effort to order her brain into its usual sane clearness, she failed, and saw the coarse white tablecloth rising swiftly and slantingly to meet her head.

It speaks well for Emma McChesney's balance that when she found herself in bed, two strange women, and one strange man, and an all-too-familiar bell-boy in the room, she did not say, "Where am I? What happened?" Instead, she at once addressed the unbelievably handsome man bending over her with a stethoscope.

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"Look here! I can't be sick, young man. Haven't time. Not just now. Put it off until August and I'll be as sick as you like. Why, man, this is the middle of June, and I'm due in Minneapolis now."

"Lie down, please. This can't be put off until August. You're sick right now."

"How sick?"

"Oh, it won't be so bad."

Emma McChesney sat up in bed with a jerk. "You mean—sick! Not ill, or grippy, or run down, but sick! Trained-nurse sick! Hospital sick! Doctor-twice-a-day sick! Table-by-the-bedside-with-bottles-on-it sick!"

"Well—a—"

"Never mind, I know." She looked at the faces of these strangers, the plump bleached blonde, the hotel housekeeper, the lank waitress, and the doctor. Sympathy—real, human sympathy—was uppermost in each. She smiled a faint and friendly little smile at the group. And at that the housekeeper began tucking in the covers at the foot of the bed, and the lank waitress walked to the window and pulled down the shade, and the bell-boy muttered something about ice-water. The doctor patted her wrist lightly and reassuringly.

"You're all awfully good. I've something to say. It's just this. If I'm going to be sick I'd prefer to be sick right here, unless it's something catching. No hospital. Don't ask me why. I don't know. We people on the road are all alike. Wire T. A. Buck, Junior, of the Featherloom Petticoat Company, New York.

You'll find plenty of clean nightgowns in the left-hand tray of my trunk, covered with white tissue paper. Get a nurse that doesn't talk about the palace she nursed in last, where they waited on her hand and foot. For goodness' sake put my switch where nothing will happen to it, and if I die and they run my picture in the 'Dry Goods Review' under the caption, 'Veteran Traveling Saleswoman Succumbs at Glen Rock,' I'll haunt the editor."

"Everything will be all right," said the housekeeper. "You'll think you're right at home, it'll be so comfortable. Was there anything else, now?"

"Yes. The most important of all. My son, Jock McChesney, is fishing up in the Canadian woods. A telegram may not reach him for three weeks. They're shifting about from camp to camp. Try to get him, but don't scare him too much. You'll find the address under J. in my address book in my handbag. Poor kid. Perhaps it's just as well he doesn't know."

Perhaps it was. At any rate it was true that had the tribe of McChesney been as the leaves of the trees and had it held a family reunion in Emma McChesney's little hotel bedroom it would have mattered not at all to her. For she *was* sick—doctor-three-times-a-day-trained-nurse-bottles-by-the-bedside sick, her head, with its bright hair rumpled and dry with fever, tossing from side to side on the lumpy hotel pillow, or lying terribly silent and inert against the gray-white of the bed linen. She never quite knew how narrowly she escaped that picture in the "Dry Goods Review."

Then one day the fever began to recede, slowly,

whence fevers come, and the indefinable air of suspense and repression that lingers about a sick-room at such a crisis began to lift imperceptibly. There came a time when Emma McChesney asked in a weak but sane voice:

"Did Jock come? Did they cut off my hair?"

"Not yet, dear," the nurse had answered to the first, "but we'll hear in a day or so, I'm sure." And, "Your lovely hair! Well, not if I know it!" to the second.

Soups and broths and flowers were ever in evidence. Magazines in abundance and more flowers from every traveling man who stopped at the little hotel on the way to Minneapolis. And frequent telegrams from T. A. Buck, Jr., all bore the same sentiment— "Spare no expense, let nothing be left undone."

So Emma McChesney climbed the long, weary hill of illness and pain, reached the top, panting and almost spent, rested there, and began the easy descent on the other side that led to recovery and strength. But something was lacking. That sunny optimism that had been Emma McChesney's most valuable asset was absent. Even the advent of Fat Ed Meyers, her keenest competitor, and representative of the Strauss Sanssilk Skirt Company, failed to awaken in her the proper spirit of antagonism. Fat Ed Meyers sent a bunch of violets that devastated the violet beds at the local greenhouse. Emma McChesney regarded them listlessly when the nurse lifted them out of their

tissue wrappings. But the name-card brought a tiny smile to her lips.

"He says he'd like to see you, if you feel able," said Miss Haney, the nurse.

"Well, tell him to come up."

A faint gleam of the old humor lighted up her face when Fat Ed Meyers painfully tiptoed in, brown derby in hand, his red face properly doleful, brown shoes squeaking. His figure loomed mountainous in a light-brown summer suit.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself? Couldn't you find anything better to do in the middle of the season? Say, on the square, girlie, I'm dead sorry. Hard luck!"

"It was sweet of you to send all those violets, Mr. Meyers. I hope you're not disappointed that they couldn't have worked in the form of a pillow, with 'At Rest' done in white curlycues."

"Mrs. McChesney! You and I may have had a word, now and then, and I will say that you dealt me a couple of lowdown tricks on the road, but that's all in the game. I never held it up against you. Say, nobody ever admired you or appreciated you more than I did—"

"Look out! You're speaking in the past tense. Please don't. It makes me nervous."

Ed Meyers laughed, uncomfortably, and glanced yearningly toward the door. He seemed at loss to account for something he failed to find in the manner and conversation of Mrs. McChesney.

"Son here with you, I suppose."

Emma McChesney closed her eyes. The little room became very still. In a panic Ed Meyers looked helplessly from the white face, with its hollow cheeks and closed eyelids to the nurse who sat at the window. That discreet damsel put her finger swiftly to her lips, and shook her head. Ed Meyers rose, hastily, his face a shade redder than usual.

"Well, I guess I gotta be running along. I'm tickled to death to find you looking so fat and sassy. I got an idea you were just stalling for a rest, that's all. Say, Mrs. McChesney, there's a swell little dame in the house named Riordon. She's on the road, too. I don't know what her line is, but she's a friendly kid, with a bunch of talk. A woman always likes to have another woman fussin' around when she's sick. I told her about you, and how I'd bet you'd be crazy to get a chance to talk shop and Featherlooms again. I guess you ain't lost your interest in Featherlooms, eh, what?"

Emma McChesney's face indicated not the faintest knowledge of Featherloom petticoats. Ed Meyers stared, aghast. And as he stared there came a little knock at the door—a series of staccato raps, with feminine knuckles back of them. The nurse went to the door, disapproval on her face. At the turning of the knob there bounced into the room a vision in an Alice-blue suit, plumes to match, pearl earrings, elaborate coiffure of reddish-gold and a complexion that showed an unbelievable trust in the credulity of mankind.

"How-do, dearie!" exclaimed the vision. "You poor kid, you! I heard you was sick, and I says, 'I'm going up to cheer her up if I have to miss my train out to do it.' Say, I was laid up two years ago in Idaho Falls, Idaho, and believe me, I'll never forget it. I don't know how sick I was, but I don't even want to remember how lonesome I was. I just clung to the chamber-maid like she was my own sister. If your nurse wants to go out for an airing I'll sit with you. Glad to."

Miss Haney, the nurse, was already preparing to go out. It was her regular hour for exercise. Mrs. McChesney watched her go with a sinking heart.

"Now! we girls can have a real, old-fashioned talk. A nurse isn't human. The one I had in Idaho Falls was strictly prophylactic, and antiseptic, and she certainly could give the swell alcohol rubs, but you can't get chummy with a human disinfectant. Your line's skirts, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Land, I've heard an awful lot about you. The boys on the road certainly speak something grand of you. I'm really jealous. Say, I'd love to show you some of my samples for this season. They're just great. I'll just run down the hall to my room—"

She was gone. Emma McChesney shut her eyes, wearily. Her nerves were twitching. Her thoughts were far, far away from samples and sample cases. So he had turned out to be his worthless father's son after all. He must have got some news of her by now. And he ignored it. He was content to amuse himself

up there in the Canadian woods, while his mother—

Miss Riordon, flushed, and panting a little, burst into the room again, sample case in hand. Mrs. McChesney sat up on one elbow as Miss Riordon tugged at the sample-case cover. Then she leaned forward, interested in spite of herself at the pile of sheer, white, exquisitely embroidered and lacy garments that lay disclosed as the cover fell back.

"Oh, lingerie! That's an ideal line for a woman. Let's see the yoke in that first nightgown. It's a really wonderful design."

Miss Riordon laughed and shook out the folds of the topmost garment. "Nightgown! Take another look."

"Why, what—"

"Shrouds!"

"Shrouds?"

"Beautiful, ain't they? They're the very newest thing. You'll notice they're made up slightly hobble, with a French back, and high waist-line in the front. Last season kimono sleeves were all the go, but they're not used this season. This one's—"

"Take them away! Take them away!" And Mrs. McChesney buried her face in her trembling white hands.

Miss Riordon stared. Then she slammed the cover of the case, rose, and started toward the door. But before she reached it, and while the sick woman's sobs were still sounding hysterically the door flew open to admit a tall, slim, miraculously well-dressed young man. The next instant Emma McChesney's

lace nightgown was crushed against the top of a correctly high-cut vest, and her tears coursed, unmolested, down the folds of an exquisitely shaded lavender silk necktie.

"Jock! Oh, my son, my son, my beautiful boy!" like a woman in a play.

Jock was holding her tight, and patting her shoulder, and pressing his healthy, glowing cheek close to hers that was so gaunt and pale.

"I got seven wires, all at the same time. They'd been chasing me for days, up there in the woods. I thought I'd never get here."

And at that a wonderful thing happened to Emma McChesney. She lifted her face, and showed dimples where lines had been, smiles where tears had coursed, a glow where there had been a grayish pallor. She leaned back a bit to survey this son of hers. But Jock McChesney was not smiling. He glanced around the stuffy little hotel room. It looked stuffier and drearier than ever in contrast with his radiant youth, his glowing freshness, his outdoor tan, his immaculate attire.

"It wasn't so bad, Jock. Now that you're here, it's all right. Jock, I didn't realize just what you meant to me until you didn't come. I didn't realize—"

"And I've been fishing. I've been sprawling under a tree in front of a darned fool stream and wondering whether to fry 'em for lunch now, or to put my hat over my eyes and fall asleep."

His mother reached up and patted his shoulder. But the line around Jock's jaw did not soften. He turned his head to gaze down at his mother.

Then he got up, strode to the window, and came back to the bed. Both hands thrust deep in his pockets, he said,

"Mother, I'm eighteen years old. And I look twenty-three, and act twenty-five—when I'm with twenty-five-year-olds. I've been as much help and comfort to you up to now as a pet alligator. You've always said that I was to go to college, and I've sort of trained myself to believe I was. Well, I'm not. I want to get into business, with a capital B. And I want to jump in now. This minute. I've started out to be a first-class slob, with you keeping me in pocket money, and clothes, and the Lord knows what all. I used to think that I wanted to get into one of the professions. Professions! You talk about the romance of a civil engineer's life! Why, to be a successful business man these days you've got to be a buccaneer, and a diplomat, and a detective, and a clairvoyant, and an expert mathematician, and a wizard. Business—just plain everyday business—is the gamiest, chanciest, most thrilling line there is today, and I'm for it. Let the other guy hang out his shingle and wait for 'em. I'm going out and get mine."

He stopped abruptly. Emma McChesney regarded him, eyes glowing. She lay with her head against her boy's breast for a while. Then she spoke what was in her sane, far-seeing mind.

"Jock, if I've ever wished you were a girl, I take it all back now. I'd rather have heard what you just

said than any piece of unbelievable good fortune in the world. But, Jock, you're going to college. No—wait a minute. You'll have a chance to prove the things you just said by getting thru in three years instead of the usual four. If you're in earnest you can do it. I want my boy to start into this business war equipped with every means of defense. You called it a game. It's more than that—it's a battle. You could get a job now. Not much of a position, perhaps, but something self-respecting and fairly well-paying. It would teach you many things. You might get a knowledge of human nature that no college could give you. But there's something—poise—self-confidence—assurance—that nothing but college can give you. You will find yourself in those three years."

"But, mother, you don't understand just why—"

"Yes, dear 'un, I do. After all, remember you're only eighteen. You'll probably spend part of your time rushing around at class proms with a red ribbon in your coat lapel to show you're on the floor committee. And you'll be girl-fussing, too. But you'd be attracted to girls, in or out of college, and I'd rather, just now, that it would be some pretty, nice-thinking college girl in a white sweater and a blue serge skirt."

Jock sat silent, his face grave with thought. "But when I'm earning money—real money—it's off the road for you," he said, at last.

"Um——m—m—ye-ee-es. Now, open the closet door and pull out that big sample case to the side of my bed. The newest Fall Featherlooms are in it, and

somehow, I've just a whimsy notion that I'd like to look 'em over."

Edna Ferber.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF LIFE

Justice of the Peace, Benaja Widdup, sat in the door of his office, smoking his elder-stem pipe. Halfway to the zenith, the Cumberland Range rose, blue-gray in the afternoon haze. A speckled hen swaggered down the main street of the "settlement," cackling foolishly.

Up the road came a sound of creaking axles, and then a slow cloud of dust, and then a bull-cart bearing Ransie Bilbro and his wife. The cart stopped at the Justice's door, and the two climbed down. Ransie was a narrow six feet of sallow, brown skin and yellow hair. The imperturbability of the mountains hung upon him like a cloak of armor. The woman was calicoed, angled, snuff-brushed, and weary with unknown desires. Though it all gleamed a faint protest of cheated youth unconscious of its loss.

The Justice of the Peace slipped his feet into his shoes, for the sake of dignity, and moved to let them enter.

"We-all wants a divo'ce." She looked at Ransie to see if he noted any flaw or ambiguity or evasion or partiality or self-partisanship in her statement of their business.

"A divo'ce. We-all can't git along together nohow.

It's lonesome enough fur to live in the mountains when a man and a woman keers fur one another. But when she's a s-spittin' like a wildcat or a sullenin' like a hoot-owl in the cabin, a man ain't got no call to live with her."

"When he's a no-count varmint, a traipsin' along of scalawags and moonshiners, and a layin' on his back pizin' 'ith corn whiskey, and a pesterin' folks 'ith a pack of triflin' hounds to feed!"

"When she keeps throwin' skillet lids, and slings bilin' water on the best coon dog in the Cumberlands, and sets herself agin cookin' a man's victuals, and keeps him awoke of nights accusin' him of a sight of doin's!"

"When he's al'ays a fightin' the revenues, and gits a hard name in the mountins fur a mean man, who's g'wine to be able fur to sleep of nights?"

The Justice of the Peace stirred deliberately to his duties. He placed his one chair and a wooden stool for his petitioners. He opened his book of statutes on the table and scanned the index. Presently he wiped his spectacles and shifted the inkstand.

"The law and the statutes air silent on the subject of divo'ce as fur as jurisdiction of this co't air concerned. But accordin' to the equity and the Constitution and the Golden Rule it's a bad bargain that can't run both ways. If a Justice can marry a couple it's plain that he is bound to be able to divo'ce 'em. This here office will issue a decree of divo'ce and abide by the decision of the Supreme Co't to hold it good."

Ransie Bilbro drew a small tobacco bag from his trousers pocket. Out of this he shook upon the table a five-dollar note.

"Sold a b'ar skin and two foxes for thet. It's all the money we got."

"The regular price of a divo'ce in this Co't air five dollars." He stuffed the bill into the pocket of his home-spun vest with a deceptive air of indifference. With much bodily toil and mental travail he wrote the decree upon half a sheet of foolscap, and then copied it upon the other. Ransie Bilbro and his wife listened to his reading of the document that was to give them freedom:

"Know all men by these presents, that Ransie Bilbro and his wife, Ariela Bilbro this day personally appeared before me and promises that hereinafter they will neither love, honor nor obey each other, neither for better nor for worse, being of sound mind and body, and accept summons for divo'ce according to the peace and dignity of the state. Herein fail not, so help you God. Benaja Widdup, Justice of the Peace in and for the county of Piedmont, State of Tennessee."

The Justice was about to hand one of the documents to Ransie. The voice of Ariela delayed the transfer. Both men looked at her. Their dull masculinity was confronted by something sudden and unexpected in the woman.

"Judge, don't you give him that air paper yit. 'Tain't all settled, nohow. I got to have my alimoney. 'Tain't no kind of a way to do fur a man to divo'ce

his wife 'thout her havin' a cent fur to do with. I'm layin' off to be a-goin' up to brother Ed's, up on Hogback Mountin. I'm bound fur to hev a pa'r of shoes and some snuff and things besides. Ef Ranse kin affo'd a divo'ce, let him pay me alimoney."

Ransie Bilbro was stricken to dumb perplexity. There had been no previous hint of alimony. Women were always bringing up startling and uncalled-for issues.

Justice Benaja Widdup felt that the point demanded judicial advice. The authorities were also silent on the subject of alimony. But the woman's feet were bare. The trail to Hogback mountain was steep and flinty.

"Ariela Bilbro, how much did you 'low would be good and sufficient alimoney in the case befo' the co't?"

"I 'lowed fur the shoes and all, to say five dollars. That ain't much fur alimoney, but I reckon that'll git me up to brother Ed's."

"The amount air not onreasonable. Ransie Bilbro, you air ordered by the co't to pay the plaintiff the sum of five dollars befo' the decree of divo'ce air issued."

"I hain't no mo' money, I done paid you all I had, but I reckon if you gimme till tomorrow I mout be able to rake or scrape it up somewhars. I never looked for payin' no alimoney."

"The case air adjourned till tomorrow, when you-all will present yo'selves and obey the order of the co't. Followin' of which the decrees of divo'ce will

be delivered," and he sat down in the door and began loosening a shoestring.

"We mout as well go down to Uncle Ziah's for the night," decided Ransie. He climbed in the cart on one side and Ariela climbed in on the other. Obeying the flip of his rope, the little red bull came slowly around on a tack and the cart crawled away in the nimbus arising from its wheels.

Justice of the Peace, Benaja Widdup, lived in the double log cabin on the slope near the girdled poplar. Going home to supper, he crossed a little branch darkened by a laurel thicket. The dark figure of a man stepped from the laurels and pointed a rifle at his breast. His hat was pulled down low, and something covered most of his face.

"I want yo' money 'thout any talk. I'm a gettin' nervous, and my finger's a wabblin' on this here trigger."

"I've got only f-f-five dollars," said the Justice, producing it from his vest pocket.

"Roll it up, and stick it in the end of this here gunbar'l."

The bill was crisp and new. Even fingers that were clumsy and trembling found little difficulty in making a spill of it and inserting it (this with less ease) into the muzzle of the rifle.

"Now I reckon you kin be goin' along," and the Justice lingered not on his way.

The next day came the little red bull drawing the cart to the office door. Justice Benaja Widdup had his shoes on, for he was expecting this visit. Ransie

Bilbro handed his wife a five-dollar bill. The official's eye viewed it sharply. It seemed to curl up as though it had been rolled and inserted into the end of a gun-barrel. But the Justice refrained from comment. It is true other bills might be inclined to curl. He handed each one a decree of divorce. Each stood awkwardly silent, slowly folding the guarantee of freedom. The woman cast a sly glance full of constraint at Ransie.

"I reckon you'll be goin' back to the cabin, along 'ith the bull-cart. There's bread in the tin box settin' on the shelf. I put the bacon in the b'ilin'-pot to keep the hounds from gittin' it. Don't forgit to wind the clock tonight."

"You air a goin' to your brother Ed's—"

"I was 'lowin' to get along up thar afore night, I ain't sayin' as they'll pester theyselves any to make me welcome, but I ain't nowhar else fur to go. It's a right smart ways, and I reckon I better be goin'. I'll be a sayin' good-by—Ranse—that is, if you keer fur to say so."

"I don't know as anybody's a hound dog fur to not want to say good-by—'less you air so anxious to git away that you don't want me to say it."

Ariela was silent. She folded the five-dollar bill and her decree carefully, and placed them in the bosom of her dress. Benaja Widdup watched the money disappear with mournful eyes behind the spectacles.

And then, with his next words, he achieved rank (as his thoughts ran) with either the great crowd of the world's sympathizers or the little crowd of the great financiers.

"Be kind o' lonesome in the old cabin tonight, Ranse."

Ransie Bilbro stared out at the Cumberlands, clear blue now in the sunlight. He did not look at Ariela.

"I 'low it might be lonesome, but when folks gits mad and wants a divo'ce, you can't make folks stay."

"There's others wanted a divo'ce," said Ariela, speaking to the wooden stool. "Besides, nobody don't want nobody to stay."

"Nobody never said they didn't."

"Nobody never said they did. I reckon I better start on now to brother Ed's."

"Nobody can't wind that clock."

"Want me to go back along 'ith you in the cart and wind it fur you, Ranse?"

The mountaineer's countenance was proof against emotion. But he reached out a big hand and enclosed Ariela's thin brown one. Her soul peeped out once through her impassive face, hallowing it.

"Them hounds shan't pester you no more. I reckon I been mean and low down. You wind that clock, Ariela."

"My heart hit's in that cabin, Ranse," she whispered, "along 'ith you. I ain't a goin' to git mad no more. Le's be startin', Ranse, so's we kin get home by sundown."

Justice of the Peace, Benaja Widdup, interposed as they started for the door, forgetting his presence.

"In the name of the State of Tennessee, I forbid you-all to be a-defying of its laws and statutes. This

co't is mo' than willin' and full of joy to see the clouds of discord and misunderstandin' rollin' away from two lovin' hearts, but it air the duty of the co't to p'serve the morals and integrity of the State. The co't reminds you that you air no longer man and wife, but air divo'ced by regular decree, and as such air not entitled to the benefits and 'purtenances of the mattermonial estate.

"But the co't air prepared fur to remove the disabilities set up by the decree of divo'ce. The co't air on hand to perform the solemn ceremony of marriage, thus fixin' things up and enablin' the parties in the case to resume the honor'ble and elevatin' state of mattermony which they desires. The fee fur performin' said ceremony will be, in this case, to wit, five dollars."

Ariela caught the gleam of promise in his words. Swiftly her hand went to her bosom. Freely as an alighting dove the bill fluttered to the Justice's table. Her sallow cheek colored as she stood, hand in hand with Ransie, and listened to the re-uniting words.

Ransie helped her into the cart and climbed in beside her. The little red bull turned once more, and they set out, hand-clasped, for the mountains.

Justice of the Peace, Benaja Widdup, sat in his door and took off his shoes. Once again he fingered the bill tucked down in his vest pocket. Once again he smoked his elder-stem pipe and once again the speckled hen swaggered down the main street of the "settlement," cackling foolishly.

O. Henry.

Arranged by Gertrude E. Johnson.

WARMTH

Warmth! He wondered, this gray little old man, whether there was another person in the building who had any idea of what warmth could mean to a man. Why, it was the only palpable thing left in a vague world where existence itself had become hazy and bewildering. It was the one tangible goal in life.

He had simply followed a group of people through a big door, and suddenly here he was, seated on a soft cushioned bench . . . warm at last. If only those people next to him would get up so he could stretch out awhile and sleep! Funny, how inconsiderate people were—crowding in on him like this when he was so tired. . . .

Something else besides the cold had been troubling him before he had stumbled in here, for he had been walking a long time, looking . . . looking: doubtless he would soon remember what it was. A stout gentleman wedged in beside him—go on, squeeze, you big stiff!—and the faint aroma of coffee (that tantalizing odor which clings to a man who has just finished a good breakfast) came to his nostrils. That was it—he was hungry. . . .

But why should he be hungry? He had always had a job: that is, except lately. Lately he hadn't seemed to be able to do much, but that was only because his head felt so funny and his hand trembled so badly when he tried to write figures. Figures! Say, there wasn't any one here—and there must be thousands of

people sitting around him—who knew as much about figures as he did. He'd kept books all over the world, he had. Kept 'em in dollars, pesetas, lire, francs, marks, pounds and shillings. Yes, and even in yen! He squared his meagre shoulders. Huh! He guessed there wasn't anybody in the world who had made journal entries in as many languages as he had. Like as not that big fat feller next to him there hadn't even *heard* of an abacus. He chuckled. Aw, stare, then . . . what the hell! . . . And as to honesty—gosh, he'd lived rough and all that, but folks had trusted him—even when he was drunk.

Some one was talking away. Eh, what was that? "Here endeth the first lesson." Great Scott! He was in a church! The film which clouded his eyes so much nowadays cleared slightly, and his mind, brought to life by warmth-quickened blood, accepted the picture of steps leading to a chancel, of a fluttering mass of black and white that was the choir. Raising his eyes, he saw an altar ablaze with candles and unconsciously rubbed his eyes to make sure it was not just that old vertigo coming back again.

The organ, rolling forth in the magnificent measures of a "Te Deum," broke in on his consciousness slowly, like the crescendo of an approaching train. For the love o' Mike, what was there about an organ to make a feller cry? The smooth profundity of the deep pedal notes set some vibration ajar within him, just as it had when he was a child. Compressing his colorless lips into a semblance of composure, he tried to focus his attention on the music. Why, say! He

knew that tune, could even remember some of the words:

> "All the earth doth worship thee,
> The Father everlasting!"

Jiminy crickets! Think of remembering that all this time! *His* memory wasn't going bad. He'd been worrying about that lately, and here he was recalling something he used to sing fifty years ago, when he was a choir-boy at Llandaff Cathedral, back in Wales, where he was born! Ah, that was a proper church! The towering gray stone walls, green with lichen and moss, caressed by a thick growth of gentle vines, the unbuttressed eaves which spread so perilously outward, the roof, stanch these hundreds of years, which had always looked as though it might fall any minute —yes, he could see them all clearly. Just a little too clearly perhaps. . . .

Suddenly he passed his hand over his forehead—and found it wet. For a second he had felt a wave of horror—the same horror that had gripped him the day he had seen his chum Lloyd Powell steal from the collection-box. Lloyd, his chum, whom he had worshipped with the single-minded devotion of boyhood—a love which is only surpassed when comes the love of woman! For just a moment he had felt once more the cold dismay which had swept over him when, with a suspicion born of proximity, *he* had been accused of the theft. It was a stout ship and a tough ship he had crawled aboard that night, torn between defending himself and exposing Lloyd. . . .

Perhaps he shouldn' have run away like that. Leastways, five years later he had lost a job in Sydney because one of the old congregation, travelling, had seen him, decent young clerk at work over his ledgers, recognized him, and exposed his alleged guilt. It was natural for them to reason that he would never have run away if he had been innocent. Yes, maybe that running away had been a mistake. . . . Although Sydney was a good town—fine whiskey and plenty of it down there.

"When thou hadst overcome
The sharpness of death—"

chanted the choir.

Hadn't he seen the sharpness of death though, in his time! Africa, that was where men died sharplike. Down in the Belgian Congo—he'd been glad to get a timekeeper's job then, to keep body and soul together—hadn't he walked into the company club one night, seen a black face appear at the window, heard the report of a rifle, and watched the head bookkeeper, Swanson, sag down at his table like a punctured balloon? Of course the big brute only got what was coming to him—he should never have started monkeying with the native women—but it kind of took a feller's breath away, at that. Funny how things worked out! He would never have been given Swanson's job if Swanson had not been killed. And man, that was a real job! He'd held it an awful long time—most a year. But then, there wasn't any job he couldn't hold—as long as he watched himself and didn't take too much Scotch aboard. Hell! There he was think-

ing about booze again—and him in a church! Fiercely he stared up into the chancel.

"Keep us this day without sin—"

sang a beautiful little blue-eyed boy soprano, with the voice of an angel.

Shucks! What did any of these swell-looking folks know about sin—real sin? They should have been in China during the Boxer uprising. Why, no white man would believe what some of them yellow fellers did then, unless they had seen it like he had. And crooks? Say, it was something to have stayed cold honest, considering all the crooks he'd run up against in his day. Those birds, for instance, who had offered him five thousand gulden if he'd tell them the combination of the company safe when he was tallying the books for a big oil company in Soerbaja. They were bad 'uns. When he'd told them to go to the devil they had slugged him, used dynamite on the safe, and run off with a six months' gold payroll. Sin? Huh! He'd done a few things himself, but even when he was drunk he'd never taken a penny that didn't belong to him. Once he'd woke up after a month's jag in Burma—half crazy with the need of a shot or two to steady him—and a gold bracelet had fallen at his very feet from a passing carriage. He'd chased the rickety vehicle for a block, his head bursting, his heart pounding, to return it. Guess he'd get by old Saint Peter on the score of honesty all right. . . .

What was that dominie up there talking about now? Nothing to do with Burma. Burma—that was

where he'd married that cockney girl—him a strapping lad of twenty-four, she a servant in the English quarter and ten years older'n him. Hadn't he got even with her, though, for running away with a stevedore boss a few months later? Here he was alive and warm, while she had been dead forty-odd years. He snickered. Rare birds, these cockneys! What was it she used to give him for breakfast? Tea and toast and kippered fish. Pretty good for an old man to remember what he'd had for breakfast forty years before. Yessir, with a memory like that he wasn't done for yet—not by a long shot. . . .

"—the farmer in his humble home, the sailor in his hammock—" declaimed the minister, warming up to his sermon.

Sailoring—that was the life! Always a good warm bunk and plenty to eat. He ought to know; he'd put in two years of it—assistant purser on an Oriental line steamer. But them steamship fellers had been too particular about a gentleman taking a drink now and then. A man just had to drink a little something, down in the hot part of the world.

Not so cold here, for that matter. A feller could just doze on forever. Only he couldn't doze so good with all them candles up there blinkin' away like the lights in front of the mirror at the Miramar Café back in Rio de Janeiro. And that big red-faced guy walking up toward the front now—damned if he didn't look just like Charlie, the Miramar's bartender. Man, that was a *place!* Say all you please, a good taste for liquor gave a man lots of interestin' times. The

stories he had heard in barrooms! A hundred times better than the guff that bird was slinging up there in front. Wonder why old Charlie didn't throw him out? Charlie'd never stood for long-winded guys like that before. . . .

Phew! He was gettin' thirsty! Wish old Charlie would come over . . . he didn't feel like walking up to the bar. Too many lights up there; he might blink and they'd all think he was drunk. His head *did* feel funny, but didn't he have a damned good reason to be drunk? Hadn't he won five pounds in the lottery that very morning? He'd known he was going to win —had figured it all out. Always had been good at figures. He'd just multiplied the year—1898—by the amount of his stake, two shillings, and then bought a small share in ticket number 3796. Sure enough, he'd won five pounds. And now he was going to have another drink when Charlie came back with his change. He'd thrown his five pounds down on the table just like a lord—nothing cheap about him, he'd let all these dressed-up people know! How'd they get in here anyhow? The Miramar was a good honest bar, as places went, but it didn't usually have what you'd call swells hangin' around.

Gosh, if Charlie wasn't never going to bring his change, why didn't that other feller—the one in the big white apron—trot down with it? The change from a five-pound note would look like a lot of money in the Miramar—he'd better be careful. Grab it quick and stow it away. . . . Well! Well! Here was old Charlie now!

"Hell, Charlie, why didn't you bring it in a barrel?" he cried gleefully, as he reached forth and scooped up a double handful of bills and silver. . . .

A sudden horrid tumult assailed him. He was being pushed out of the Miramar—just when everybody was startin' to sing good, too. In a surprisingly short time a gigantic figure in blue was standing in front of him. In vain he tried to push his way past him.

"Aw, lemme go, flatfoot," he whined. "You don't want me. I was just havin' a little drink, and—" Some one behind him was talking in a low voice. He caught the words "robbing the church." He wheeled frantically. "What's that?" he screamed. "Robbin' a church? Me? My God, man, I didn't do it. It was Lloyd who took that money—I seen him do it. He's dead now, so I can tell on him. I—I—"

"Sure," said the policeman, with a wink at the verger, "I know how it is."

Abruptly, with one of the capricious twists of age, the old man's mind cleared. He heard the organ flooding the church with triumphant music, saw the long aisle, the choir, and the candle-lit altar. He looked down at his hands, at the scandalous potpourri of currency they clutched so tightly, and a great trembling came over him. He glanced at the policeman whose powerful fingers so easily imprisoned his thin old arm. Words sang in his brain, words from the familiar old "Te Deum" of his boyhood—"let me never be confounded—"

Him confounded? Him? With a lightning twist of muscle and sinew, learned thirty years before in a

Geisha-house brawl, he tore himself from the officer, and, strangely, the terror in his face cleared as he flung the money into the aisle. Darting down the steps he paused and shouted back: "You never *would* understand that was only my change!" Whereupon, with uncanny adroitness for one so old and weak, he disappeared in the crowd.

Late that night a rotten old wind-jammer cleared the Narrows, bound for Chile and a load of nitrates. Safely hidden away in one of the life-boats, whimpering with hunger, shaking with cold, was a gray little old man . . . running away again. . . .

Kenneth Griggs Merrill.

GEORGE MEREDITH

All morning there had been a little gathering of people outside the gate. It was the day on which Mr. Meredith was to be, as they say, buried. He had been, as they say, cremated. The funeral coach came, and a very small thing was placed in it and covered with flowers. One plant of the wall-flower in the garden would have covered it. The coach, followed by a few others, took the road to Dorking, where, in familiar phrase, the funeral was to be, and in a moment or two all seemed silent and deserted, the cottage, the garden, and Box Hill.

The cottage was not deserted, as They knew who now trooped into the round in front of it, their eyes on the closed door. They were the mighty company, his children, Lucy and Clara and Rhoda and Diana

and Rose and old Mel and Roy Richmond and Adrian and Sir Willoughby and a hundred others, and they stood in line against the box-wood, waiting for him to come out. Each of his proud women carried a flower, and the hands of all his men were ready for the salute.

In the room on the right, in an armchair which had been in his home for years—to many the throne of letters in this country—sat an old man, like one forgotten in an empty house. When the last sound of the coaches had passed away he moved in his chair. He wore gray clothes and a red tie, and his face was rarely beautiful, but the hair was white and the limbs were feeble, and the wonderful eyes dimmed, and he was hard of hearing. He moved in his chair, for something was happening to him, and it was this, old age was falling from him. This is what is meant by Death to such as he, and the company awaiting knew. His eyes became again those of the eagle, and his hair was brown, and the lustiness of youth was in his frame, but still he wore the red tie. He rose, and not a moment did he remain within the house, for "golden lie the meadows, golden run the streams," and "the fields and the waters shout to him golden shouts." He flung open the door, as They knew he would do who were awaiting him, and he stood there looking at them, a general, reviewing his troops. They wore the pretty clothing in which he had loved to drape them; they were not sad like the mourners who had gone, but happy as the forget-me-nots and pansies at their feet and the lilac overhead, for they knew that

this was his coronation day. Only one was airily in mourning, as knowing better than the others what fitted the occasion, the Countess de Saldar. He recognized her sense of the fitness of things with a smile and a bow. The men saluted, the women gave their flowers to Dahlia to give to him, so that she, being the most unhappy and therefore by him the most beloved, should have his last word, and he took their offerings and passed on. They did not go with him, these, his splendid progeny, the ladies of the future, they went their ways to tell the whole earth of the new world, for women, which he had been the first to foresee.

Without knowing why, for his work was done, he turned to the left, passing his famous cherry-blossom, and climbed between apple-trees to a little house of two rooms, whence most of that noble company had sprung. It was the chalet, where he worked, and good and brave men will for ever bow proudly before it, but good and brave women will bow more proudly still. He went there only because he had gone so often, and this time the door was locked; and he did not know why, nor care. He came swinging down the path, singing lustily, and calling to his dogs, his dogs of the present and the past; and they yelped with joy, for they knew they were once again to breast the hill with him.

He strode up the hill whirling his staff, for which he had no longer any other use. His hearing was again so acute that from far away on the Dorking road he could hear the rumbling of a coach. It had

been disputed whether he should be buried in Westminster Abbey or in a quiet churchyard, and there came to him somehow a knowledge (it was the last he ever knew of little things) that people had been at variance as to whether a casket of dust should be laid away in one hole or in another, and he flung back his head with the old glorious action, and laughed a laugh "broad as a thousand beeves at pasture."

Box Hill was no longer deserted. When a great man dies—and this was one of the greatest since Shakespeare—the immortals await him at the top of the nearest hill. He looked up and saw his peers. They were all young, like himself. He waved the staff in greeting. One, a mere stripling, "slight unspeakably," R. L. S., detached himself from the others, crying gloriously, "Here's the fellow I have been telling you about!" and ran down the hill to be the first to take his Master's hand. In the meanwhile an empty coach was rolling on to Dorking.

J. M. Barrie.

THE ARTIST'S SECRET

There was an artist once, and he painted a picture. Other artists had colors richer and rarer, and painted more notable pictures. He painted his with one color; there was a wonderful red glow on it; and the people went up and down saying, "We like the picture; we like the glow."

The other artists came and said, "Where does he

get his color from?" They asked him, and he smiled and said, "I cannot tell you"; and worked on with his head bent low.

And one went to the far East and bought costly pigments, and made a rare color and painted, but after a time the picture faded. Another read in the old books, and made a color rich and rare, but when he had put it on the picture it was dead.

But the artist painted on. Always the work got redder and redder, and the artist grew whiter and whiter. At last one day they found him dead before his picture, and they took him up to bury him. The other men looked about in all the pots and crucibles, but they found nothing they had not.

And when they undressed him to put his grave-clothes on him they found above his left breast the mark of a wound—it was an old, old wound, that must have been there all his life, for the edges were old and hardened; but Death, who seals all things, had drawn the edges together and closed it up.

And they buried him. And still the people went about saying, "Where did he find his color from?"

And it came to pass that after a while the artist was forgotten, but the work lived.

Olive Schreiner.

❋ SECTION IX ❋

SPEECHES AND SCENES FROM CLASSIC LITERATURE

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly o' the tongue.

—SHAKESPEARE

TWELFTH NIGHT
ACT I

SCENE I. *A Room in the Duke's Palace*

(*Enter* DUKE, CURIO, LORDS; MUSICIANS *attending.*)

DUKE. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. Enough! no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,

But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

CURIO. Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE. What, Curio?

CURIO. The hart.

DUKE. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence.
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

(*Enter* VALENTINE.)

How now! what news from her?

VALENTINE. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

DUKE. O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king.

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.
(*Exeunt.*)

Shakespeare.

ROMEO AND JULIET
Act IV

SCENE III. *Juliet's chamber*

(*Enter* JULIET *and* NURSE.)

JUL. Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.
(*Enter* LADY CAPULET.)

LA. CAP. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

JUL. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you,
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

LA. CAP. Good night:
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.
(*Exeunt* LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE.)

JUL. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morow morning?
No, no: this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.
(*Laying down a dagger.*)
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point.
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are back'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;
Alack, alack, is it not like that I

So early waking, what with loathsome smells
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them run mad:
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
(*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.*)

Shakespeare.

MACBETH
Act II

SCENE III. *Inverness. Court of Macbeth's Castle*

(*Enter a* PORTER. *Knocking within.*)

PORTER. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. (*Knocking within.*) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. (*Knocking within.*) Knock, knock! Who's there, in th' other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could

swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. (*Knocking within.*) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. (*Knocking within.*) Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. (*Knocking within.*) Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

(*Opens the gate.*)

Shakespeare.

KING HENRY VIII
Act III

SCENE II. *Ante-chamber to the King's apartment*

WOLSEY

WOLSEY. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,

And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Shakespeare.

MACBETH
Act II

SCENE I. *Court of Macbeth's castle.*

MACBETH

MACBETH. Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

(*A bell rings.*)

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

(*Exit.*)

Shakespeare.

JULIUS CÆSAR
Act I

SCENE II. *A public place*

CASSIUS

CASSIUS. Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him to follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man

Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain;
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

Shakespeare.

KING HENRY V
Act IV

scene iii. *The English camp.*

King Henry, Westmoreland

Westmoreland. O that we now had here but one
ten thousand of those men in England
That do not work to-day!
King Henry. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow

To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispin's day."
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, "These wounds had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages

What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Shakespeare.

THE WINTER'S TALE
Act III

SCENE II. *A court of Justice.*

HERMIONE

HERMIONE. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me

To say "not guilty": mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus: if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honor 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honor,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixemnes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honor, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Shakespeare.

KING RICHARD III
Act IV

scene iv. *Before the Palace.*

Queen Margaret

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering index of a direful pageant:
One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes;
A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A sign of dignity, a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues to thee and cries "God save the queen"?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,

And left thee but a very prey to time:
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke,
From which even here I slip my weary neck,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:
These English woes will make me smile in France.

Shakespeare.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act I

scene iv. *A street.*

Mercutio

Mercutio. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little Atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
Then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again.

AS YOU LIKE IT
Act II

SCENE VII. *The Forest of Arden.*

JAQUES

JAQUES. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms and yet a motley fool.
"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:"
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye:
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Shakespeare.

JULIUS CÆSAR

Act II

scene i. *Brutus' Orchard.*

Brutus

Brutus. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which hatch'd would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Shakespeare.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
Act II

scene iii. *Leonato's orchard.*

Benedick

Benedick. I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates

his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe; I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armor; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbor.

Shakespeare.

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Act I

SCENE III. *London. The Palace.*

HOTSPUR

HOTSPUR. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff; and still he smiled and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad

To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Shakespeare.

AS YOU LIKE IT
Act III

scene v. *The Forest of Arden.*

Phebe

Phebe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:

But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Shakespeare.

TWELFTH NIGHT
Act II

SCENE II. *A street in Illyria.*

VIOLA

VIOLA. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man! If it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

Shakespeare.

ROMEO AND JULIET
Act II

Scene II. *Capulet's Orchard.*

Romeo. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—
(Juliet *appears above at a window.*)
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady; O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Shakespeare.

KING HENRY VI—PART III
Act III

Scene II. *London. The Palace.*

Gloucester

Gloucester. Ay, Edward will use women honorably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden crown I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlooked-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap.
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to meek my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp

That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved?
O monstrous fault, to harbor such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And cry 'Content,' to that which grieves my heart,
And frame my face to all occasions.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

(*Exit*)

Shakespeare.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act II

SCENE V. *Capulet's Orchard.*

(*Enter* JULIET.)

JUL. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills:

* * *

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours; yet she is not come.

* * *

But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

(*Enter* NURSE, *with* PETER.)

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE. Peter, stay at the gate.

(*Exit* PETER.)

JUL. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE. I am a-weary; give me leave a while.
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunce have I had!

JUL. I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

NURSE. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JUL. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

NURSE. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

JUL. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

NURSE. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t'other side,—ah, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

JUL. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

NURSE. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

JUL. Where is my mother! why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?'

NURSE. O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward to your messages yourself.
JUL. Here's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?
NURSE. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?
JUL. I have.
NURSE. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark;
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burthen soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.
JUL. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.
(*Exeunt.*)

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR
ACT II

SCENE I. *Before Page's House.*

(*Enter* MISTRESS PAGE, *with a letter.*)

MRS. PAGE. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see.

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not

for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy; you are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then, there's more sympathy; you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, pity me,—'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant. What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked, out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him?

(*Enter* MISTRESS FORD.)

MRS. FORD. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

MRS. PAGE. And, trust me, I was coming to you.

MRS. FORD. O, Mistress Page! give me some counsel.

MRS. PAGE. What's the matter, woman?

MRS. FORD. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

MRS. PAGE. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

MRS. FORD. Here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

MRS. PAGE. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! Here's the twin brother of thy letter. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names.

MRS. FORD. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

MRS. PAGE. Nay, I know not. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

MRS. FORD. I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

MRS. PAGE. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

MRS. FORD. You are the happier woman.

MRS. PAGE. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither.

(*They retire.*)

Shakespeare.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
ACT II

SCENE II. *Venice. A Street.*

(*Enter* LAUNCELOT GOBBO.)

LAUNCELOT. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says, 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,' —or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my

father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;' 'fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well:' to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark! is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

(*Enter* OLD GOBBO, *with a basket.*)

GOBBO. Master young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

LAUNCELOT. (*Aside.*) O heavens! this is my true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

GOBBO. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

LAUNCELOT. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

GOBBO. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

LAUNCELOT. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? (*Aside.*) Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

GOBBO. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest, exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

LAUNCELOT. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

GOBBO. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

LAUNCELOT. But I pray you, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

GOBBO. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

LAUNCELOT. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, —according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, —is indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

GOBBO. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

LAUNCELOT. (*Aside.*) Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

GOBBO. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman: but I pray you, tell me, is my boy,—God rest his soul!—alive or dead?

LAUNCELOT. Do you not know me, father?

GOBBO. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

LAUNCELOT. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father

that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but, in the end, truth will out.

GOBBO. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

LAUNCELOT. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

GOBBO. I cannot think you are my son.

LAUNCELOT. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

GOBBO. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

LAUNCELOT. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair on his tail than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

GOBBO. Lord! how art thou changed. How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

LAUNCELOT. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me

your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Shakespeare.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW
Act II

SCENE I. *Outside Baptista's House*

PETRUCHIO. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAPTISTA. After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

PETRUCHIO. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

BAPTISTA. Ay, when the special thing is well obtained,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

PETRUCHIO. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough and wòo not like a babe.

BAPTISTA. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

PETRUCHIO. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake now, though they blow perpetually.

(*Re-enter* HORTENSIO, *with his head broke.*)

BAPTISTA. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

HORTENSIO. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAPTISTA. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

HORTENSIO. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

BAPTISTA. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

HORTENSIO. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

'Frets, call you these?' quoth she; 'I'll fume with them';
And with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms
As she had studied to misuse me so.

PETRUCHIO. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O! how I long to have some chat with her!

BAPTISTA. (*To* HORTENSIO.) Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

PETRUCHIO. I pray you do; I will attend her here,

(*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, *and* HORTENSIO.)

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack; I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:

If she deny to wed; I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

(*Enter* KATHARINA.)

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

KATHARINA. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They do call me Katharine that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom;
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,—
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,—
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

KATHARINA. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

PETRUCHIO. Why, what's a moveable?

KATHARINA. A joint-stool.

PETRUCHIO. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

KATHARINA. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PETRUCHIO. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Come, come, you wasp; i' faith you are too angry.
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

KATHARINA. That I'll try. (*Striking him.*)

PETRUCHIO. I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.

KATHARINA. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman.

PETRUCHIO. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

KATHARINA. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

PETRUCHIO. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

KATHARINA. There is, there is.

PETRUCHIO. Then show it me.

KATHARINA. Had I a glass, I would.

PETRUCHIO. What, you mean my face?

KATHARINA. Well aim'd of such a young one.
(*She starts away.*)

PETRUCHIO. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.

KATHARINA. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

PETRUCHIO. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O! let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

KATHARINA. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

PETRUCHIO. Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

KATHARINA. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PETRUCHIO. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

KATHARINA. A witty mother! witless else her son.

PETRUCHIO. Am I not wise?

KATHARINA. Yes, keep you warm.

PETRUCHIO. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,—
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,—
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.

Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

(*Re-enter* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.)

BAPTISTA. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

PETRUCHIO. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

BAPTISTA. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

KATHARINA. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

PETRUCHIO. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

KATHARINA. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

GREMIO. Hark, Petruchio: she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

PETRUCHIO. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O! the kindest Kate
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O! you are novices: 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.
Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.
(*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA, *severally.*)

Shakespeare.

TWELFTH NIGHT
ACT II

SCENE V. *Olivia's Garden.*

(*Enter* SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, *and* FABIAN.)

SIR TOBY. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FABIAN. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TOBY. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the

niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FABIAN. I would exult, man: you know he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TOBY. To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue; shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

SIR TOBY. Here comes the little villain.

(*Enter* MARIA.)

How now, my metal of India!

MARIA. Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half-hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there: (*Throws down a letter.*) for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter* MALVOLIO.)

MALVOLIO. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than anyone else that follows her. What should I think on't?

SIR TOBY. Here's an over-weening rogue!

FABIAN. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

SIR ANDREW. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TOBY. Peace! I say.

MALVOLIO. To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY. Ah, rogue!

SIR ANDREW. Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY. Peace! peace!

MALVOLIO. There is example for't: the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR ANDREW. Fie on him, Jezebel!

FABIAN. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

MALVOLIO. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

SIR TOBY. O! for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

SIR TOBY. Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN. O, peace! peace!

MALVOLIO. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

SIR TOBY. Bolts and shackles!

FABIAN. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

MALVOLIO. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me,—

SIR TOBY. Shall this fellow live?

FABIAN. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace!

MALVOLIO. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

SIR TOBY. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

MALVOLIO. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'—

SIR TOBY. What, what?

MALVOLIO. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

SIR TOBY. Out, scab!

FABIAN. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MALVOLIO. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

SIR ANDREW. That's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

SIR ANDREW. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO. (*Seeing the letter.*) What employment have we here?

FABIAN. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TOBY. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

MALVOLIO. (*Taking up the letter.*) By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR ANDREW. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

MALVOLIO. (*Reads.*) 'To the unknown beloved, this and my good wishes': her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

FABIAN. This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO. (*Reads.*)

Jove knows I love;
But who?
Lips, do not move:
No man must know.

'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered. 'No man must know': if this should be thee, Malvolio!

SIR TOBY. Marry, hang thee, brock!

MALVOLIO. (*Reads.*)

I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

FABIAN. A fustian riddle!

SIR TOBY. Excellent wench, say I.

MALVOLIO. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

FABIAN. What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

Sir Toby. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

Malvolio. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this. And the end, what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—M, O, A, I,—

Sir Toby. O! ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fabian. Sowter will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Malvolio. M, Malvolio; M, why, that begins my name.

Fabian. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Malvolio. M,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fabian. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir Toby. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O!

Malvolio. And then I comes behind.

Fabian. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Malvolio. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former; and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. (*Reads.*)

'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I

am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee.

'The Fortunate-Unhappy.'

Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors. I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. (*Reads.*)

'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

Jove, I thank thee. I will smile: I will do everything that thou wilt have me. (*Exit.*)

FABIAN. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

SIR TOBY. I could marry this wench for this device.

SIR ANDREW. So could I too.

SIR TOBY. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

SIR ANDREW. Nor I neither.

FABIAN. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

(*Re-enter* MARIA.)

SIR TOBY. Wilt thou set thy foot 'o my neck?

SIR ANDREW. Or o' mine either?

SIR TOBY. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

SIR ANDREW. I' faith, or I either?

SIR TOBY. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

MARIA. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

SIR TOBY. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

MARIA. If you will, then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady; he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuit-

able to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

SIR TOBY. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

SIR ANDREW. I'll make one too.

(*Exeunt.*)

Shakespeare.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

ACT II

SCENE I. *A room in Sir Peter Teazle's house.*

(*Enter* SIR PETER *and* LADY TEAZLE.)

SIR PETER. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

LADY TEAZLE. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more, I will too. What though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

SIR PETER. Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority.

LADY TEAZLE. Authority! No, to be sure; if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you were old enough.

SIR PETER. Old enough! ay—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy

by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady Teazle. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman ought to be.

Sir Peter. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a green-house.

Lady Teazle. Lud, Sir Peter, am I to blame, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir Peter. Zounds! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady Teazle. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Peter. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style,—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tamber, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung around with fruits in worsted of your own working.

Lady Teazle. Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led,—my daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make ex-

tracts from the family receipt-book,' and comb my Aunt Deborah's lap dog.

SIR PETER. Yes, yes, ma'am 'twas so indeed.

LADY TEAZLE. And then, you know, my evening amusements;—to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinnet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

SIR PETER. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—vis-à-vis —and three powdered footmen before your chair; and in summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

LADY TEAZLE. No—I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

SIR PETER. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short I have made you my wife.

LADY TEAZLE. Well, then; and there is but one thing more you can make me add to the obligation, and that is—

SIR PETER. My widow, I suppose?

LADY TEAZLE. Hem! hem!

SIR PETER. I thank you, madam; but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I

promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady Teazle. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir Peter. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses, when you married me?

Lady Teazle. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir Peter. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady Teazle. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Peter. Ay; there again—taste. Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady Teazle. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's?

Sir Peter. Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady Teazle. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Peter. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves!—Such

a crew! Ah! many a wretch had rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

LADY TEAZLE. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

SIR PETER. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

LADY TEAZLE. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

SIR PETER. Grace, indeed!

LADY TEAZLE. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good-humor; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

SIR PETER. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my character.

LADY TEAZLE. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-by to you. (*Exit.*)

SIR PETER. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation; yet, with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage, as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL
Act III

SCENE I. *A room in Sir Peter's house.*

(Sir Peter *present, and* Lady Teazle *enters.*)

Lady Teazle. Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarrelling with Marie? It is not using me well to be ill-humored when I am not by.

Sir Peter. Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humored at all times.

Lady Teazle. I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humored now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir Peter. Two hundred pounds! What, ain't I to be in a good humor without paying for it? But speak to me then, and i' faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it (*gives her notes*); but seal me a bond of repayment.

Lady Teazle. Oh, no; there—my note of hand will do as well.

Sir Peter. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you:—but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady Teazle. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir Peter. Well; then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

LADY TEAZLE. I assure you, Sir Peter, good-nature becomes you; you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

SIR PETER. Yes, yes, and you were kind and attentive—

LADY TEAZLE. Ay, so I was, and would always take your part when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

SIR PETER. Indeed!

LADY TEAZLE. Ay; and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

SIR PETER. Thank you.

LADY TEAZLE. And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

SIR PETER. And you prophesied right: and we shall now be the happiest couple—

LADY TEAZLE. And never differ again!

SIR PETER. No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always begin first.

LADY TEAZLE. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter; indeed, you always gave the provocation.

SIR PETER. No, see, my angel! take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

LADY TEAZLE. Then don't you begin it, my love.

SIR PETER. There, no! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

LADY TEAZLE. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear—

SIR PETER. There! now you want to quarrel again.

LADY TEAZLE. No, I am sure I don't; but if you will be so peevish—

SIR PETER. There now! who begins first?

LADY TEAZLE. Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

SIR PETER. No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

LADY TEAZLE. Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

SIR PETER. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

LADY TEAZLE. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

SIR PETER. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more.

LADY TEAZLE. So much the better.

SIR PETER. No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette that had refused half the honest squires in the neighborhood.

LADY TEAZLE. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet anyone who would have him.

SIR PETER. Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

LADY TEAZLE. No! Didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

SIR PETER. I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe you and Charles are—not without grounds.

LADY TEAZLE. Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

SIR PETER. Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please! Yes, madam, or a divorce!—I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

LADY TEAZLE. Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple—and never differ again, you know—ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you: so, bye-bye. (*Exit.*)

SIR PETER. Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow!

But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC
Act I

SCENE IV

De Guiche, The Bore, *and* The Viscount *have been trying to make fun of* Cyrano, *but have been worsted.* The Viscount *thinks now to throw a final insult concerning* Cyrano's *nose, which is enormous and disfiguring. He approaches* Cyrano, *who is watching him, and places himself in front of him with a foppish air.*)

The Viscount. You—you have a very—ah—a very—large nose.

Cyrano (*gravely.*) Very. Is that all?

The Viscount. But—

Cyrano. Ah! no! That is a little short, young man! One might make—oh, my Lord! many remarks, on the whole, by varying the tone, for example; listen:—

Aggressive: "Sir, if I had such a nose, I should have it amputated at once!"

Friendly: "It must dip into your cup: in order to drink you must have a goblet made for you!"

Descriptive: "It is a rock! It is à peak! It is a cape! What did I say? It is a peninsula!"

Curious: "For what do you use that oblong capsule? For an inkstand or a scissors-case?"

Gracious: "Do you love the birds so well that you take fatherly interest in holding out that perch for their little feet?"

Savage: "When you enjoy your pipe, sir, does the smoke ever come out of your nose without some neighbor crying that the chimney is on fire?"

Warning: "With such a weight dragging on your head, take care that you do not fall forward on the ground!"

Tender: "Have a little parasol made for it, for fear its color might fade in the sun!"

Pedantic: "Only the animal, sir, called by Aristophanes the Hippocampelephantocamelos, could have had so much flesh and bone under its forehead!"

Flippant: "What, my friend, is this hook in style? To hang one's hat on, it is surely very convenient!"

Emphatic: "No wind, except the mistral, could make you catch cold entirely, O magisterial nose!"

Dramatic: "When it bleeds it is the Red Sea!"

Admiring: "What a sign for a perfumer!"

Lyrical: "Is it a conch? Are you a triton?"

Naïve: "When can this monument be visited?"

Respectful: "Allow me, sir, to salute you: that is what is called having a house of one's own!"

Rustic: "Hello, there! Is that a nose? It is a giant turnip or a dwarf melon!"

Military: "Point against the cavalry!"

Practical: "Will you put it in a lottery? Surely, sir, it will win the first prize."

(*Finally taking off Pyramus, with a sob.*) There is that nose which has destroyed the harmony of its master's features! It makes him blush, the traitor!

That is very nearly, my dear, what you would have said to me if you had a little knowledge of letters, and a little wit: but of wit, O most lamentable of beings, you never had an atom, and of letters, you have only the four which form the word: Fool! Moreover, if you had had the invention necessary to make it possible for you, before these noble galleries, to serve me with all these mad pleasantries, you would not have uttered the quarter of the half of the beginning of one, because I serve them out to myself with enthusiasm, but I allow no one else to serve them to me.

De Guiche (*trying to lead away the petrified* Viscount.) Viscount, what nonsense!

The Viscount (*suffocated.*) Such grand arrogant airs! A country bumpkin, who—who—doesn't even wear gloves! And who goes out without ribbons, without bows, and without frogs.

Cyrano. I keep my elegance to adorn my morals. I do not deck myself out like a coxcomb, but I am more careful, if I am less vain. I would not go out through neglect, leaving an insult not washed away, with my conscience still yellow from sleep in the

corner of its eye, my honor crumpled, my scruples in mourning. But I walk along with nothing upon me that does not shine, plumed with independence and sincerity; it is not a fine figure, it is my soul that I restrain as in a corset, and all covered with exploits fastened on like ribbons, curling my wit like a mustache, as I pass through the crowd I make truths ring like spurs.

THE VISCOUNT. But, sir—

CYRANO. I have no gloves?—A serious matter! I have just one remaining of a very old pair! Which was once very troublesome to me. I threw it in some one's face.

THE VISCOUNT. Knave, rascal, ridiculous flat-footed clown!

CYRANO (*taking off his hat and bowing as if* THE VISCOUNT *had just introduced himself.*) Ah? And I am Cyrano-Savinien-Hercule-de-Bergerac.

Edmund Rostand.

DAVID COPPERFIELD

(*The scene opens in the lodgings of* MR. *and* MRS. MICAWBER. MR. MICAWBER *at this time is suffering under what he terms a temporary pressure of pecuniary liabilities, and is out looking for something to turn up.* MRS. MICAWBER *is at home attending to the twins, one of whom she is holding in her arms; the other is in the cradle near by, and several of the children are scattered about the floor. She has been bothered all the morning by the call-*

ing of creditors;—at last she speaks, as she trots the babe.)

Mrs. Micawber (*impatiently.*) Well, I wonder how many more times they will be calling! However, it's their fault. If Micawber's creditors won't give him time, they must take the consequences. Oh! there is some one knocking now! I believe that's Mr. Heep's knock. It is Mr. Heep! Come in, Mr. Heep. We are very glad to see you. Come right in.

Heep. Is Mr. Micawber in?

Mrs. Micawber. No, Mr. Heep. Mr. Micawber has gone out. We make no stranger of you, Mr. Heep, so I don't mind telling you Mr. Micawber's affairs have reached a crisis. With the exception of a heel of Dutch cheese, which is not adapted to the wants of a young family,—and including the twins,—there is nothing to eat in the house.

Heep. How dreadful! (*Aside.*) The very man for my purpose.

(*At this moment there is a noise heard on the landing.* Micawber *himself rushes into the room, slamming the door behind him.*)

Mrs. Micawber. I'll never desert Mr. Micawber!

Micawber. In the words of the immortal Plato, "It must be so, Cato!" But no man is without a friend when he is possessed of courage and shaving materials: Emma, My Love, fetch me my razors! (*Recovers himself.*) Sh—sh! We are not alone! (*Gayly.*) Oh, Mr. Heep! Delighted to see you, my young

friend! Ah, my dear young attorney-general, in prospective, if I had only known you when my troubles commenced, my creditors would have been a great deal better managed than they were! You will pardon the momentary laceration of a wounded spirit, made sensitive by a recent collision with a minion of the law,—in short, with a ribald turncock attached to the waterworks. Emma, my love, our supply of water has been cut off. Hope has sunk beneath the horizon! Bring me a pint of laudanum!

HEEP. Mr. Micawber, would you be willing to tell me the amount of your indebtedness?

MICAWBER. It is only a small amount for nutriment, beef, mutton, etc., some trifle, seven and six pence ha' penny.

HEEP. I'll pay it for you.

MICAWBER. My dear friend! You overpower me with obligation. Shall I admit the officer? (*Turns and goes to the door; opens it.*) Enter myrmidon. Hats off, in the presence of a solvent debtor and a lady! (HEEP *pays the officer and dismisses him.*)

HEEP. Now, Mr. Micawber, I suppose you have no objection to giving me your I. O. U. for the amount.

MICAWBER. Certainly not. I am always ready to put my name to any species of negotiable paper, from twenty shillings upward. Excuse me, Heep, I'll write it. (*Goes through motion of writing it on leaf of memo. book. Tears it out and hands it to* HEEP.) I suppose this is renewable on the usual term?

HEEP. Better. You can work it out. I come to offer you the position of clerk in my partner's office—the firm of Wickfield and Heep.

MICAWBER. What! A Clerk! Emma, my love, I believe I may have no hesitation of saying something has at last turned up!

HEEP. You will excuse me, Mrs. Micawber, but I should like to speak a few words to your husband in private.

MRS. MICAWBER. Certainly! Wilkins, my love, go on and prosper!

MICAWBER. My dear, I shall endeavor to do so to an unlimited extent! Ah, the sun has again risen—the clouds have passed—the sky is clear, and another score may be begun at the butcher's— Heep, precede me. Emma, my love. Au Revoir.

Charles Dickens.

THE RIVALS
ACT III

SCENE III. *Mrs. Malaprop's lodgings*

(MRS. MALAPROP *enters with a letter in her hand,* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE *following.*)

MRS. MALAPROP. Your being Sir Anthony's son, Captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation; but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Permit me to say, madam,

that as I have never yet had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair, at present, is the honor of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop, of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

Mrs. M. Sir, you do me infinite honor! I beg, Captain, you'll be seated—(*Both sit.*)—Ah! few gentlemen, nowadays, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman! Few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman! Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty.

Capt. A. It is but too true, indeed, ma'am; yet I fear our ladies should share the blame; they think our admiration of beauty so great, that knowledge, in them, would be superfluous. Thus, like garden trees, they seldom show fruit, till time has robbed them of the more specious blossoms: few, like Mrs. Malaprop, and the orange tree, are rich in both at once.

Mrs. M. Sir, you overpower me with good breeding. (*Aside.*) He is the very pine-apple of politeness! You are not ignorant, Captain, that this giddy girl has, somehow, contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eavesdropping ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows anything of.

Capt. A. Oh! I have heard the silly affair before. I'm not at all prejudiced against her on that account. But it must be very distressing, indeed, to you, ma'am.

Mrs. M. Oh, it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree!—I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold, this very morning I

interceded another letter from the fellow—I believe I have it in my pocket.

CAPT. A. Oh, the devil! my last note! (*Aside.*)

MRS. M. Ay, here it is.

CAPT. A. Ay, my note, indeed! Oh, the little traitress Lucy! (*Aside.*)

MRS. M. There, perhaps you may know the writing. (*Gives him the letter.*)

CAPT. A. I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before.

MRS. M. Nay, but read it, Captain.

CAPT. A. (*Reads.*) "My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!" . . . Very tender, indeed!

MRS. M. Tender! ay, and profane too, o' my conscience.

CAPT. A. "I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival—"

MRS. M. That's you, sir.

CAPT. A. "Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honor." —Well, that's handsome enough.

MRS. M. Oh, the fellow has some design in writing so.

CAPT. A. That he had, I'll answer for him, ma'am.

MRS. M. But go on, sir—you'll see presently.

CAPT. A. "As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon, who guards you"— Who can he mean by that?

MRS. M. Me, sir—me—he means me there—what do you think of that?—but go on a little further.

CAPT. A. Impudent scoundrel—"it shall go hard, but I will elude her vigilance! as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand—"

MRS. M. There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that? an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure, if I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs.

CAPT. A. He deserves to be hanged and quartered! let me see—"same ridiculous vanity"—

MRS. M. You need not read it again, sir!

CAPT. A. I beg pardon, ma'am—"does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration"—an impudent coxcomb—"so that I have a scheme to see you shortly, with the old harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interview."—Was ever such assurance!

MRS. M. Did you ever hear anything like it? (*They rise.*) He'll elude my vigilance, will he?—Yes, yes! ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these doors!—we'll try who comes out best!

CAPT. A. So we will, ma'am—so we will.—Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy! ha! ha! ha! Well, but, Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him—then do you connive

at her escape—while I, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

MRS. M. I am delighted with the scheme; never was anything better perpetrated.

CAPT. A. But pray, could I not see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

MRS. M. Why, I don't know—I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind—there is a decorum in these matters.

CAPT. A. O Lord, she won't mind me!—only tell her, Beverley—

MRS. M. Sir!

CAPT. A. Gently, good tongue! (*Aside.*)

MRS. M. What did you say of Beverley?

CAPT. A. Oh, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below—she'd come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

MRS. M. 'Twould be a trick she well deserves—besides, you know, the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha!—Let him, if he can, I say again,—Lydia, come down here! (*Calling.*) He'll make me a go-between in their interviews!—ha! ha! ha!—Come down, I say, Lydia!—I don't wonder at your laughing—ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

CAPT. A. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am!—ha! ha! ha!

MRS. M. The little hussy won't hear.—Well, I'll

go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her; and I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

CAPT. A. As you please, ma'am.

MRS. M. For the present, Captain, your servant—Ah, you've not done laughing yet, I see—elude my vigilance! Yes, yes—Ha! ha! ha! (*Exit.*)

Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

THE RIVALS
ACT IV

(SCENE I. ACRES *and his servant* DAVID *are present.* ACRES *has been persuaded by the valorous* SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER *that he should fight a duel, and defend his "honor." His servant very wisely argues against such a proceeding.*)

DAV. Then, by the mass, sir, I would do no such thing! ne'er a Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should make me fight, when I wasn't so minded! Oons! what will the old lady say when she hears o' it?

ACRES. But my honor, David, my honor! I must be very careful of my honor.

DAV. Ay, by the mass, and I would be very careful of it; and I think, in return, my honor couldn't do less than to be very careful of me.

ACRES. Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honor!

DAV. I say, then, it would be but civil in honor

never to risk the loss of a gentleman.—Lookye, master, this honor seems to me to be a marvellous false friend; ay, truly, a very courtier-like servant. Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank heaven, no one can say of me); well—my honor makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance. So—we fight. (Pleasant enough that.) Boh! I kill him—(the more's my luck). Now pray, who gets the profit of it?—why, my honor. But, put the case that he kills me! by the mass! I go to the worms, and my honor whips over to my enemy.

Acres. No, David. In that case!—odds crowns and laurels! your honor follows you to the grave!

Dav. Now, that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres. Zounds! David, you are a coward! It doesn't become my valor to listen to you.—What, shall I disgrace my ancestors!—Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

Dav. Under favor, the surest way of not disgracing them, is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look ye, now, master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think it might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres. But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very—great danger, hey?—Odds life!

people often fight without any mischief done!

DAV. By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you. Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his damned double-barrelled swords, and cut-and-thrust pistols! Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think on 't—those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! Well, I never could abide them!—from a child I never could fancy them!—I suppose there an't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol!

ACRES. Zounds! I won't be afraid!—odds fire and fury! you shan't make me afraid.—Here is the challenge and I have sent for my dear friend, Jack Absolute, to carry it for me.

DAV. Ay, i' the name of mischief, let him be the messenger.—For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it, for the best horse in your stable. By the mass! it don't look like another letter!—it is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter!—and I warrant smells of gun-powder, like a soldier's pouch! Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off!

ACRES. Out, you poltroon!—you ha'n't the valor of a grasshopper.

DAV. Well, I say no more—'twill be sad news, to be sure, at Clod Hall! but I ha' done.—How Phillis will howl when she hears of it!—ay, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her master's going after! —and I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honor, field and road these ten years, will curse the hour he was born! (*Whimpering.*)

ACRES. It won't do. David—I am determined to fight, so get along, you coward, while I'm in the mind.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

❁ SECTION X ❁

ONE-ACT PLAYS

The one-act play is the most conspicuous factor in present-day dramatic activity.

—Roland Lewis.

RONDO [1]

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Jason Lammert, *a successful portrait painter.*
Suzanne, *his wife.*
Michael Worthington Darby, *a playwright of sorts.*

PLACE OF THE PLAY

The studio apartment of Jason Lammert, *on University Place, New York City. A rhythmic flare of yellow-green fire dance plays across the wide skylight. Great white insolent leads of hail clatter over the tiles of glass, like a rampant clan of avenging horsemen. Spasmodically the thunder snarls and rattles and blares. The room is vast, heavy with shadows. Suddenly the dull fire on the open hearth leaps into new life, and fences its red-gold flame*

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against the fitful, bloodless shafts of sky-fire. Now one catches the glint of a Chinese mandarin robe—a florid shawl, from the arrogant romance of Spain—a Hindustani bridal veil—bowls of copper from Corsica—marionettes from Paris—everything, in fact, becoming the studio of a successful, cosmopolitan painter of portraits. One finds nothing, however, to evoke the question of good taste. It is quite simply the agreeable manifestation of a well-groomed artistic career.

HOUR OF THE PLAY

About five-thirty, one stormy afternoon in late October.

(LAMMERT *is seated before a low easel. For some moments he does not move, gazing with a tight-lidded stare at the canvas before him. He is a man of forty, very grey. One must meet Lammert several times to realize that the visionary spark is not aglow in his dark, surprising eyes. His mouth is thin, and a trifle weak. He will always be sought after, but he will never be great.*

(LAMMERT *rises heavily, going to the window. The storm has become a little chastened. He drops his palette. It falls to the floor with a hollow clatter.*)

DARBY. (*springing from the depths of a cushioned chair beside the fire-place. He is an ageless, eerie soul, very thin and possessed of wispy black hair, which makes him look somewhat of a worldling*

Puck. A tinge of Fair Erin colors his curious speech.) Good God, Jason, what a noise! There was I, directly at the crisis of an amazing plot—a new type of thesis play; I think—a woman in the firelight, smiling, content—Smug Civilization, that! A man, his face glazed by the lightning, his lips athirst for the rain; a pagan satyr, if there ever was one. It's married the two of them are, when suddenly, after a year, she discovers that . . . and then you drop your damn palette with such a racket as to shame the Devil, and every thought I ever had coming to me perishes in a cold chill. (*Mops his brow.*)

LAMMERT. (*Listlessly.*) Sorry, the beastly thing slipped.

DARBY. (*Catching the note in his voice.*) Look here, Jace, what's wrong? It's not yourself to act so queer.

LAMMERT. Temperament.

DARBY. You haven't any.

LAMMERT. Starvation.

DARBY. Ha! Anchovies and champagne. Very difficult, that!

LAMMERT. Oh, a bad liver then!

DARBY. High—makes a better picture.

LAMMERT. Mind your own affairs.

DARBY. Now *that* I can't! Anything reasonable, Jace, but asking me to keep out of other people's business is like parting the Witch of Endor from her favorite broomstick. It's the badge of our infernal occupation.

LAMMERT. Michael, won't you leave me to my own ghosts? Why should I pester you with their eternal jibbering?

DARBY. (*Confidentially, his finger beside his nose.*) Why, because, you understand, I'm on the very point of making over the world and I might arrange things comfortably for you, my friend, in the new edition.

LAMMERT. (*Turns from the window, then breathes as though he were choking a little. Abruptly.*) Well, then, it's Suzanne.

DARBY. Suzanne, you say . . . ? (LAMMERT *nods.*)

DARBY. You mean things have gone smash? She's not caring for you any more?

LAMMERT. No, not precisely that. . . .

DARBY. Well, then. . . .

LAMMERT. Oh, you see—that is—well, it's really not a matter of. . . . Oh, undoubtedly I'm—well—

DARBY. Could you maybe take a nip of whiskey?

LAMMERT. Thanks, no. (*Then suddenly plunging into his problem.*) You see, if there were only something definite to fight against—somebody's throat I could dig my thumbs into, it wouldn't be so maddening. But this ghastly suspense, this lack of actual data— Oh, Michael, Michael, my mind is all twisted into nasty hard knots that won't untie!

DARBY. Let's come to the facts.

LAMMERT. There are none.

DARBY. Well, then, the "mise en scene"—

LAMMERT. (*Quietly.*) I'll try. Six months ago, I

married Suzanne Collins. Of course, she's much younger than I, a mere child, really, an unaccountable creature, whose quick, elfish laugh means more to me now than the adulation of kings. Never met her, did you?

DARBY. No, but you cabled me the fair tidings in Paris.

LAMMERT. I remember now, of course. Well, it happens that Suzanne has a host of insistent and devoted friends, who carry her off continually. There are suppers at Madame Dechamps after the opera, a Bal Poudreé at the Plaza, teas for dyspeptic reformers, attenuated picnics, and slumming parties, I believe they call them. Of course, I am always included, but rarely expected. Very often my orders keep me busy at the studio. Then Suzanne pouts a little, but I insist that she go without me, and . . . she usually does.

DARBY. (*With dramatic mockery.*) This is really *too* terrible.

LAMMERT. If you're going to behave like an idiot, I shan't go on.

DARBY. Don't flare, Jace. I merely wished to indicate that, as yet, you've not painted yourself the brilliant and afflicted hero.

LAMMERT. How could I expect you or anybody else to understand? Can't you see even the natural implication, the inevitable psychological trend of the thing? NO, NO, NO, of course not—I'm a fool, I suppose, to imagine that someone else might be playing with the affections of my wife, to even suspect,

in fact, that she might possibly be interested in another person, when I don't see her for days at a time. (*Wildly.*) Why, she's off on a house party with the Clyde Hastings now. Said she'd be back this morning, but that usually means tomorrow afternoon. Besides, Suzanne is young, and I'm growing wintry. Oh, yes, I am, Michael, brittle, and white, and cold. It's only natural for her to find—to find—well, you know, after the novelty of having married a distinguished, cosmopolitan, grey-haired artist wears off, there's no reason why she shouldn't—

DARBY. Drivel and rubbish! Look here, Jace, hasn't she ever given you the slightest indication that she might just possibly be in love with *you?*

LAMMERT. Oh, God, yes! Sometimes I think she is. Sometimes when I am tired, so tired that the very colors on my palette seem to grin and leer at me, Suzanne runs away with my brushes, and tumbles me into a chair by the fire. Then she takes down my high silk hat from the top shelf, and paints herself a bright blue moustache, and wears my cane, and marches in solemnly, professionally, with an alarm clock to take my pulse.

DARBY. (*Frankly captivated.*) Not bad!

LAMMERT. After that, we remove the blue moustache with some fresh turpentine, I pay my doctor bill by promising not to work any more that day, and Suzanne kisses me in receipt of prompt payment.

DARBY. Hum . . . very pretty.

LAMMERT. (*Savagely, thrusts from his reverie.*)

Yes, very pretty, very pretty indeed! But I never feel confident that I'm the only one. . . .

DARBY. Ha, there we have it. (*Stretching his long, fragile fingers toward the fire.*) The only one! And you must feel sure. You want to putty up every cranny of your dismal, stone tower, against the intrusion of water-sprites, and wood-fairies, and even little green lizards, who do no harm at all, and scamper away at the slenderest noise. Oh, Jace, thank God you've no urge to write, or you'd be after padding all the domestic monthlies with pale pink fudge. I can hear the foul titles now: "Cynthia Discovers the Sun," or "Strong Arms," or even "Love's Error Erased." (*Chuckle.*)

LAMMERT. (*Dully.*) You think I'm ridiculous.

DARBY. No, no, friend, but sometimes I think. . . .

(*His voice fades mysteriously, mingling with the pulse of foreign sounds. There is the muffled slam of an outside door, a confused chatter of voices, bantering, laughter, and finally one clear, alluring cadence, which is* SUZANNE. *The two men stand as though charmed into starkness,* DARBY *still bending toward the fire;* LAMMERT *facing the door, which he makes no attempt to open.*)

SUZANNE. (*From outside.*) Yes, I'm quite all right, thanks. No need to come up. Awfully good of you to bother! But I'm sure he *is,* tho. Oh, very well, just a minute, I'll see.

(*There is a sharp barrage of raps from the brass*

knocker.) Oh, Beanie, Beanie! Here I am. It's absolutely me!

(LAMMERT *breaks from his trance, and moves toward the door, as tho rushing from a bad dream. When it opens, we see* SUZANNE, *a slim, delicate figure, swathed in a smart motor costume of dull green.*)

SUZANNE. Hello! I was so afraid you'd be out somewhere. Well, aren't you surprised, or glad, or furious, or something? (LAMMERT *stands immobile, in a coma of adoration.*) I shouldn't mind at all being kissed. (LAMMERT *catches her to him with a touch of savage tenderness.*) Good Lord, that was so nice, I almost forgot Jimmie. (*Runs to the door, calling out gaily.*) Everything's all right. Yes, he's here. What's that? Tomorrow night? Well, I don't really know. Yes, phone in the morning. Thanks again. Glorious, wasn't it? Good night!

LAMMERT. (*Tersely.*) Who was that?

SUZANNE. James Kent, a nephew of Marion Hastings!

LAMMERT. What does he do?

SUZANNE. He decorates.

LAMMERT. Really.

SUZANNE. Yes—principally his own personal interior, with delicacies from the Hastings' larder.

LAMMERT. Attractive, I suppose.

SUZANNE. Mildly. Very fat—very young—very cloddish—very dependable. Wants his portrait done. Would you take him on?

LAMMERT. Not until we starve!

SUZANNE. You darling! (*She removes her toque, revealing a comely little head of short black curls.*)

LAMMERT. (*Suddenly remembering* DARBY'S *presence.*) A thousand pardons! Zan, dear, I want you to meet a strange friend, and a barbarous critic, Michael Worthington Darby, the only entity in existence who dares tell me that I have no genius.

SUZANNE. (*Smiling, comes forward.*) He must be very brave. How do you do, Mr. Darby?

DARBY. (*Ignoring conventional greetings, takes her hand in both of his.*) Why, Jason, she's just like an acacia bud! Why didn't you prepare me for this?

LAMMERT. Acacia bud, eh? Not bad.

SUZANNE. I hope it's your favorite flower, Mr. Darby. (*Mischievously.*) My lyric blue eyes always make good copy, too.

DARBY. Now you're tweaking me. But you'd best not go too far.

SUZANNE. (*Catching his mood.*) The man threatens.

DARBY. I'm liable to take revenge by grinding you into the pages of a best seller. Can't you hear the gobbling public? "Fourth edition—hot from the press—the international rage—Mr. Worthington Darby's exposee of the new woman." You'd be sorry, too!

SUZANNE. I'd sue you for five thousand shiny gold dinars!

DARBY. Which one could collect. . . .

SUZANNE. Which wouldn't matter in the least, because Beanie would have shot you down like a dog, almost immediately.

DARBY. Ha, and then—Escape to Australia! Starting life anew, six miles out of Sidney, on a cozy little chicken farm for two!

LAMMERT. (*Helpless with laughter.*) You two sound like a mad-house!

SUZANNE. Well, I'm not nearly as mad as I am either hungry or cold. That ride in from Peekskill was really too drab.

LAMMERT. How about some nice hot tea?

SUZANNE. What a brain!

LAMMERT. I'll get out the things.

SUZANNE. Splendid! Oh, Beanie. . . .

LAMMERT. Yes, dear.

SUZANNE. I wonder. . . .

LAMMERT. What, dear?

SUZANNE. Suppose we make this supper.

LAMMERT. Fine! You'll stay, of course, won't you, Michael?

DARBY. Why, let me see . . . Mason's at eight . . . five-thirty now . . . hummmmm . . . yes, I'd love to.

SUZANNE. Topping! But, Beanie. . . .

LAMMERT. What, dear?

SUZANNE. There's nothing to eat.

LAMMERT. Nothing at all?

SUZANNE. Not a crumb.

DARBY. Ah, we'll feast on succulent conversation, then, smothered in repartee!

SUZANNE. That's all very well for dessert, but entrées are in order for me, thanks.

(*They are all consumed in deep thought, with trying to discover a means of mending the food shortage.*) I know, Beanie, dear, you really should have a breath of fresh air. Ten to one, you haven't budged out of the studio all day.

LAMMERT. (*Wryly.*) Something terrible is on the way.

SUZANNE. The storm is practically over now, and it will do you worlds of good. (*Takes his arm coaxingly.*) You know, at the Samovar, those yummy caviar sandwiches, and the little tree-cakes with jam between the layers. It's just a step. Oh, please, Beanie!

LAMMERT. (*Vanquished, starts for his top coat.*) Very well, then, you miserable young siren!

DARBY. (*Faintly.*) Would you care at all to have my company?

LAMMERT. Too well to drag you out on a night like this.

DARBY. Thanks. It's fine sensibilities you have, Jace.

SUZANNE. Darling, you're a beautiful, shiny martyr, and I'll have your halo all polished up when you get back.

LAMMERT. (*At the door.*) You're a pair of. . . .

DARBY. Priceless personalities!

LAMMERT. Pernicious parasites, that's what! (*Goes out with great slamming of doors.*)

(*The light, easy laughter of* DARBY *and* SUZANNE

dies gradually into silence. They look at each other quizzically. An unmistakable atmosphere has taken possession of the room. Its vibrations are tenuous and delicate, like the threads of a dream. There is between these two eerie vagabonds brightness without warmth, a flame which cannot scorch, for they are both charmed children of Pan.)

DARBY. You're a witch.

SUZANNE. (*Giving him a bronze match-box.*) Light the candles, please.

DARBY. And your hands! They're like the wings of a silver moth.

SUZANNE. I'll put the kettle on.

DARBY. And when you move about the room, it's the vision of a Celtic princess comes to my eyes!

SUZANNE. . . . the candles. . . .

(DARBY *hums a strange, nebulous tune, with a recurring cadence in the minor, as he lights the tapers in the high brass sconces on the side walls, and a candelabra of Chinese dragons on a carved table near the center door.* SUZANNE *lifts the tea-kettle from the crane, and fills it from a carafe on the buffet. She begins to sing the same melody, softly, hesitatingly, at first, then more securely, as* DARBY *leads the way.*)

DARBY. You like it?

SUZANNE. Very much. Queer . . . I must have heard it somewhere once.

DARBY. It's my very own. I composed it two thousand years ago.

SUZANNE. What incarnation, please?

DARBY. I was a wise green eel, with golden rings about my tail, in those far days. And the sun was so bright on the Nile that it made me blink my eyes and look even wiser than I really was, which is saying a great deal.

SUZANNE. Did I know you then?

DARBY. Well, surely! You mean to say you can't remember even that far back? Think now.

SUZANNE. I can't. I've been so many things since then.

DARBY. Oh, I'm through with you! Have you forgotten the sage counsel I gave you once, when you were a silly Acacia Bud that dipped and curtsied over the river's edge? Jason was a smooth Brown Pebble then, and mad with the fragrance of your little, white, smiling face. You were most shockingly fond of that pebble too, although I never could understand exactly why; and one day, I saw you were making ready to drop from your high bower, because there was no hope for the Brown Pebble to reach you way up there. It was then I scampered up the tree, like a flash of green light, and warned you just in time not to be doing a foolish thing like that. And so. . . .

SUZANNE. Shhhhhh . . . I remember now. So I took your advice, and stayed up on my twig with the dragon-flies and the east wind, and the Brown Pebble never knew how dull it would have been if I had really come down to stay. And the funny thing is,

that not even as wise an eel as you were could have convinced the pebble that he was having precisely what he wanted after all.

DARBY. Bravo! You remembered your lesson well.

SUZANNE. (*Abruptly serious.*) When did Jace confess this unreasonable jealousy to you?

DARBY. Within the last hour.

SUZANNE. Of course you know it *is* unreasonable.

DARBY. Yes, and therefore a great credit to your husband. It's the only unbalanced emotion he has ever felt.

SUZANNE. Aren't you rather harsh? After all, he is a very dear friend of yours.

DARBY. Don't indulge in silly, conventional speeches, my dear, because I know perfectly well that you really agree with me in spite of yourself.

SUZANNE. (*Hesitant.*) Perhaps . . . but I'm trying frightfully hard not to.

DARBY. Why?

SUZANNE. Oh, because . . . well, it's difficult to explain.

DARBY. I know. You're trying to fabricate a romantic defense, to conjure up temperamental reasons for having married Jace.

SUZANNE. Nonsense.

DARBY. Wait.—Wait! Nominally he's an artist, but actually he's a hard-working bread-earning business man, with a smooth technic, a charming personality and a good eye for color. Am I right? (*Silence.*) The witness does not care to commit herself.

Very well, we shall examine the case further, and without interruption. I admire you intensely for defending Jace against himself, but, after all, it's a senseless show, because his dependability, his complete adoration, his practical good judgment are precisely the reasons for which you fell in love with him, despite the fact that all your friends imagine you've achieved a brilliant, exotic alliance.

SUZANNE. Perhaps you're . . .

DARBY. Certainly I'm right.

SUZANNE. And why, O Most Wise, should this thing be?

DARBY. Because, O Most Radiant, there is no other way.

SUZANNE. You mean, one can't escape?

DARBY. I mean it's the law of Brown Pebbles and Acacia Buds, which was written in the fire-clouds of the world's first sunrise.

SUZANNE. You funny Parable Man!

(*She begins to hum the same melody, breaks it with a soft laugh, and then resumes it dreamily.* DARBY *takes a candle from the sconce, which he holds over the portrait on* JASON'S *easel. After some moments he replaces the candle, and goes slowly to the window. Outside the pageant of lights has begun. The city quivers with brightness.* SUZANNE *rises abruptly, goes to the buffet and kneels, opening the lower cupboard, from which she takes a small tin and a square, red lacquer box. She looks furtively about, then skirts the room, trying various strategic points at which to hide her booty.*)

DARBY. (*Turning from the window.*) What's this?

SUZANNE. (*A trifle confused.*) A game.

DARBY. Commonly called?

SUZANNE. Commonly called, "Who's got the caviar?"

DARBY. Splendid! So you found some after all. But why all the mystery?

SUZANNE. That's just it. I didn't *find* it. I knew it was there all the time, and the crackers, too.

DARBY. And now?

SUZANNE. I've got to hide them in some unthinkable place, because Jace would never understand why I wanted to talk to you alone.

(*She runs across the room to a jade and green Mandarin robe which is draped on the back left wall, tucks the caviar and crackers into its wide, protecting sleeves, and stands off to one side examining the effect.*)

DARBY. Ah, woe! The majesty of great Confucius, compromised in a messy, modern, domestic intrigue!

SUZANNE. Intrigue?

DARBY. Yes, intrigue of the drastic order!

SUZANNE. I know you're just prating, but you make me very uncomfortable.

DARBY. (*With mock villainy.*) Look into my eyes. Why *did* you want to speak with me alone?

SUZANNE. (*Laughingly.*) You idiot.

DARBY. I'm not to be put off in any such insulting manner.

SUZANNE. (*Half seriously.*) Stop! You're about to plunge me into hysterics.

(*There is an angry sputter of dampened fire.*)

DARBY. Good God, the kettle's boiling over!

(SUZANNE *runs to the hearth and swings out the crane.*)

DARBY. (*Serenely.*) Of course, I know why you set the stage like this. You're in love with your husband—you suspected he is chronically jealous—I am the intimate friend, the mechanics of the play, as it were—you desire the mental comfort of Jace, but you wonder just how much of such amorous calm would be good for him, and safe for your mutual romance. And some instinctive urge told you that I would know.

SUZANNE. I was right, too! Didn't you tell me just what I had to know, Mr. Parable Man? "Smile, but stay up on your twig with the dragon-flies and the east wind." Oh, I'm most terribly grateful!

DARBY. Good, then. You belong to the fairies, Acacia Bud, *and* I'm always glad to be doing the little people a kind turn. And that's that!

(SUZANNE *begins to clear a small table beside the divan, later covering it with a tea cloth, cups, spoons, etc. All the while, she hums snatches of* DARBY'S *tune.*)

SUZANNE. Jace ought to be back any minute now. (*Pause.*) I hope the tree-cakes are filled with strawberry jam today. (*Pause.*) Sometimes it's quince. . . . Hate quince!—too sweet. (*Pause.*) It was apri-

cot, once. That's not so bad. (*Pause.*) Strawberry's best, though, don't you think?

DARBY. What?

SUZANNE. That strawberries are best.

DARBY. (*Vaguely.*) No. I prefer currants.

SUZANNE. How like you!

DARBY. (*Suddenly leaving the window, and seating himself on the arm of a chair near the fire-place.*) Look here, Acacia Bud, what do you say to giving Jace a kind of temporary armistice with himself, a blissful anesthetic, so to speak, that will last until—well, until Mr. Jimmie or somebody else calls you on the phone?

SUZANNE. Now *you're* mysterious.

DARBY. Not at all. I'm merely growing old and sentimental, and should like to see Jace purring uninterruptedly in his own chimney-corner for one short evening.

SUZANNE. It can't be done. Why, he'll probably have worried himself into a purple stew of suspicion against you by the time he gets back.

DARBY. Stuff!

SUZANNE. Don't be too sure.

DARBY. Well, at any rate, my scheme is warranted to patch up any sort of hole—square, round or triangular.

SUZANNE. Then I'll hear it, sir.

(*They sit side by side on the divan, like two plotting children.*)

DARBY. Can you act?

SUZANNE. It's my suppressed desire!

DARBY. Then you'll soon have a chance to remove the lid.

SUZANNE. It's never been on very tight, you know.

DARBY. All the better! And now for felonious conspiracy. While we are all happily accomplishing tea, you grow a little bored—just a little, mind you, and ask for a story.

SUZANNE. Out of a clear sky?

DARBY. No. Leave the cue to me. I shall demur. Then you become childishly insistent and, in the end, I will recount a weird, enchanting tale with just enough points analogous to the drama in which you and Jace are fatefully cast.

SUZANNE. More parables, you funny man! That's scarcely fair. It promises to be a soliloquy, with no lines for the heroine.

DARBY. Pantomime, Acacia Bud, is the subtlest acting in all the world. By your reaction to my story, Jace will be given a profound though transient peace.

SUZANNE. But—

DARBY. Don't refuse. It's a game, a wonderful game of blowing on fire and then snuffing it out. It's even better sport than hiding caviar. Come, play it, Acacia Bud. We shall laugh and Jace will be happy.

SUZANNE. You're so nebulous that I'm frightfully nervous about my part. Besides, my husband isn't continuously stupid after all, and he may catch on.

DARBY. He never has.

SUZANNE. Very well, then, if you think . . . (*Holds out her hand.*)

DARBY. (*Kissing her hand.*) It's sure I am!

(*There is a shuffling sound in the hallway, a sharp rap of the knocker, and the voice of the returned* JACE. DARBY *and* SUZANNE *look at each other a little wildly for an instant, then the playwright leaps to his feet and she kneels quickly by the fire.*)

DARBY. (*Throwing open the door.*) Open sesame! The victor returns!

SUZANNE. Display your spoils, O most triumphant liege.

JACE. (*Puffing his way in.*) Still at it, you two make-believes! Well, the rain may have ceased coming down, but the puddles certainly rise to meet the deficit.

DARBY. My lord is monstrous out of sorts. Is it the ague, noble sir?

LAMMERT. Ague is a pale malady next to mine.

DARBY. A pithy sentence, and well turned.

SUZANNE. (*Taking the bundles from Jace, and placing them on the buffet.*) Poor Lamb! I'll get you some dry shoes, and slip into another frock, if you don't mind.

LAMMERT. Put on the topaz chiffon, dear, you know, the one with the long Medician sleeves.

SUZANNE. Right-o.

LAMMERT. And Zan—

SUZANNE. Yes—

LAMMERT. That Venetian bauble, with the seven baroque pearls.

SUZANNE. It shall be so.

LAMMERT. And Zan, dear—

SUZANNE. Yes. . . .

LAMMERT. No rouge. It detracts from the illusion of antiquity.

SUZANNE. I'll make the lily look like a country wench, darling! (*She goes out side left.*)

LAMMERT. (*Softly, looking after her.*) I can't believe she really belongs to me. (*Then with abrupt sharpness.*) What did you two talk about while I was gone?

DARBY. Oh, of Kings and Queens, and porridge and beans.

LAMMERT. And after that . . . ?

DARBY. Oh, of marriage and madness, and transient gladness.

LAMMERT. I thought so.

DARBY. And why not?

LAMMERT. (*Ignoring his question.*) Zan is very fond of you. Oh, yes, she is. I can tell.

DARBY. (*Chuckling.*) Resistance would have been futile.

LAMMERT. (*Sullenly.*) But more becoming.

DARBY. And less exacting.

(*Long pause.* DARBY, *cross-legged on the hassock, is radiant in the rôle of gentle tormentor.* JACE *is struggling between misery and wrath. The former triumphs. Despondency plucks at his shoulders.*)

SUZANNE. (*From the adjoining room.*) Here you are. One . . . (*A house slipper darts into the studio.*) Two . . . No, that's the wrong one. Three!

There's the mate to number one. Wait! Perhaps you'd rather wear these red Morocco things. (*Two more come flying through the air.* JACE *dodges the barrage successfully, except for the final shot, which catches him across the tip of his left ear.* DARBY *shakes mirthfully.*)

DARBY. That's attention with a vengeance!

LAMMERT. (*Solemnly arranging the missiles in a row on the divan.*) I like these best but there's only one. (*He takes off his wet boots, donning the red Morocco ones by default.*)

DARBY. Look here, Jace. You're not going to be fool enough to plunge your rampant jealousy for Suzanne into our friendship, are you? It's too unthinkable!

LAMMERT. Of course not, Michael, but sometimes one doesn't stop to think.

DARBY. It's taken me just twenty minutes to discover that your suspicions are absurd, but I want to give you dramatic proof.

LAMMERT. Could you?

DARBY. I think so. (*Looking furtively over his shoulder.*) If you'll help me.

LAMMERT. (*Anxiously.*) Of course I will.

DARBY. Very well, then, it's all very simple. I'll tell a pretended plot for my next play. Your job is to observe the Acacia Bud. I think it will be worth the watching. Remember "Hamlet,"—the play within the play; the guilty king and the innocent queen. It's worked more than once. Shall we give it another try?

LAMMERT. Anything to be sure.

SUZANNE. (*From the adjoining room.*) Beanie dear, put the sandwiches and cake on the round silver platter that's inside the buffet. Take off the hot water and fix the tea. I'm almost ready, and absolutely starved!

LAMMERT. Very well, dear.

(*He rises and arranges the food according to orders. He places the tea table before the divan, and between the two large chairs.* DARBY *also rises, lights a cigarette, and skates about the room with a kind of elfish expectancy.*)

DARBY. What's this I hear about your painting Mrs. W. Archer Humphrey's portrait?

LAMMERT. She offered me fifteen hundred, but I refused.

DARBY. Your reason being . . . ?

LAMMERT. That I will do her social rival, Mrs. D. Montgomery Blake, for two thousand, and later perhaps, Mrs. H. for twenty-five hundred.

DARBY. Holy Saints, Jace, Wall Street should mourn your absence!

(SUZANNE *enters, looking very ethereal and bewitching in her pale amber tea gown.*)

SUZANNE. Come along, everybody. How about another log for the fire, darling? (*She pours the tea.*) Cream or lemon, Mr. Darby? We haven't either.

DARBY. Both, then.

SUZANNE. Sorry, but you're forced to be an epicure. They always take it "clear, please, with two lumps."

DARBY. You'll not force me to be anything but perfectly happy. This is precisely the atmosphere I want to study for the opening scene in my new play.

SUZANNE. Splendid! Beanie, do you hear that? We're assisting Mr. Darby to added fame, by being properly atmospheric. (*Helping herself to a sandwich, and passing them.*) Mmmmmmmm— These are perfectly celestial!

LAMMERT. What about this play, Michael, are you really in the thick of it?

DARBY. Not yet. In fact, I want a little criticism on the plot before I wade in over my brains.

LAMMERT *and* SUZANNE. (*With metronomic identity.*) Do tell us!

DARBY. Oh, why confuse you with fictitious perplexities? Let's hear about your week-end with the Clyde Hastings instead.

SUZANNE. No, I insist. This tea has warmed my listening, and I want a story!

LAMMERT. Come on, Michael.

DARBY. Oh, very well, then. I'll sketch the affair briefly. The plot centers about a man and woman recently married. They are both French, well-born he, a trifle older—suave, financier type; she, very young, vivacious, and almost purely ornamental. The scene opens in their palatial apartment on the Champs Élysées. It is early evening. The maid announces the arrival of one René Sabin, an old schoolfellow of the husband's whom he has not seen for some ten years.

SUZANNE. (*Laughingly.*) Why the mad haste?

You're telling it like a movie scenario. Let me fill your cup.

DARBY. Thanks. You're kind to want it stretched out. Really not worth the breath. Be that as it may . . . where were we?

LAMMERT. The school friend.

(LAMMERT *is watching* SUZANNE *like a game hawk, with intensity verging on pathos—like a leper promised some miraculous cure.*)

DARBY. Oh, yes. The two men embrace enthusiastically. The friend is an art connoisseur of sorts, and enchanted with the rare old furnishings of the apartment. Unfortunately, the host explains, his wife is off on a short visit, from which she plans to return that night about ten. It is the first time they have been parted since their marriage three months before. René, the friend, continues to be steeped in admiration for the objects of art crowded about him. The husband then suggests that he might find an unusually graceful Florentine cabinet of particular interest. The cabinet is in the boudoir of his absent bride. Together they enter the mentioned room. The host explains that not only is the outside of each drawer carved with the Medici crest, but also the inside . . . and at this point he discovers a slender glass vial. At first puzzled, then much amused, he recounts to his friend how in the halcyon days of his engagement he and his fiancé wandered through the mystic shadows of Fontainebleau, encountering by the wayside a mad gypsy woman, who told their fortunes and gave them this magic vial. So long, she

said, as their fidelity one to the other was unquestionable, the liquid would remain clear.

SUZANNE. (*Yawning.*) Is the husband of a suspicious nature?

DARBY. Not unusually. What makes you ask?

SUZANNE. Oh, nothing! Go on. (*She curls up on the divan like a kitten, one arm half hiding her face from* JASON.)

DARBY. Let me see . . . Oh, yes . . . In a prankish mood, the husband and his friend determine to empty the magic vial, replacing the colorless fluid with ink, and, to further vitalize the intrigue, they plan that René shall leave, and call again about half after ten, as though it were the first time. The little bride returns. There follows a short scene of intense mutual affection and extravagant avowals. She retires to remove her traveling dress. Ten thirty! (DARBY *now grows more dramatic.*)

The bell rings. The farce proceeds as planned. The friend claims that while in Florence he was told of a rare de Medici cabinet, but lately sold to a rich young Parisian banker. The bride exclaims, "That must be you, cheri! the very cabinet of which you speak is in my boudoir now, monsieur, and if you will excuse the disorder of half unpacked cases, we should be only too glad to show it to you."

The hoax is progressing fabulously well. All three enter the boudoir. The cabinet is admired, the drawers opened to show the excellence of its carving, and the vial rediscovered.

"Mimi," asks the husband, with apparent casual

amusement, "do you remember the old gypsy wench at Fontainebleau who gave us an enchanted vial, by whose clarity we could always know that each had been faithful to the other?"

"Yes, indeed," replies the little bride, laughing, "I've treasured it ever since."

The moment has come. Both men are taut for the climax. The husband lifts the vial from the shadow of the drawer. "Look!" he cries. . . .

But further speech is caught in his throat, for the liquid in the vial is as clear and colorless as dew! (*There is a long, vibrating silence.* DARBY *rises and lights another cigarette.*)

DARBY. (*His voice now calm and analytical.*) Of course, eliminating necromancy, we must assume that the liquid was again changed. The wife becomes the only possible suspect. But why did she do it . . . why . . . why . . . why . . . why?

LAMMERT. (*In thick tones of crazed suspense.*) Yes . . . why? What do you think, Suzanne? (*He rises, bending over her for a clear view of her face.*) (*Dumbfounded*) ASLEEP!

DARBY. (*Softly, with soundless laughter.*) What did I tell you! Perfect moral serenity! The Acacia Bud, guiltless as a young May moon! Asleep.

(*He looks down at her for an instant, a wistful smile of eerie delight in his strange grey eyes, then turns abruptly, gathering up his top coat and hat.*)

LAMMERT. (*Radiant and inarticulate.*) Michael, Michael . . . I'm cured . . . thanks to God and to you! Good night!

DARBY. Good night, Jace.

(DARBY *slips silently through the door, like a kindly phantom.* LAMMERT *continues to gaze at* SUZANNE *with luminous eyes of adoration. Then it occurs to him suddenly that she is very lightly clad, and that the room is chilly. He looks about the studio for something to cover her, and finally takes down the jade Mandarin robe from the left back wall. There is an unexpected clatter, as the cracker box and caviar tin tumble to the floor from their hiding place, to the intense bewilderment of* LAMMERT.)

SUZANNE. (*As though half asleep.*) What's the matter? (*She sits up and peers over the end of the divan. The dilemma becomes apparent. Holding out her arms.*) Beanie, dear, has that funny man gone? Then kiss me!

LAMMERT. (*Groping and confused.*) But Zan, why did you hide. . . .

SUZANNE. (*Softly.*) Beanie. . . .

LAMMERT. But. . . . But . . . the caviar. . . .

SUZANNE. (*Irresistibly.*) Please. . . .

(LAMMERT *is dizzy with a new doubt. Life is so difficult, but* SUZANNE *is so lovely. Quite helpless, he takes her in his arms.*)

Curtain

Bertha Ochsner.

COMMON CLAY

(To be read in syncopated time.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JUDGE	STEVE
JANE	CLERK
MASON	MOTHER
POLICEMAN	DETECTIVE

SCENE: *The* JUDGE *is seated on judge's bench upstage C.*
THE CLERK *is seated behind a table upstage R.*
MASON *is seated back of table below* CLERK'S *desk.*
DETECTIVE *is seated R of R table.*
POLICEMAN *is standing near door L.*
JANE *is in the witness chair L of the* JUDGE'S *desk.*

JUDGE. (*To* JANE.) Is there anything more you wish to say?
JANE. Not a thing, not a thing.
MASON. (*Rises.*) And you take your oath that you never met the man?
JANE. I never met the man, I never met the man.
MASON. That's a lie, Judge. I can prove it.
JUDGE. Well, prove it.
MASON. I can prove it, for the man's right here.
JUDGE. The man's right where?
MASON. Here.
JUDGE. Where?
STEVE. (*Rises.*) Here.

JUDGE. (*Pointing to* STEVE.) There?

STEVE. Yes, I'm the man.

MASON. He's the man.

JUDGE. (*To* JANE.) Is he the man?

JANE. I never saw the man before, I never saw the man before. (*Four knocks off stage L.*)

JUDGE. (*To* POLICEMAN.) See who's at the door.

POLICEMAN. Yes, Judge, right away. (*Exit.*)

JUDGE. (*To* JANE.) You say you never saw the man until today—did you ever?

JANE. Never.

STEVE. That's a lie, Judge. That's a lie.

POLICEMAN. (*Enters from L. on seven counts.*) Jane Clay's mother wants to come and testify.

JUDGE. Jane Clay's mother?

MASON. Jane Clay's mother?

JANE. (*To* STEVE *as she rises.*) You called me a liar?

STEVE. Yes!

JANE. You're another!

JUDGE. (*Break with gavel.*) Order in the court!

STEVE *and* JANE. But, Judge, it isn't true.

JUDGE. Order in the court!

STEVE *and* JANE. Well, what am I going to do? (*Both sit.*)

POLICEMAN. (*To* JUDGE.) Do you want to have the mother in to testify?

JUDGE. (*To* JANE.) Do you want to have your mother in to testify?

MASON. (*Rises.*) I object, Judge: any mother can be fooled.

JANE. (*To* JUDGE.) Please let her in!

JUDGE. Objection overruled. (*Calls.*) Clerk!

CLERK. Yes, your honor. (*Rises.*)

JUDGE. Make a note.

CLERK. Yes, your honor.

JUDGE. He objected on the ground that the mother could be fooled.

CLERK. (*Making notes in notebook.*) I understand —objection overruled. (*Sits.*)

JUDGE. *Right!* (*To* POLICEMAN.) Bring the mother. (*To* JANE *after* COP *exits.*) You say you never saw the man?

JANE. Never!

STEVE. (*Rises.*) You're another!

JUDGE. (*Breaks with gavel.*) Order in the court!

STEVE. But it's nothing of the sort.

JUDGE. Order in the court!

MASON. (*To* STEVE.) Sit down, old sport. (STEVE *sits.*)

MOTHER. (*Enters from L. on following counts.*) Oh, oh, oh, Jane! (POLICEMAN *follows her on and stands L.*)

JUDGE. (*To* JANE.) Kindly take a seat and let your mother take the stand.

MOTHER. (*Takes witness chair,* JANE *going down R. on same counts.*) Oh, oh, oh, Jane!

CLERK. (*To* MOTHER, *as he crosses to her on above counts.*) Swear to tell the truth. (MOTHER *inclines her head.*) Put up your hand. (MOTHER *raises hand.*) The truth and nothing but the truth. (*Holds up telephone directory.*)

MOTHER. (*Lays her left hand on the directory.*) And nothing but the truth.

CLERK. So help you K. and E.?

MOTHER. So help me Jake and Lee. (CLERK *returns to R. on following counts.*) Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!

JUDGE. (*To* MOTHER.) Well, what have you got to say, what have you got to say? You said you came to testify, now what have you got to say?

MOTHER. All I can say—her name's not Clay.

JANE. (*Rises.*) What's that you say—my name's not Clay?

MOTHER. No, no, she comes—from royal blood. (*Rises.*) Her name's not Clay—her name is Mud. (*Sits.*)

ALL. Mud!

MOTHER. Mud!

ALL. Mud!

MOTHER. Mud!

JANE. My God! (*Falls in chair.*)

JUDGE. (*To* MOTHER.) Go on and tell it all. I want to hear it all. Your story interests me and I want to hear it all.

JANE. What am I going to do? I don't know where I'm at! How am I going to live with a name like that!

MOTHER. Oh, oh!

JUDGE. What have you got to tell?

MOTHER. Oh, oh, oh!

JUDGE. Well?

MOTHER. Oh, oh, oh!

JUDGE. Well?

MOTHER. Oh, oh!

ALL. Oh, hell!

JUDGE. (*After break with gavel.*) Order in the court! I told you that before. (*Four knocks off-stage.*) See who's at the door.

POLICEMAN. Yes, right away. (*Exit L.*)

JUDGE. Now go on and tell the balance of your story, Mrs. Clay.

MOTHER. My name's not Clay.

JANE. My name's not Clay.

MASON. (*Rises.*) Her name's not Clay—didn't you just hear her say her name's not Clay?

JUDGE. (*To* MASON.) Down! (MASON *sits.*) I've had enough of you today. (*Calls.*) Clerk!

CLERK. Yes, your honor.

JUDGE. Make a note.

CLERK. Yes, your honor.

JUDGE. If this man monkeys any further with the law—

CLERK. Well?

JUDGE. Punch him in the jaw. (CLERK *sits.*) (*To* MOTHER, *as* COP *enters on next counts.*) Well, go on and tell it all.

POLICEMAN. Excuse me, Judge, the detective's in the hall.

JUDGE. Detective?

POLICEMAN. Yes, the one who arrested Jane.

JANE. That man—is he after me again?

JUDGE. Show him in.

POLICEMAN. Right away. (*Exit L.*)

JUDGE. Now go on with the balance of your story, Mrs. Clay.

MOTHER. My name's not Clay.

JANE. My name's not Clay.

STEVE. (*Rises.*) Didn't you just hear her say that her name's not Clay?

JUDGE. Clerk!

CLERK. Yes, your honor. (*Rises.*)

JUDGE. Make a note.

CLERK. Yes, your honor.

JUDGE. (*Points to* STEVE.) See that little guy? Bring him to me by and by.

CLERK. Why?

JUDGE. I want to smash him in the eye. (STEVE *and* CLERK *sit.*)

DETECTIVE. (*Enters from L. with* COP *on four counts.*) How do you, Judge, how do you do?

JUDGE. How do you do,—how are you?

DETECTIVE. I'd like to hear the trial, Judge, if you wouldn't care.

JUDGE. Sit down.

POLICEMAN. Have a chair. (*Shoves chair down to* DETECTIVE, *who sits.*)

JUDGE. Now go on and tell the balance of the story, Mrs. Clay. (*Up with* STEVE *and* MASON.) Her name's not Clay—I beat you to it, eh? (*The three sit.*)

JANE. To think, to think, my name's not Clay!

DETECTIVE. (*Rises.*) What's that you say—your name's not Clay?

JUDGE. (*To* DETECTIVE.) Down! Not another word to say.

DETECTIVE. Didn't you hear her say that her name's not Clay?

JUDGE. Clerk!

CLERK. Yes, your honor.

JUDGE. (*Points to* DETECTIVE.) When this man comes around never let him in—if you do—

CLERK. Well?

JUDGE. I'll kick him in the shin. (CLERK *and* DETECTIVE *sit.*) (*To* COP.) Joe, hold the door. (*To* MOTHER, *as* COP *goes to L. door.*) Now go on and no one here will interrupt you any more.

MOTHER. There isn't much to tell—her father was a swell.

JUDGE. Well, well, go on and tell it—well?

MOTHER. The drink was in his blood—he was full of Bud. Oh, oh, to think my name is Mud! In Albany—we lived, you see—so happily—that's until he—was doing well—became a swell—and then he fell—and then he fell.

JUDGE. Well, who'd he fall for—who'd he fall for?

MOTHER. I'll never tell—I'll never tell.

JANE. Tell it, tell it, get it out—tell it, let it out.

MOTHER. Yes, yes, I'll tell—I'll tell you.

MASON. (*Rises.*) Excuse me, Judge, can I have a word or two?

JUDGE. Down! I've heard enough of you. (MASON *sits.*)

STEVE. (*Rises.*) Pardon, Judge, but the story isn't true.

JUDGE. Down!

STEVE. What am I going to do? (*Sits.*)

DETECTIVE. (*Rises.*) If you don't mind, Judge, I should like to say—

JUDGE. Down!

DETECTIVE. Well, her name *is* Clay. (*Sits.*)

JUDGE. Clerk!

CLERK. Yes, your honor.

JUDGE. Make a note.

CLERK. Yes, your honor.

JUDGE. If these men once more interrupt the scene—

CLERK. Well?

JUDGE. Soak 'em on the bean. (*Hands gavel to* CLERK, *who takes it and sits.*) (*To* MOTHER.) Now, dear, let's hear—every little thing—every little thing.

MOTHER. I will—I'll spill—every little thing. Her dad—he had—a name—of fame.

JUDGE. What was her father's name?

MOTHER. Oliver Mud.

JANE. (*Rises.*) Oliver Mud!

DETECTIVE, STEVE, *and* MASON. (*All rise.*) Oliver Mud!

JUDGE. (*Rises.*) All-over Mud! Good God! (*Comes down C. with* MOTHER *on next eight counts.*) Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! (*To* JANE.) Is there a scar on your left-hand ear? (STEVE, MASON, DETECTIVE, *and* POLICEMAN *drop down with* MOTHER *and* JUDGE.)

JANE. Yes, on my left-hand ear—you can see it right here.

JUDGE. My dear!

JANE. What?

JUDGE. I'm here.

JANE. Who?

JUDGE. Your dad.

JANE. You're mad!

MOTHER. No, no, it's so—I can tell by the sty on his left-hand eye. Oliver!

JUDGE. Maud!

JUDGE *and* MOTHER. My love! (*Embrace.*)

JANE. Oh, Lord!

JUDGE. (*To* MOTHER.) What became of our little boy Tom?

MOTHER. Tommy ran away a year ago today.

JUDGE. I'll find him sure as sin—I can tell him by the scar on his left-hand chin.

STEVE. (*Comes down R.*) Excuse me, please, if I butt in—but I've got a scar on my left-hand chin.

JANE. (*To* STEVE.) Where?

STEVE. There.

JANE. Is it true? is it you?

STEVE. Sister!

JANE. Brother!

MOTHER. Father!

JUDGE. Mother!

MOTHER. Son!

STEVE. Ma!

JUDGE. (*Over to* JANE.) Daughter!

JANE. Pa! (JUDGE *and* JANE *embrace.*)
ALL. There you are—there you are.

George M. Cohan.

MOONSHINE[1]

CHARACTERS

LUKE HAZY, *Moonshiner*
A REVENUE OFFICER

SCENE: *Hut of a moonshiner in the mountain wilds of North Carolina. Door back left. Window back right center. Old deal table right center. Kitchen chair at either side of table, not close to it. Old cupboard in left corner. Rude stone fire-place left side. On back wall near door is a rough pencil sketch of a man hanging from a tree.*

(*At rise of curtain a commotion is heard outside of hut.*)

LUKE. (*Off-stage.*) It's all right, boys. . . . Jist leave him to me. . . . Git in there, Mister Revenue.

(REVENUE, *a Northerner in city attire, without hat, clothes dusty, is pushed through doorway.* LUKE, *a lanky, ill-dressed Southerner, following closes door.* REVENUE'S *hands are tied behind him.*)

You must excuse the boys for makin' a demonstration over you, Mr. Revenue, but you see they

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don't come across you fellers very frequent, and they allas gits excited.

REVENUE. I appreciate that I'm welcome.

LUKE. Deed you is, and I'm just agoin' to untie your hands long nuff fer you to take a sociable drink. (*Goes to stranger, feels in all pockets for weapons.*) Reckon yer travelin' peaceable. (*Unties hands.*) Won't yer sit down?

REVENUE. (*Drawing over chair and sitting.*) Thank you. (*Rubs wrists to get back circulation.*)

LUKE. (*Going over to cupboard and taking out jug.*) Yessa, Mister, the boys ain't seen one o' you fellers fer near two years. Began to think you wus goin' to neglect us. I wus hopin' you might be Jim Dunn. Have a drink?

REVENUE. (*Starts slightly at mention of Jim Dunn.*) No, thank you, your make is too strong for me.

LUKE. It hain't no luck to drink alone when you git company. Better have some.

REVENUE. Very well, my friend, I suffer willingly. (*Drinks a little and chokes.*)

LUKE. (*Draining cup.*) I reckon ye all don't like the flavor of liquor that hain't been stamped.

REVENUE. It's not so bad.

LUKE. The last Revenue that sit in that chair got drunk on my make.

REVENUE. That wouldn't be difficult.

LUKE. No, but it wuz awkward.

REVENUE. Why?

LUKE. I had to wait till he sobered up before I give him his ticket. I didn't feel like sendin' him to Heaven drunk. He'd a found it awkward climbin' that golden ladder.

REVENUE. Thoughtful executioner.

LUKE. So you see mebbe you kin delay things a little by dallyin' with the licker.

REVENUE. (*Picking up cup, getting it as far as his lips, slowly puts it down.*) The price is too great.

LUKE. I'm mighty sorry you ain't Jim Dunn. But I reckon you ain't. You don't answer his likeness.

REVENUE. Who's Jim Dunn?

LUKE. You ought to know who Jim Dunn is. He's just about the worst one of your revenue critters that ever hit these parts. He's got four of the boys in jail. We got a little reception all ready for him. See that? (*Pointing to sketch on back wall.*)

REVENUE. (*Looking at sketch.*) Yes.

LUKE. That's Jim Dunn.

REVENUE. (*Rising, examining picture.*) Doesn't look much like anyone.

LUKE. Well, that's what Jim Dunn 'll look like when we git 'im. I'm mighty sorry you hain't Jim Dunn.

REVENUE. I'm sorry to disappoint you.

LUKE. (*Turning to cupboard and filling pipe.*) Oh, it's all right. I reckon one Revenue's about as good as another, after all.

REVENUE. Are you sure I'm a revenue officer?

LUKE. (*Rising.*) Well, since we ketched ye climb-

in' trees an' snoopin' round the stills, I reckon we won't take no chances that you hain't.

REVENUE. Oh.

LUKE. Say, mebbe you'd like a seggar. Here's one I been savin' fer quite a spell back, thinkin' mebbe I'd have company some day. (*Brings out dried-up cigar, hands it to him.*)

REVENUE. No, thank you.

LUKE. It hain't no luck to smoke alone when ye got company. (*Striking match and holding it to* REVENUE.) Ye better smoke.

(REVENUE *bites off end and mouth is filled with dust, spits out dust.* LUKE *holds match to cigar. With difficulty* REVENUE *lights it.*)

That's as good a five-cent seggar as ye can git in Henderson.

REVENUE. (*After two puffs, makes wry face, throws cigar on table.*) You make death very easy, Mister.

LUKE. Luke's my name. Yer kin call me Luke. Make you feel as though you had a friend near you at the end—Luke Hazy.

REVENUE. (*Starting as though interested, rising.*) Not the Luke Hazy that cleaned out the Crosby family?

LUKE. (*Startled.*) How'd you hear about it?

REVENUE. Hear about it? Why, your name's been in every newspaper in the United States. Every time you killed another Crosby the whole feud was told all over again. Why, I've seen your picture in the papers twenty times.

LUKE. Hain't never had one took.

REVENUE. That don't stop them from printing it. Don't you ever read the newspapers?

LUKE. Me read? I hain't read nothin' fer thirty years. Reckon I couldn't read two lines in a hour.

REVENUE. You've missed a lot of information about yourself.

LUKE. How many Crosbys did they say I killed?

REVENUE. I think the last report said you had just removed the twelfth.

LUKE. It's a lie! I only killed six . . . that's all they wuz—growed up. I'm a-waitin' fer one now that's only thirteen.

REVENUE. When'll he be ripe?

LUKE. Jes' as soon as he comes a-lookin' fer me.

REVENUE. Will he come?

LUKE. He'll come if he's a Crosby.

REVENUE. A brave family?

LUKE. They don't make 'em any braver—they'd be first-rate folks if they wuzn't Crosbys.

REVENUE. If you feel that way why did you start fighting them?

LUKE. I never started no fight. My granddad had some misunderstandin' with their granddad. I don't know jes' what it wuz about, but I reckon my granddad wuz right, and I'll see it through.

REVENUE. You must think a lot of your grandfather.

LUKE. Never seen 'im, but it ain't no luck goin' agin yer own kin. Won't ye have a drink?

REVENUE. No—no—thank you.

LUKE. Well, Mr. Revenue, I reckon we might as well have this over.

REVENUE. What?

LUKE. Well, you won't get drunk, and I can't be put to the trouble o' havin' somebody guard you.

REVENUE. That'll not be necessary.

LUKE. Oh, I know yer like this yer place now, but this evenin' you might take it into yer head to walk out.

REVENUE. I'll not walk out unless you make me.

LUKE. 'Tain't like I'll let yer, but I wouldn't blame yer none if yu tried.

REVENUE. But I'll not.

LUKE. (*Rising.*) Say, Mistah Revenue, I wonder if you know what you're up against?

REVENUE. What do you mean?

LUKE. I mean I gotta kill you.

REVENUE. (*Rising, pauses.*) Well, that lets me out.

LUKE. What do yu mean?

REVENUE. I mean that I've been trying to commit suicide for the last two months, but I haven't had the nerve.

LUKE. (*Startled.*) Suicide?

REVENUE. Yes. Now that you're willing to kill me, the problem is solved.

LUKE. Why, what d'ye want to commit suicide fer?

REVENUE. I just want to stop living, that's all.

LUKE. Well, yu must have a reason.

REVENUE. No special reason—I find life dull and I'd like to get out of it.

LUKE. Dull?

REVENUE. Yes—I hate to go to bed—I hate to get up—I don't care for food—I can't drink liquor—I find people either malicious or dull—I see by the fate of my acquaintances, both men and women, that love is a farce. I have seen fame and preference come to those who least deserve them, while the whole world kicked and cuffed the worthy ones. The craftiest schemer gets the most money and glory, while the fair-minded dealer is humiliated in the bankruptcy court. In the name of the law every crime is committed; in the name of religion every vice is indulged; in the name of education greatest ignorance is rampant.

LUKE. I don't git all of that, but I reckon you're some put out.

REVENUE. I am. The world's a failure . . . what's more, it's a farce. I don't like it but I can't change it, so I'm just aching for a chance to get out of it. . . . (*Approaching* LUKE.) And you, my dear friend, are going to present me the opportunity.

LUKE. Yes, I reckon you'll get your wish now.

REVENUE. Good . . . if you only knew how I've tried to get killed.

LUKE. Well, why didn't you kill yerself?

REVENUE. I was afraid.

LUKE. Afreed o' what—hurtin' yourself?

REVENUE. No, afraid of the consequences.

LUKE. Whad d'ye mean?

REVENUE. Do you believe in another life after this one?

LUKE. I kan't say ez I ever give it much thought.

REVENUE. Well, don't—because if you do you'll never kill another Crosby . . . not even a revenue officer.

LUKE. 'Tain't that bad, is it?

REVENUE. Worse. Twenty times I've had a revolver to my head—crazy to die—and then as my finger pressed the trigger I'd get a terrible dread—a dread that I was plunging into worse terrors than this world ever knew. If killing were the end it would be easy, but what if it's only the beginning of something worse?

LUKE. Well, you gotta take some chances.

REVENUE. I'll not take that one. You know, Mr. Luke, life was given to us by someone who probably never intended that we should take it, and that someone has something ready for people who destroy his property. That's what frightens me.

LUKE. You do too much worryin' to be a regular suicide.

REVENUE. Yes, I do. That's why I changed my plan.

LUKE. What plan?

REVENUE. My plan for dying.

LUKE. Oh, then you give up the idea?

REVENUE. No, indeed—I'm still determined to die, but I'm going to make someone else responsible.

LUKE. Oh—so you hain't willing to pay fer yer own funeral music?

REVENUE. No, sir—I'll furnish the passenger, but someone else must buy the ticket. You see when I finally decided I'd be killed I immediately exposed myself to every danger I knew.

LUKE. How?

REVENUE. In a thousand ways. . . . (*Pause.*) Did you ever see an automobile?

LUKE. No.

REVENUE. They go faster than steam engines, and they don't *stay* on tracks. Did you ever hear of Fifth Avenue, New York?

LUKE. No.

REVENUE. Fifth Avenue is jammed with automobiles, eight deep all day long. People being killed every day. I crossed Fifth Avenue a thousand times a day, every day for weeks, never once trying to get out of the way, and always praying I'd be hit.

LUKE. And couldn't yu git hit?

REVENUE. (*In disgust.*) No. Automobiles only hit people who try to get out of the way. (*Pause.*) When that failed I frequented the lowest dives on the Bowery, flashing a roll of money and wearing diamonds, hoping they'd kill me for them. They stole the money and diamonds, but never touched me.

LUKE. Couldn't you pick a fight?

REVENUE. I'm coming to that. You know up North they believe that a man can be killed in the South for calling another man a liar.

LUKE. That's right.

REVENUE. It is, is it? Well, I've called men liars

from Washington to Atlanta, and I'm here to tell you about it.

LUKE. They must a took pity on ye.

REVENUE. Do you know Two Gun Jake that keeps the dive down in Henderson?

LUKE. I should think I do. . . . Jake's killed enough of 'em.

REVENUE. He's a bad man, ain't he?

LUKE. He's no trifler.

REVENUE. I wound up in Jake's place two nights ago, pretending to be drunk. Jake was cursing niggers.

LUKE. He's allus doin' that.

REVENUE. So I elbowed my way up to the bar and announced that I was an expert in the discovery of nigger blood . . . could tell a nigger who was 63-64ths white.

LUKE. Ye kin?

REVENUE. No, I can't, but I made them believe it. I then offered to look them over and tell them if they had any nigger blood in them. A few of them sneaked away, but the rest stood for it. I passed them all until I got to Two Gun Jake. I examined his eyeballs, looked at his finger-nails, and said, "You're a nigger."

LUKE. An' what did Jake do?

REVENUE. He turned pale, took me into the back room, he said: "Honest to God, Mister, can ye see nigger blood in me?" I said: "Yes." "There's no mistake about it?" "Not a bit," I answered. "Good

God," he said, "I always suspected it." Then he pulled out his gun. . . .

LUKE. Eh . . . eh?

REVENUE. And shot *himself.*

LUKE. Jake shot hisself! . . . is he dead?

REVENUE. I don't know—I was too disgusted to wait. I wandered around until I thought of you moonshiners . . . scrambled around in the mountains until I found your still. I *sat* on it and waited until you boys showed up, and here I am, and you're going to kill me.

LUKE. (*Pause.*) Ah, so ye want us to do yer killin' fer ye, do ye?

REVENUE. You're my last hope. If I fail this time I may as well give it up.

LUKE. (*Takes out revolver, turns sidewise and secretly removes cartridges from chamber. Rises.*) What wuz that noise?

(*Lays revolver on table and steps outside of door.* REVENUE *looks at revolver apparently without interest.*)

LUKE *cautiously enters doorway and expresses surprise at seeing* REVENUE *making no attempt to secure revolver. Feigning excitement goes to table, picks up gun.*)

LUKE. I reckon I'm gettin' careless, leavin' a gun layin' around here that-a-way. Didn't you see it?

REVENUE. Yes.

LUKE. Well, why didn't ye grab it?

REVENUE. What for?

LUKE. To git the drop on me.

REVENUE. Can't you understand what I've been telling you, Mister? I don't *want* the drop on you.

LUKE. Well, doggone if I don't believe yer tellin' me the truth. Thought I'd just see what ye'd do. Ye see I emptied it first. (*Opens up gun.*)

REVENUE. That wasn't necessary.

LUKE. Well, I reckon ye better git along out o' here, Mister.

REVENUE. You don't mean you're weakening?

LUKE. I ain't got no call to do your killin' fer you. If ye hain't sport enough to do it yerself, I reckon ye kin go on sufferin'.

REVENUE. But I told you why I don't want to do it. One murder more or less means nothing to you. You don't care anything about the hereafter.

LUKE. Mebbe I don't, but there ain't no use my takin' any more chances than I have to. And what's more, Mister, from what you been tellin' me I reckon there's a charm on you, and I ain't goin' to take no chances goin' agin charms.

REVENUE. So you're going to go back on me?

LUKE. Yes sirree.

REVENUE. Well, maybe some of the other boys will be willing. I'll wait till they come.

LUKE. The other boys ain't goin' to see you. You're a-leavin' this yer place right now—now! It won't do no good. You may as well go peaceable, ye ain't got no right to expect us to bear yer burdens.

REVENUE. Damn it all! I've spoiled it again.

LUKE. I reckon you better make up yer mind to go on livin'.

REVENUE. That looks like the only way out.

LUKE. Come on, I'll let you ride my horse to town. It's the only one we got, so yu can leave it at Two Gun Jake's, and one o' the boys 'll go git it, or I reckon I'll go over myself and see if Jake made a job of it.

REVENUE. I suppose it's no use arguing with you.

LUKE. Not a bit. Come on, you.

REVENUE. Well, I'd like to leave my address so if you ever come to New York you can look me up.

LUKE. 'Tain't likely I'll ever come to New York.

REVENUE. Well, I'll leave it anyhow. Have you a piece of paper?

LUKE. Paper what you write on? Never had none, Mister.

REVENUE. (*Looking about room, sees Jim Dunn's picture on wall, goes to it, takes it down.*) If you don't mind, I'll put it on the back of Jim Dunn's picture. (*Placing picture on table, begins to print.*) I'll print it for you, so it'll be easy to read. My address is here, so if you change your mind you can send for me.

LUKE. 'Tain't likely—come on.

(*Both go to doorway*—LUKE *extends hand,* REVENUE *takes it.*)

Good-bye, Mister—cheer up . . . there's the horse.

REVENUE. Good-bye. (*Shaking* LUKE'S *hand.*)

LUKE. Don't be so glum, Mister. Lemme hear you laff jist onct before yu go.

(REVENUE *begins to laugh weakly.*)

Aw, come on, laff out with it hearty.

(REVENUE *laughs louder.*)

Heartier yit.

(REVENUE *is now shouting his laughter, and is heard laughing until hoof beats of his horse die down in the distance.*)

(LUKE *watches for a moment, then returns to table—takes a drink—picks up picture—turns it around several times before getting it right—then begins to study. In attempting to make out the name he slowly traces in the air with his index finger a capital "J"—then mutters "J-J-J-," then describes a letter "I"—mutters "I-I-I-," then a letter "M"—muttering "M-M-M-, J-I-M—J-I-M—JIM." In the same way describes and mutters D-U-N-N.*)

LUKE. Jim Dunn! By God!

(*He rushes to corner, grabs shot-gun, runs to doorway, raises gun in direction stranger has gone—looks intently—then slowly lets gun fall to his side, and scans the distance with his hand shadowing his eyes—steps inside—slowly puts gun in corner—seats himself at table.*)

Jim Dunn!—and he begged me to kill 'im!!

Arthur Hopkins.

A MINUET[1]

THE MARQUIS, THE MARCHIONESS, THE GAOLER

SCENE: *A cell in the Bastille.*

THE MARQUIS

(*Reading.*)

"Is there an after-life, a deathless soul,
A heaven, to which to aspire as to a goal?
Who shall decide what nobody shall know?
Science is dumb; Faith has no proofs to show.
Men will dispute, as autumn leaves will rustle:
The soul is an idea; the heart, a muscle."

(*He leaves off reading.*)

Well said, Voltaire! This philosophic doubt
Has ruled my life, and now shall lead me out;
'T is this has helped me to a mind serene
While I await the gentle guillotine.

(*He closes the book and lays it aside.*)

What's to be hoped for, what is to be dreaded,
Whether I die in bed or be beheaded?
I've lived, I loved, enjoyed; and here's the end.
I'll meet my death as I should meet a friend;
Or, better, as a nobleman of France
Salutes his mistress in a courtly dance.

(*He rises and walks to and fro, with his hands behind him.*)

I am alone; no soul will sorrow for me;
My enemies dread me; and my friends—abhor me.
For all I know, my wife—the ugly word—
Is in Coblenz, attended by absurd

[1] All rights reserved.

Perfumed and mincing abbés. She and I,
I'm proud to say, lived as I mean to die.

With never a trace of middle-class emotions,
I went my way; she followed her own notions.
And when she hears I'm dead, so fine her breed,
She'll arch her eyebrows, and exclaim,
"Indeed?"
(*The door is flung open, and* THE GAOLER *appears.*)

THE GAOLER

(*Brutally.*)
Citizen!

THE MARQUIS

Joseph?

(*He sits.*)

Is the tumbril here?

THE GAOLER

Not yet, aristocrat; but have no fear.
The widow never missed—

THE MARQUIS

The widow?

THE GAOLER

Aye,
The guillotine.

THE MARQUIS

(*With a shrug.*)
The people's wit!

THE GAOLER

I say,
She never missed an assignation yet.
One down, the other comes on! She'll not forget.

THE MARQUIS

Yet she's a woman! Wonderful!

THE GAOLER

You seem
As though you thought your doom was but a dream.
(*Roughly.*)
Aristocrat, you are to die!

THE MARQUIS

(*Calmly.*)
How true!
And so are you, my friend, and so are you,
Sooner or later. In your case, I think
It will be sooner, owing to the drink.

THE GAOLER

(*Coming at him threateningly.*)
You dare!

THE MARQUIS

(*Warding him off with a delicate hand.*)
Oh, please, let's have no vulgar quarrel:
And I apologize for seeming moral.
You've been so courteous as to lend your room
In which to await my, as you call it, doom,
(*Handing him a coin.*)
Take my last louis, friend, and go away.

THE GAOLER

I spit on it!

THE MARQUIS

And pocket it. Good day.

THE GAOLER

(*Pointing to the door.*)
I came to tell you that a woman's there,
Asking to see you.

THE MARQUIS

What?

THE GAOLER

She's young and fair,
And, judging by the richness of her dress,
Some heretofore aristo, nothing less.

THE MARQUIS

(*With grave reproof.*)
All women are aristocrats by birth;
No old or ugly woman treads the earth.

THE GAOLER

Ho! You should see my wife!

THE MARQUIS

I should be proud.

THE GAOLER

Shall I admit her?

THE MARQUIS

Yes.

THE GAOLER

It's not allowed.

Nevertheless—

THE MARQUIS

(*Handing him a jeweled snuff-box.*)

My snuff-box. From

(*Handsprings to his feet and kisses it.*)

The King!

THE GAOLER

I spit on it.

THE MARQUIS

(*Deprecatingly.*)

You spit on everything. That's low.

THE GAOLER

The widow will spit on your head.

(*He stumps out, leaving the door open.*)

THE MARQUIS

(*With disgust.*)

And that's my equal! Pah!

(*He picks up a hand-glass and arranges his habit, etc.*)

Why do I dread

This meeting? Who can be the fair

Who ventures hither to this loathsome lair?

The Duchess of Saint-Mair? A heart of ice.

The Countess of Durance? A cockatrice.

The Marchioness of Beaurepaire? Alas!

Her love and faith were brittle as this glass.

The Lady of Bougency?

(*He laughs.*)

But she had
Three other lovers, while she drove me mad.
Not one would risk her head to say good-by
To a discarded lover soon to die.

(*In the glass he is still holding he sees* THE MARCHIONESS, *who now appears in the doorway.*)

My wife!

THE MARCHIONESS *comes in, and the door swings to with a clang. She makes a magnificent and elaborate curtsy.*)

THE MARCHIONESS

Marquis!

THE MARQUIS

(*With an equally elaborate bow.*)

Ah! Marchioness!

THE MARCHIONESS

(*Brightly.*)

Milord O'Connor
Kindly escorted me.

THE MARQUIS

Oh, too much honor!

THE MARCHIONESS

(*Looking round the room, with a dainty sigh.*)

Ah, what a world, where gentlemen are treated
Like vulgar criminals!

THE MARQUIS

Won't you be seated?

THE MARCHIONESS

(*Ceremoniously taking her seat.*)
I greatly fear I must cut short my visit;
Time is so precious nowadays.

THE MARQUIS

(*With a whimsical smile.*)
Ah, is it?
How did you hear that I must soon—go hence?

THE MARCHIONESS

A charming abbé told me in Coblenz.

THE MARQUIS

(*Leading her on.*)
What did he say?

THE MARCHIONESS

I scarce gave heed,
I arched my brows, and exclaimed, "Indeed?"

THE MARQUIS

Ah, I'm distressed you chose to undertake
A long and tiresome journey for my sake.

THE MARCHIONESS

(*Volubly.*)
Oh. I had charming company. Time passed away
Quite quickly, thanks to ombre and piquet.
(*With a pretty pout.*)
I lost a deal of money.

THE MARQUIS

My regrets.
I've squandered my last coin.

THE MARCHIONESS

And then at Metz
A charming man, an Irishman—such grace!
Such wit! Such—

THE MARQUIS

Never mind.

THE MARCHIONESS

Begged for a place
Beside me in the coach.

THE MARQUIS

His name?

THE MARCHIONESS

Milord
O'Connor.

THE MARQUIS

To be sure. He touched a chord?

THE MARCHIONESS

(*Enthusiastically.*)
Oh, yes!

THE MARQUIS

(*Insidiously.*)
And you were kind?

THE MARCHIONESS

(*Roguishly.*)

To him or to you?

THE MARQUIS

(*With a polite protest.*)

Oh, dying men don't count.

THE MARCHIONESS

(*Thinking it over.*)

That's very true.

THE MARQUIS

No doubt he's waiting for you now?

THE MARCHIONESS

(*Carelessly.*)

No doubt.

THE MARQUIS

You must not strain his patience! 'twill wear out,

(*With great courtesy, but a dangerous gleam in his eyes.*)

And when you join him, tell him I regret
I'm not at liberty. We might have—met.

THE MARCHIONESS

You would have liked each other very much.
Such conversation! Such high spirits!
Such—

THE MARQUIS

(*Rises.*)

This prison is no place for you. Farewell!

THE MARCHIONESS

The room is ugly. I prefer my cell.

THE MARQUIS

(*Arrested as he is moving toward the door.*)
Your cell?

THE MARCHIONESS

(*Matter of fact.*)
Of course. I am a prisoner, too.
That's what I came for.

THE MARQUIS

What?

THE MARCHIONESS

(*Very simply.*)
To die with you.

THE MARQUIS

To die with me!

THE MARCHIONESS

(*Rises.*)
A Beauelere could not fail.

THE MARQUIS

But—

THE MARCHIONESS

Yes?

THE MARQUIS

The guillotine!

THE MARCHIONESS

(*Brushing it aside as of no consequence whatever.*)

A mere detail.

THE MARQUIS

(*Recovering.*)

Pardon me, Marchioness, but I confess
You also made me show surprise.

THE MARCHIONESS

What less

Did you expect of me?

THE MARQUIS

We've lived apart

So long, I had forgotten—

THE MARCHIONESS

I'd a heart?

You had forgotten many things beside—
The happy bridegroom and the happy bride.
And so had I. At court the life we lead
Makes love a frivolous pastime.

THE MARQUIS

And we need

The shock of death to show us we are human.

THE MARCHIONESS

Marquis and Marchioness? No, man and woman.
Once you were tender.

THE MARQUIS

Once you were sincere.

THE MARCHIONESS

So long ago.

THE MARQUIS

So short a time.

THE MARCHIONESS

Oh, dear!
Our minds are like a potpourri at dusk,
Breathing dead rosemary, lavender, and musk;
Things half forgotten, silly things, sublime;
A faded ribbon, withered rose, a rhyme,
A melody of old Provence, whose lilt
Haunts us as in a dream, like amber, spilt
God knows how long ago!

THE MARQUIS

Do you remember
How first I wooed you by the glowing ember
Of winter fires?

THE MARCHIONESS

Ah, you were passionate then!

THE MARQUIS

I was the proudest, happiest of men.

THE MARCHIONESS

I, the most innocent of maids.

THE MARQUIS

Alas!
How the years change us as they come and pass!

THE MARCHIONESS

(*Very tenderly.*)
Do you remember, by the Rhone,
The gray old castle on the hill,
The brambled pathway to the mill?
You plucked a rose. We were alone;
For cousins need no chaperone.
How hot the days were, which the shrill
Cicala's chirping seemed to fill:
A treble to the millwheel's drone.
Ah, me! what happy days were those!

THE MARQUIS

Gone, with the perfume of the rose.

THE MARCHIONESS

Marquis, might we not yet atone,
For all our errors, if we chose?

THE MARQUIS

But—Doris, all the perfume's gone.

THE MARCHIONESS

(*Producing a withered rose from her bosom.*)
But—Amadis, I've kept the rose!

THE MARQUIS

You've kept the rose! But will it bloom again?

THE MARCHIONESS

Perhaps in heaven.

THE MARQUIS

(*With a shrug.*)

Is there a heaven?

THE GAOLER

(*Appearing at the door.*)

You twain

Aristocrats, the tumbril waits! (*He disappears.*)

THE MARCHIONESS

(*Swaying a moment.*)

Ah, me!

THE MARQUIS

(*Eagerly.*)

Is there a heaven, Doris?

THE MARCHIONESS

(*Recovering, smiles bravely, and holds out her hand.*)

Come and see.

(*As the* MARQUIS *takes her hand and they move to go out.*)

The curtain falls.

Louis N. Parker.

IN A GARDEN

ONE SCENE: *A Garden.* ONE TIME: *Midnight.*
ONE COUPLE.

SHE *enters; saunters leisurely down towards a bench.* SHE *is fanning herself with a large black feather fan.* HE *follows almost immediately.*)

HE. (*Upon reaching her side.*) Hello.

SHE. (*Showing no surprise.*) 'Lo.

HE. (*Inquiringly.*) Miss?

SHE. (*Crosses over and sits on bench.*) Clark.

HE. (*Showing that he should have remembered.*) Yes.

SHE. (*Slightly more interested.*) Yours?

HE. Drake.

SHE. Reggie? (*Teasingly.*)

HE. (*Emphatically.*) Tracy.

SHE. (*Bowing slightly.*) Welcome.

HE. (*Inquisitively.*) Mother?

SHE. Home.

HE. (*Smiling.*) Good.

SHE. (*Pretending not to understand.*) Why?

HE. (*Raising his eyebrows and with a little shrug of his shoulders.*) Oh—

SHE. (*Intently.*) Well—

HE. Reasons.

SHE. (*Slyly.*) What?

HE. (*Sits beside her on the bench.*) You.

SHE. (*Raising her fan.*) Me?

HE. (*Leaning towards her and moving nearer.*) Yes.

SHE. (*Deliberately throws her fan in front of her.*) Don't.

HE. (*Picks up her fan.*) What?

SHE. Anticipate.

HE. (*Handing her the fan.*) Don't.

SHE. Meaning.

HE. (*Taps the fan.*) Unnecessary.

SHE. Smoke?

HE. Sometimes.

SHE. Now?

HE. (*Has walked to one side and stands looking at at her.*) Well—

SHE. Cigar?

HE. (*Feeling in his pocket.*) No.

SHE. What?

HE. Cigarette. (*Takes his cigarette case and passes it to her.*)

SHE. (*Holding out her cigarette.*) Match?

HE. (*Feeling in his pocket again.*) No.

SHE. What?

HE. (*Holding out a patent lighter.*) Light.

SHE. (*Smiling.*) Ha—

HE. (*Snapping it open again and again but it does not light.*) Joke?

SHE. Work?

HE. (*Gives it several more snaps and is finally successful.*) Maybe.

SHE. (*He lights her cigarette.*) Sometimes.

HE. (*Sitting down beside her sighs comfortably.*) Now.

SHE. Well?

HE. Happy?

SHE. (*Her whole manner showing indifference.*) Fairly.

HE. (*Motioning towards the house.*) Dance?

SHE. (*Shaking her head.*) No.

HE. Tired?

SHE. (*Nodding her head.*) Little.

HE. (*Disappointedly.*) Home?

SHE. (*Shrugging shoulders.*) No.

HE. Bored?

SHE. (*Indifferently.*) Hardly.

HE. (*Coaxingly.*) Smile.

SHE. (*Looking at him.*) Can't.

HE. Try.

SHE. (*Smiling setly.*) There.

HE. Pretty.

SHE. (*Expectantly.*) What?

HE. (*Frankly.*) Teeth.

SHE. (*A little disappointed.*) Slush.

HE. Fact.

SHE. Flattery.

HE. (*Obstinately.*) Truth.

SHE. (*Raising her hand.*) Listen.

HE. (*Quietly.*) What?

SHE. Music.

HE. Pretty.

SHE. (*Ecstatically.*) Beautiful.

HE. (*Following her mood.*) Heavenly.

SHE. (*Languidly.*) Sentimental?
HE. (*Positively.*) Rather.
SHE. (*Startled.*) Listen.
HE. (*Dreamily.*) What?
SHE. Clock.
HE. (*Counting the strokes.*) Twelve.
SHE. (*Rising.*) Late.
HE. No.
SHE. Going.
HE. (*Pleadingly.*) Don't.
SHE. (*Stopping.*) Must.
HE. Wait.
SHE. (*Shaking her head.*) Dangerous.
HE. What?
SHE. Waiting.
HE. Why?
SHE. Age.
HE. Meaning?
SHE. Thirty.
HE. Impossible.
SHE. Fact.
HE. Married?
SHE. No.
HE. Engaged?
SHE. No.
HE. (*Pointing to a ring on her finger.*) Ring?
SHE. (*Smiling.*) Mother's.
HE. (*Significantly.*) Willing?
SHE. (*Enigmatically.*) Perhaps.
HE. Me?
SHE. Joking.

HE. Honest.
SHE. Really?
HE. Absolutely.
SHE. Listen.
HE. What?
SHE. (*Lifting her hand.*) Clock.
HE. Two. (*Counts again.*)
SHE. (*Nervously.*) Heavens! (*She starts to run off.*)
HE. (*Grabs her hand and in so doing her fan drops.*) Stop!
SHE. Ouch. (*Rubs her hand.*)
HE. Sorry.
SHE. Brute.
HE. There. (*Giving her the fan.*)
SHE. Awkward.
HE. (*Taking her hand and kissing it.*) Better?
SHE. Worse. (*Starts once more to go.*)
HE. (*Intently.*) Answer.
SHE. Wait.
HE. (*Tenderly.*) Can't.
SHE. Must.
HE. Until?
SHE. To-morrow.
HE. Morning?
SHE. Evening.
HE. (*Ardently.*) Impossible.
SHE. Noon?
HE. Fine.
HE. Oh!
SHE. What?

HE. Lights.
SHE. (*Surprised.*) Out.
HE. Yes.
SHE. Gee—
HE. Frightened?
VOICE. Laura!
HE. God!
SHE. No.
HE. Who?
SHE. (*Teasingly.*) Husband.
HE. (*Blankly.*) Really?
SHE. Silly. (*Smiling.*)
HE. Who?
SHE. Father. (*Short silence.*)
SHE. Listen.
HE. (*Softly.*) What?
SHE. Clock.
HE. Three.
SHE. (*As she moves away.*) Good—
HE. Night.
SHE. Romeo.
HE. Juliet.

Frank C. Egan.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SILVER SPOON

PERSONS

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE, *who loves her husband.*
MRS. ARTHUR CHALMERS, *who also does.*

MISS ALICIA FOSTER, *who has none.*
WAITER, *who is one.*

PLACE: *New York.*

TIME: *One o'clock on a pleasant afternoon.*

(MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE *and* MRS. ARTHUR CHALMERS *are seated at a small round table with service for three. There are some faded flowers nearby, which* MRS. CHALMERS *has removed, with some emphasis, from the table.*)

MRS. CHALMERS. At one, I told her.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. She'll be late, of course. An artist.

MRS. CHALMERS. Of course. You keep a sharp lookout. I'm perfectly blind without my glasses.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Astigmatism?

MRS. CHALMERS. No—age.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Nonsense, Margaret!

MRS. CHALMERS. Thank you, my dear; I hoped you'd say that. She's smallish and darkish.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. And stylish?

MRS. CHALMERS. Heavens, no! I told you an artist.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Well—frowsy?

MRS. CHALMERS. No, but queer. Individual, I believe you call it—erratic, temperamental.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Barry says that's an overworked word.

MRS. CHALMERS. It is, indeed. I hate to use it. That and "convinced" are my pet abominations. But she's *it* just the same.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Yes, "convinced" is such a nice word if they'd let it alone.

MRS. CHALMERS. She's sure to have on good colors.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Is this she? She looks uncertain.

MRS. CHALMERS. Yes. Waiter, call that young lady. Yes, the one with the feather. No, not that one. I beg your pardon; a mistake. Oh, Miss Foster, here we are!

MISS FOSTER. Mrs. Chalmers! How nice to find you directly! I had no hope. Isn't it terrifying to see so many hungry people together?

MRS. CHALMERS. Mrs. Barrington-White, Miss Alicia Foster.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. So glad!

MISS FOSTER. Are you Miss Leverts's Mrs. White? Really! Well, this is nice! I've heard Miss Leverts speak of you so often.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. You painted Miss Leverts's portrait, didn't you? Charming! You caught her, and that's not easily done. She's very elusive.

MISS FOSTER. I loved doing her.

(*The long-suffering* WAITER *has shifted from one long-suffering foot to the other. At last he pokes a very large menu card at* MRS. CHALMERS.)

MRS. CHALMERS. Yes, of course, food.

MISS FOSTER. With this inconceivable array, we ought to find something.

MRS. CHALMERS. I doubt it. I'm suspicious of too many words. And the more foreign they are, the less I trust them. But everybody comes here.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. It's always crowded. You two choose. I never know what I want; Barry always tells me.

MRS. CHALMERS. Well, I eat everything. Being just a plain person, nothing is expected of me; I can be hungry. Let's see. Drinks first.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Drinks! Tea the strongest.

MRS. CHALMERS. Let's be positively devilish!

MISS FOSTER. Mrs. Chalmers, how killing you are!

WAITER. (*With passionate obsequiousness.*) Chicken, ladies?

MRS. CHALMERS. Tea, coffee, chocolate, cocoa, milk, buttermilk, skimmed milk—it's not down, but they're sure to have it. Now which—or all?

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Well, I'll begin. Tea for me. No, buttermilk. (*To the* WAITER.) Is it good?

WAITER. Excellent, madam.

MRS. CHALMERS. Umph—doubtful. Better take tea, Kit. Chocolate for me. Now, Miss Foster, as guest of honor, you last.

MISS FOSTER. Buttermilk; I'm trying to get fat.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. I believe I'll try the buttermilk. Yes, I'll take buttermilk.

MRS. CHALMERS. Don't skim it.

WAITER. You will find it already prepared, madam.

MRS. CHALMERS. I don't doubt it. Well, my dear, I had just told Mrs. Barrington-White—she insists upon all of Barry's name; don't forget—that you weren't stylish, and here you descend upon us in all this grandeur! I never saw you look so—human!

MISS FOSTER. Yes, I had the tail of my coat cut off. Isn't it hideous? You couldn't persuade Mr. Chalmers?

MRS. CHALMERS. Didn't want him. You see, Kit, Miss Foster is one of Arthur's "girls." They all adore him. He waits upon them, sees them to trains and boats and things. And they think him—*misunderstood!* Now confess, little lady!

MISS FOSTER. Mrs. Chalmers! How absurd you are!

MRS. CHALMERS. Honestly, now, don't you consider Arthur Chalmers misunderstood?

MISS FOSTER. Oh, well, if it comes to that, we all are.

MRS. CHALMERS. Not I. I generally manage to make people know what I mean.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Barry knows me like a book.

MRS. CHALMERS. Does it bore him to read you as much as I bore Arthur?

MISS FOSTER. Mrs. Chalmers! You're dreadful!

MRS. CHALMERS. No—truthful. It's synonymous. However, it's just as truthful the other way round.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Don't let her disturb you, dear Miss Foster. She doesn't mean a word of it. She adores Arthur. Last year she wouldn't tell him about her appendix because she didn't want to stop his golf vacation. If that isn't devotion!

MRS. CHALMERS. No; that's wisdom. Nothing could stop Arthur's golf. Don't ever try to interfere with that, Miss Foster, unless you really want to *see* Arthur!

WAITER. Ladies, I—

MRS. CHALMERS. Don't be impatient, waiter. We came here to be leisurely. We don't want to be hurried. . . . What! Well, let them wait. You'll not be sorry for it.

WAITER. Certainly, madam.

MRS. CHALMERS. However, we will order. Sandwiches? Salad? What?

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Salad sounds perfect.

MISS FOSTER. Oh, yes, salad.

MRS. CHALMERS. "Newport"—I've been there and I hate it. It's vulgar. Let's not have it. "Esthetic." Heavens! What's that?

MISS FOSTER. "Waldorf" covers a multitude of sins.

MRS. CHALMERS. And apple peels. Lettuce is—just itself. Let's have lettuce. And tomato you can't disguise. Lettuce and tomato, then? Good! For three.

MISS FOSTER. Oh, have you seen "The Blue Bird"?

MRS. CHALMERS. (*Portentously.*) I have.

MISS FOSTER. Well? And don't you *adore* it?

MRS. CHALMERS. I don't.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Barry said it made him a boy again. We've been twice. I love it!

MRS. CHALMERS. I went alone and it made me sniff. If there's anything I hate, it's to be made to sniff in public. Then I didn't like the Dog's tongue to hang out all the time. He wasn't dog enough to warrant it. The Cat was perfect! But why on earth Maeterlinck didn't conceive the Cat a woman I don't see!

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Barry spoke of that. But he said Maeterlinck was far too clever to do that in this age. It might be taken as an offense.

MRS. CHALMERS. By the suffragists, do you mean? Nonsense. They have a sense of humor, I should hope. Else they'd better not set out to win!

MISS FOSTER. But the children, aren't they dear?

MRS. CHALMERS. Oh, the children are dear enough, but Maeterlinck's symbolism is—(*To the* WAITER) What, are you here yet? . . . No, nothing more just now. We'll order desserts later. Oh, yes. Waiter! Call our waiter, please! Swiss cheese sandwiches—did you put it down? For three. That's all.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Let's start in on rolls. Do you like hard or soft ones?

MRS. CHALMERS. Whichever there isn't. But the real ones are in Vienna—poppy seed ones.

MISS FOSTER. Mr. Chalmers told me all about your trip. He's such a dear! And doesn't he appreciate things tremendously?

MRS. CHALMERS. This is the unsalted butter. Try it. What sorts of things?

MISS FOSTER. Oh, everything. He's so keen. Art—the world—people—feelings.

MRS. CHALMERS. Feelings! I know your stage. Arthur is, he *says,* sensitive. I call it touchy. But I'm his wife.

MISS FOSTER. Mrs. Chalmers!

MRS. CHALMERS. Pass the pepper, there's a dear. Yes, I used to call it sensitive once; now it's plain *touchy.*

MISS FOSTER. I don't believe you appreciate him.

MRS. CHALMERS. You see, Kit!

MISS FOSTER. He's such an old dear!

MRS. CHALMERS. Yes, isn't he? Bold as a baby!

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Margaret Chalmers. You're incorrigible. Miss Foster is believing you!

MRS. CHALMERS. Oh, no, she isn't! That's the pity. She can't! I say to him "Go ahead, Arthur. Have all the fun you want with all of them! Only know, that if one of them had to be with you for a week she'd bore you worse than I do. And maybe she couldn't cook! And you'd bore her into hysterics! So don't get vain."

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Aren't men, anyhow, the most helpless creatures? The other day Barry said, actually reproachfully: "Kitty, I nearly froze today without any heavier flannels." "Well," I said, "why didn't you wear them, dear?" "You didn't lay them out," he said.

MRS. CHALMERS. And he meant it, too! Last night

Arthur came into my room. I was reading Galsworthy after I'd gone to bed, and was immensely comfortable! "Margy," he said coaxingly—and I'm always suspicious when he's coaxing—"Margy, where's a new bulb for my reading lamp?" "It's downstairs in the dining-room," I said, "in the left-hand drawer of the serving table." He stood looking at me, stupidly. So I repeated: "Downstairs, Arthur, in the left-hand drawer of the serving table, in the dining-room." Then he turned slowly and went away and three minutes later his light was out! That's Arthur!

MISS FOSTER. Poor old dear!

MRS. CHALMERS. Certainly! Poor old dear! I'm only six months younger than he. Now, if you'd been there, you'd have trotted down and got it for him!

MISS FOSTER. I would, indeed!

MRS. CHALMERS. Not if you'd been there twenty-one years! That's marriage!

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Barry and I've been married eighteen years. He wouldn't ask me to do it or want me to, but if I saw he needed it, he couldn't keep me from it!

MRS. CHALMERS. And he wouldn't try to keep you. Oh, Kitty, I know *you!* You'd have had it all ready for him, and a rose beside it! *And* the leaf of his book turned down!

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Yes, and Barry would have brought me the rose! Desserts? Or am I only a guest?

MRS. CHALMERS. You're only a guest—not chang-

ing the subject *too* abruptly—but you may have a dessert. Let's see. Where's that awful card? Now! Sago pudding. Bread pudding—scraps! Soufflé prunes! Fancy prunes!

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. "Désire precieuse"—what's that?

MRS. CHALMERS. Heavens! Don't ask me! I'm taking prunes.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Well, I believe I'll try it. I don't know what it is.

MRS. CHALMERS. I'm taking prunes because I *do* know what they are. Like Puritan ancestors, prunes are—safe! Although, to tell the truth, I've never had such abiding faith in Puritan ancestors as might be. There must have been *some* nice ones! And, by the way, speaking of Puritans, have you heard the latest escapade of little Miss Lowdon's?

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Barry told me a little about it. He hates to criticize women—even suffragists. But he thought the whole affair shocking. And so did I.

MRS. CHALMERS. So it *is* shocking. But a jolly tale, and I'll tell it. You know who she is, of course, Miss Foster?

MISS FOSTER. I'm afraid I don't.

MRS. CHALMERS. Don't be afraid. She is the daughter of old Judge Lowdon, the Tenth Street Lowdons, an absolutely conservative family. And Eunice is a howling—literally, too—suffragist.

MISS FOSTER. Oh, that Miss Lowdon! I've heard of her.

MRS. CHALMERS. She's really quite a nice little person to meet. Simple and not affected. But she hurts the cause by doing foolish things that all women, even suffragists, deplore. It's a pity. Her family have broken with her.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Barry knows her brother. He's a nice fellow. Barry says she ought to be locked up.

MRS. CHALMERS. Well, from his own immediate point of view, Barry is right. I dare say she will be in time, and that she knows she will be. I suppose you know that big Peter Willoughby *carried* her out!

MISS FOSTER. How exciting! Out of what?

MRS. CHALMERS. Out of the big political meeting at Carnegie Hall last Tuesday. Bodily!

MISS FOSTER. Not really! Oh, please tell us!

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Barry is such a clam I couldn't get much of it from him. He was there. I'm dying to know. They say her family paid an awful amount to keep it out of the papers.

MRS. CHALMERS. That's not true, of course. Her father is very highly thought of, and—well, you know how *hopelessly* respectable her brother is. And stupid beyond words!

MISS FOSTER. Do go on.

MRS. CHALMERS. Well, some man was talking a lot and saying little, when up popped pretty little Miss Lowdon and demanded to be heard.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Imagine! In Carnegie Hall!

MRS. CHALMERS. There was an instant hush, then

hisses—enough to disconcert a hardened suffragist. Not so little Miss Lowdon. She said we weren't living in the Middle Ages, and she would be heard. Arthur was sitting on the platform with some other men. He said she looked too little and adorable!

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Barry said he positively blushed for her.

MRS. CHALMERS. Well, she didn't blush for herself. If you please, the bold child said she'd *something to say!*

MRS. CHALMERS. Yes, fancy having anything to say—a woman! No wonder it caused an uproar.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Fancy!

MISS FOSTER. But heavens, they ought to be used to it by now! Women have been saying things for some time.

MRS. CHALMERS. I know. But flying machines are being used, yet we aren't riding in them on five-cent fares! Men can't get used to it. They're slower-minded.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Perhaps surer-minded, also. Barry says let the women *think* all they please, but let them not make public spectacles of themselves. Let them keep quiet about it.

MRS. CHALMERS. Barry's delicious!

MISS FOSTER. Isn't it Shakespeare who says: "Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak"?

MRS. CHALMERS. Well, evidently Barry and big Peter didn't agree with Shakespeare. For when little

Miss Lowdon began to think, they tried to—blow her out! She's such a mite to be so—saucy.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. She's twenty-seven!

MRS. CHALMERS. They tried to shout her down, but she shouted louder. In the midst of it all big Peter Willoughby, who adores the women, picked her up and quietly walked out with her.

MISS FOSTER. Not *really!*

MRS. CHALMERS. Yes. He simply made it his business to get her out.

MISS FOSTER. Were they engaged or—anything?

MRS. CHALMERS. Very much so while going out.

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. He wouldn't let her make a fool of herself.

MISS FOSTER. So he made a fool of her! I call that chivalry!

MRS. CHALMERS. Well, it was, really. Everybody could see that she didn't want to go. She kept on talking, however. Her parting shot over his shoulder was: "I'm glad someone is man enough *to take up the cause!*"

MISS FOSTER. Well! What on earth did he do when he got her outside?

MRS. CHALMERS. Put her down, I suppose, and tipped his hat and left her. They'd locked the doors.

MISS FOSTER. Without an apology?

MRS. CHALMERS. Apology! Heavens, child, what could he say? Imagine apologizing to a lady for abducting her from a meeting!

MISS FOSTER. Mercy! Do you *know* this Mr. Willoughby?

MRS. CHALMERS. Everybody knows Peter Willoughby. He belongs to all the clubs. He's rich and independent—not married, I mean. And as silent as a sphinx. I adore him!

MISS FOSTER. He sounds too good to be true!

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. He *is* nice. But imagine Barry's carrying a woman out!

MRS. CHALMERS. When I told Arthur how I felt about it, and how I adored a man who would do that as charmingly as big Peter did, he said: "Lord, Margy, I couldn't carry *you!*" As if I wanted him to!

MRS. BARRINGTON-WHITE. Dear old Barry carried me up and down stairs for a week when I sprained my ankle.

MRS. CHALMERS. Ah! That's quite different! You wanted him to. It's the man who picks the woman up against her will and runs off with her—that's the hero. We're all alike. It's the Eve in us.

MISS FOSTER. Heavens! If she should be—fat!

MRS. CHALMERS. Don't look at me! She's got no business to be fat if she's romantic. I like the good old primitive way of braining a woman, throwing her over your shoulder and off—to the cave!

MISS FOSTER. Let me meet your big Peter Willoughby, there's a dear!

MRS. CHALMERS. Down goes my poor old Arthur for the young god! Yes, I'll ask him to meet you Thursday at dinner. Will that do? . . . Good! That's right, put it down, so you won't forget it! And you needn't expect him to throw you over his

shoulder when he takes you out to dinner. For he won't do it. He's only primitive at times.

Well, it has been nice. Have we all our traps?

WAITER. Thank you, madam!

Lucine Finch.

VOICES

SCENE: *The main street of Domremy, in front of the shattered church sacred to Jeanne d'Arc. Roofless houses and broken buildings stand huddled in ruins. The place is deserted and silent. From the right comes a peasant girl,* YVONNE, *finely made and young. She wears a coarse, wool skirt and a gray shawl loosely folded about her shoulders. Taking her way down the sunken street, she passes before the door of the church and kneels. As she does so, another peasant girl, slight and erect, comes silently from the church. The time is late afternoon in May. The south wind is stirring.* YVONNE *stands.*

YVONNE

I heard a voice that called across the wind.

THE OTHER

A voice? My thoughts were prayers.
What vision I have seen no words have said.

YVONNE

The dead! Their souls are strange upon the air,
And cannot find the way to Paradise.
Perhaps they spoke.

THE OTHER

Or cannon far away.

YVONNE

(*Covering her ears.*)

Oh, no—

THE OTHER

Alas—and did you live in Domremy?

YVONNE

Before they came. But now
The great shells have not left a house—not one.
Even the church,
Jeanne's church in which she heard the angels speak,
Is broken to the ground.

THE OTHER

Jeanne dwelt once in a prison far from home;
There was a day—ah, well—
She can forego the church.

YVONNE

(*With energy.*)

But no! We shall rebuild it stone by stone.
There is no villager will rest
Till it is whole.

THE OTHER

There's better work to do for Jeanne
Than build a church.

YVONNE

And let her think we have forgot again?
Or that we are afraid?

THE OTHER

It was so long ago—and now—

YVONNE

But Jeanne is Domremy!
We think of her as if she had not died.
In early Spring
We make a pageant—every Spring, for Jeanne,
To show her as a girl, here where she lived,
And heard the voices first—a shepherd girl,
In clothes like these, like yours.
I was the Maid last May!

THE OTHER

You Jeanne? And rode a charger, too?
In armor like a man's? And were you mocked,
Until you crowned the King that day at Rheims,
Thrown in a cell—and burned—all in the play?

YVONNE

You saw it, then? Perhaps you lived nearby?

THE OTHER

Nearby.

YVONNE

And are you coming now to find the things
The soldiers have not battered to a ruin?

THE OTHER

Not I.

YVONNE

(*With defiance.*)

Nor I!

THE OTHER

What then? A hidden relic in the church?

YVONNE

I should not seek for that in Domremy.
The one I wore so many years for luck,
About my throat, I gave the lad who played
Jeanne's lover in the fête.

(*Stolidly.*)

Relic and lad are buried in a ditch
Beyond Arras—how should I know?

THE OTHER

And so you came?

YVONNE

I came to pray Jeanne d'Arc—

THE OTHER

Trudged all the way through blood and mire—

YVONNE

To pray her come again. They say she hears
When May is young, and that her spirit flies
Close—close to Domremy when leaves are new,
And tender things are born.

THE OTHER

You'd have her come? Is there not strife enough?
France has good friends, and all the kings are crowned.

YVONNE

Jeanne d'Arc would make an end of war.
She'd stop the guns!
When she was just a girl—alone and mocked,
She took a sword and flashed it through the land,
Until she pressed the foe upon the sea.
And would she not today?
Shall one love France the less for being safe
In Paradise?

THE OTHER

Poor Jeanne.

YVONNE

(*Remembering.*)

It was a miracle—

THE OTHER

I do not know.

YVONNE

She was so young, so slight—but all her soul
Burned as a torch.
A spirit lies in Jeanne to wake the dead.
If she should come, we could not wait and wait,
Gain here, lose there, hide in the trenches, wait,
And drag the war to years.

O, she would show the way!
No girl, this time, but saint she'd draw her sword—

THE OTHER
(*Sharply.*)

No—no—

YVONNE
(*Mocking.*)

Jeanne d'Arc without a sword.

THE OTHER

Without a sword!

YVONNE

It was her strength. She saw it in a dream—

THE OTHER

Jeanne had her soul before she had the sword.

YVONNE
(*Scornfully.*)

A soul against the guns!

THE OTHER

It is the only thing they may not break.

YVONNE

But who would know Jeanne d'Arc without her sword?

THE OTHER

Hush! She will weep in Paradise for that.

YVONNE

(*Frightened.*)

I love her—

THE OTHER

She hates her sword!

YVONNE

You dare! She carried it the day
They crowned the King.

THE OTHER

The day she failed! Poor Jeanne! She did not know—
A peasant girl must never crown a king,
Nor fight his foes. If she had known—

YVONNE

(*More and more amazed.*)

But Jeanne was led! A spirit showed the way.

THE OTHER

(*Continuing.*)

She would have struck the King—there as he knelt,
And killed him with her sword. It was her sin
She did not kill the King. He was the foe
Of France—all kings are foes of all the men
They rule. How else should they send men to death
For little things? What that a King can fear
Is worth the death of one—one peasant lad,
Who loves the sky?
Jeanne was no saint—she was a shepherd girl,
Who did not know how things would come to pass.

YVONNE

The voices spoke—

THE OTHER

O, yes—the voices! Better had she heard
Her heart—her pitying heart!

YVONNE

(*With emphasis.*)

Jeanne was a soldier-maid. Her pitying heart
Was but the girl—

THE OTHER

It was herself—the most of her—the flame!
And it shall lead when she shall come again.

YVONNE

A pitying heart the leader of a host?

THE OTHER

(*Gladly.*)

Yes—yes. A pitying heart!

YVONNE

(*As if humoring one a little mad.*)

And what host then?

THE OTHER

A host of pitying hearts, which kings shall fear,
More than defeat and death.

YVONNE

(*Making ready to go.*)

It is a dream—as mine—a dream.

THE OTHER

The voices were not more.

YVONNE

If that were true, Jeanne would be here today,
And my prayer heard.

THE OTHER

(*Continuing in exaltation.*)

An army kings shall fear,
A silent host,
Scattered—bereft—
Mourning at broken hearth-stones in all lands,
Hating one thing—a hate that makes them kin,
Stronger than blood and bone—the hate of death,
Which is their love of life.
These Jeanne shall lead, the brooding ones who give
In grief and tears, knowing so well the end,
The raw, earth mound that's left where kings have passed.
These Jeanne shall find—

YVONNE

(*Stirred.*)

Women—women of France.

THE OTHER

Women of all the earth shall be Jeanne's strength.
And she shall go to them,
In peasant clothes—a maid!
And where she finds a woman at her toil,
She'll stop and say,

"Would you have back your dead?"
And by their answer they shall follow Jeanne,
Until her army, swelling like a flood,
Pours down the earth undammed.
What can the kings build up against this tide,
The woe and rage, impatience and despair
Of all the withheld women of all years,
Borne down on them at last?
What can they do, if men no longer mad,
But grim with agony, and blood and death,
Leap from the trenches, break the mighty guns,
And with the women turn their faces home?
O, in that hour the puny kings shall see
As some great mountain blotting out the sun,
The shadow of our wrath,
And know defeat—all kings alike—
But people shall be free!

YVONNE

(*Rapt.*)

Jeanne and the women—when?

THE OTHER

She was a peasant girl—

YVONNE

(*Looking down at her wooden shoes.*)

A peasant girl!
(*As she lifts her eyes, she is alone. With terror.*)
Voices! It was the Maid herself.
I am afraid.

(She kneels upon the stone step of the church, in the crack of which, strangely, a lily is growing.)

Curtain

Hortense Flexner.

PART III

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Owen Wister

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF SOME OF THE BOOKS OF THE FOREGOING AUTHORS

The following suggestions are made in the hope that they may still further assist in the choice of material from the list given. Authors below have been chosen more or less at random, and only one book is mentioned in many cases. This is not necessarily the best of that author's work, but serves to show what sort of material may be found in his work.

AUTHOR	BOOK TITLE	CHARACTER OF MATERIAL
Barrie, J. M.	*Sentimental Tommy*	Humorous child impersonation
	A Window in Thrums	Humorous
	The Little Minister	Dramatic and impersonations
Brainerd, E. H.	*Misdemeanors of Nancy*	Humorous
Butler, Ellis P.	*Short Stories*	Humorous child impersonations
Churchill, Winston	*Richard Carvel*	Drama
	The Crossing	Drama
	The Crisis	Drama and pathos
	Coniston	Dramatic impersonation
Connor, Ralph	*The Sky Pilot*	Drama and pathos
Duncan, Norman	*The Way of the Sea*	All of Mr. Duncan's stories are full of dramatic interest and pathos
	Dr. Luke of the "Labrador"	
	The Cruise of the "Shining Light"	
Fitch, George	*Siwash Stories*	Humorous impersonation
Fox, John, Jr.	*The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*	Dramatic and impersonation
	The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come	Dramatic and impersonation
Freeman, Mary E. W.	*A New England Nun*	Dramatic and pathos
Hill, Marion	*The Pettison Twins*	Humorous child impersonations
Hope, Anthony	*Phroso*	Drama
Lincoln, J. C.	*Cap'n Eri*	Humorous, pathos, and impersonation

Little, Frances	*Little Sister Snow*	Humorous and pathos
	The Lady of the Decoration	Pathos and impersonation
London, Jack	*The Call of the Wild*	Dramatic
Loomis, Charles B.	*Cheerful Americans*	Humorous and impersonation
	Mishaps of Minerva	Humorous and impersonation
Tarkington, Booth	*Monsieur Beaucaire*	Dramatic impersonation
	The Turmoil	Dramatic, pathos, and impersonation
	The Two Van Revels	Dramatic impersonation
van Dyke, Henry	*The Ruling Passion*	Dramatic impersonation
	The Unknown Quantity	Humorous, pathos, and dramatic
Warner, Anne	*Mrs. Clegg*	Humorous impersonation
Watanna, Onoto	*A Japanese Nightingale*	Dramatic, pathos, and impersonation
Wister, Owen	*The Virginian*	Dramatic, pathos, impersonation, and humorous

The complete works of a group of authors such as Jack London, O. Henry, Mark Twain, Edna Ferber, and Alice Brown, furnish all shades of emotion and material sufficient for a considerable time.

BOOKS CONTAINING MATERIAL FOR INTERPRETATION

Most of the books containing desirable material for interpretation are included in the following list:

Ashmun, M. E.	*Prose Literature for secondary schools*	Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston
Calverton, V. F., ed.	*Anthology of American Negro Literature*	Modern Library Publishing Company, New York

Clark, S. H.	*Handbook of Best Readings*	Charles Scribner's Sons, New York
Craig and Gunnison	*Pieces for Prize Speaking Contests*	Noble and Noble, New York
Cumnock, R. M.	*Choice Readings*	A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago
Farma, W. J.	*Prose, Poetry and Drama for Oral Interpretation*	Harper & Brothers, New York
Halleck and Barbour	*Readings from Literature*	American Book Company, New York
Hollister, R. D. T.	*Literature for Oral Interpretation*	Wall Publishing Company, Ann Arbor, Michigan
Johnson, Gertrude E.	*Dialects for Oral Interpretation*	The Century Co., New York
Masson, Tom	*Tom Masson's Manual for 1923–1924*	Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York
Morgan, A.	*Selected Readings*	A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago
Natkemper and James	*Delight and Power in Speech*	Expression Company, Boston
Pearson, Paul M.	*The Humorous Speaker*	Hinds, Noble and Eldredge, New York
Shurter and Watkins	*Poems for Oral Interpretation*	Noble and Noble, New York
Smith, W. P.	*Prose and Verse for Public Speaking*	Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York
Teeter, G. E.	*One Hundred Narrative Poems*	Scott, Foresman and Company, Chicago

BOOKS CONTAINING LISTS OF MATERIAL

Crafton and Royer, *Self-Expression through the Spoken Word* (Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York), pps. 223–229.

Craig, Alice, *The Speech Arts* (The Macmillan Company, New York), pps. 405–411.

Gough, Rousseau, Cramer and Reeves, *Effective Speech* (Harper & Brothers, New York), pps. 166–175, 332–336.

Leonard, S. A., *Essential Principles of Teaching Reading*

and Literature (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia), pp. 339–437.

Woolbert and Weaver, *Better Speech* (Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York), pps. 250–261.

See also Index to *Poetry and Recitation,* by Edith Granger.

HOUSES FURNISHING SELECTIONS

Walter H. Baker, 41 Winter Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Ivan Bloom Hardin Company, 3806 Cottage Grove Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

Means and McLean, 525 Arlington Place, Chicago, Illinois.

Wetmore Declamation Bureau, 1304 South Newton Avenue, Sioux City, Iowa.

Raymond Youmans, Kansas City University, Kansas City, Kansas.

MAGAZINES MOST HELPFUL IN THE FIELD OF INTERPRETATION

American Speech (New York).

Emerson Quarterly (Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Massachusetts).

The English Journal (Chicago, Illinois).

Journal of Expression (Expression Company, Boston, Massachusetts).

Players' Magazine (4320 Wakeley Street, Omaha, Nebraska).

Quarterly Journal of Speech Education (Madison, Wisconsin).

Theater Arts (New York, New York).

SUGGESTIONS FOR PROGRAMS

(I am well aware that the following list is an obvious one, and I would not offer it were it not that I have

been urged to do so by many who have found it useful.)

Recital under Any Author
Old Ballad Recital
Lyrics and Child Rhymes
Stories of Western Life
Klondike Stories
Labrador Stories
Southern Stories
An Hour of Lyrics
Scenes from Plays—Modern
Scenes from Plays—Classic
Nonsense Rhymes and Stories
Irish Lyrics
Irish Folk Poems and Stories
Arrangements of Entire Books
Arrangements of Entire Plays—Classic
Arrangements of Entire Plays—Modern
Kentucky Stories and Scenes
Lecture Recitals from Any Author
Miscellaneous Short Stories—Humor
Miscellaneous Short Stories—Pathos
Miscellaneous Short Stories—Drama
Four of Shakespeare's Heroines—Viola, Rosalind, Juliet, Katherine
Childhood Types
Children of the Ghetto
The Child Without a Childhood
Our Alien Children
The Heart of Childhood
The World of Make-Believe
When the Heart Beats Young
Southern Lights and Shadows
Quaint Courtships
Under the Sunset
Different Girls

The Mother Memory
Fairy Love, Myths, and Legends
Northern Skies
The Simple Life (Nature Stories)
Prose Allegories
Commonplace Stories
Pioneers
Kindergarten Sketches
Nature Beautiful
Let's Go Fishing
Shakespeare's Fools
Japanese Sketches (prose and poetry)
College Stories
Indian Lore
Old Maidenhood
The Man and His Dog
The Heart of Pathos
Husbands and Wives
One-act plays of all types

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